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Mrs. *BEHN's*

NOVELS,

In Two VOLUMES.


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BRITISH MUSEUM
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Mrs. Behn
B. Cole sculp.

ALL THE HISTORIES AND NOVELS

Written by the Late

Ingenious Mrs. BEHN,

Intire in Two VOLUMES.

Publiſhed by Mr. CHARLES GILDON.

The SEVENTH EDITION, Corrected, and illuſtrated with Cuts.

VOL. I. Containing,

I. *The Life and Memoirs of Mrs.* BEHN.
II. *The Hiſtory of* OROONOKO; *or, the* Royal Slave.
III. *The* Fair Jilt; *or, the Amours of Prince* TARQUIN *and* MIRANDA.
IV. *The* Nun; *or, the* Perjured Beauty.

LONDON:

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THE Epiſtle Dedicatory, TO *SIMON SCROOP* Eſq; Of *Danby* in *Yorkſhire.*

Honoured Sir,



AM extremely pleas'd with this Opportunity of renewing that Acquaintance, which I had the Honour and Happineſs to begin with you at the College (where you laid the Foundation of that fine Gentleman you ſince have proved, and where you gave ſuch early and certain Proviſes of your future

Merit) and at the ſame time of doing Juſtice both to the Reſpect and Honour I have for you, Sir, and to the Value and Eſteem I ever had for the Perſon and Memory of Mrs. Behn, *by making you a Preſent, that has more than once already met with a publick and general Applauſe; and by ſecuring theſe admirable and diverting Hiſtories from being proſtituted to a Perſon unworthy of the Honour. And were ſhe alive, ſhe would be infinitely fond of my* Choice; *in whom ſhe would have found all the admirable Qualifications that make up the Character of a noble Patron, and a generous Friend; an Hereditary Honour, and a Perſonal Vertue: In whom ſhe would have found an antient Deſcent, dignified with your own particular Honour, Juſtice, Sweetneſs of Temper, Affability, Generoſity, and Senſe: In whom ſhe would have found ſuch a Felicity of Addreſs, as makes your Diſcourſe at once convince and charm; a ſprightly Wit and ſound Judgment, which are eminent both in your Converſation and Conduct, in the Choice and Exerciſe of your Vertues: In whom ſhe would have found Generoſity without Profuſeneſs; a native Propenſity to do good to others, without injuring your Poſterity; a juſt Conſideration of the Object of your Bounty, before you beſtow a Benefit; and then the Favour doubled by preventing the Expectation,*

and



and ſaving the Perſon obliged the Confuſion of asking: In whom ſhe would have found Prudence *without* Cunning, *the deliberate Effect of a true Judgment, not the haſty and mean Reſult of mere Intereſt and Deſign: In whom therefore ſhe would have made no doubt of finding the noble Souls and Principles of* Mecœnas, Proculeius, Cotta, Fabius, Lentulus, Gallus, *or* Meſſala; *a Soul exalted with a generous Ambition of no vulgar Praiſe: for to be a Protector and Encourager of the Muſes, is an uncommon Glory; the Prerogative of but a few,* Quos æquus amavit Jupiter: *and more Ages have gone to the producing a* Good Patron, *than a* Good Poet.

Not but that Poetry, in every Age and Nation, has pleas'd, and found among the rich and powerful, ſuch as Juvenal *deſcribes in his time,*

—— Didicit jam dives avarus
Tantum admirari, tantum laudare diſer-(tos
Ut pueri Junonis avem ——

Who give an empty Admiration, and a barren Praiſe, but want Magnificence of Soul enough to reward, or preſerve the Author of their Pleaſure. They have nothing to ſpare from their Profuſeneſs in their Trifles; *their Follies are too expenſive to allow any thing*

thing to Learning, good Senſe, *and* divine Poetry; *which, like Honeſty, are only prais'd and ſtarve.*

Non habet infelix Numitor quod mittat amico,
Quintillæ quod donet habet; nec defuit illi
Unde emeret multa paſcendum carne leonem
Jam domitum; conſtat leviori ſumptu bellua
Nimirum, & capiunt plus inteſtina Poetæ.

Sophocles *might get the Government of a Province for writing a good Play*; Tyrtæus *the Command of an Army: but that golden Age of Poetry is gone*; *and at this diſtance, looks almoſt like that fabulous one the* Grecian *Poets deſcrib'd. For now (and almoſt ever ſince) no Arts are encourag'd, that are not immediately employ'd in the Service, Ornament, or Pleaſure of the* Body; *and thoſe that adorn the* Mind *thrown aſide as ſuperfluous, and as uſeleſs as* Ragou's *Shirt*; *which would make one think, if (as our ſpiritual Writers call it) the Body be but the Garment or Habit of the* Mind, *that the Minds of moſt Men are mere* Beaux, *wholly loſt in their Dreſs, and inſenſible to all that does not either diſcompoſe or adjuſt that.*

Hence

Hence 'tis evident, that whatever pretence the reſt of the World have to complain of the Times, the Poets only have a juſt Cauſe to do it: For let the Times be ever ſo hard, all other Myſteries and Faculties thrive, and meet with new Supplies. The Sharper *(as numerous as his Tribe is) ſtill finds freſh* Bubbles; *the* Knight of the Poſt *freſh bad Cauſes; Whores and Bawds freſh Cullies;* brawny Fools *freſh City Wives, or diſappointed* Quality; Taylors *freſh* Faſhions; Uſurers *freſh* Spendthrifts; Lawyers *freſh* Clients; Courtiers *freſh* Bribes, *freſh* Projects, *and freſh* Places; Soldiers *freſh* Plunder; *and* Divines *freſh* Livings: *But the Poet ſcarce freſh* Straw. *And now 'tis as of old,*

——— Utile multis
Pallere, & toto vinum neſcire Decembri.

I might have made it Anno, *but out of reſpect to the Verſe. Poetry can get no freſh* Star *to ſhine on it, no freſh Patron to encourage it; that it might be fulfilled, what was long ſince written of it by* Petronius Arbiter ———

Qui pelago credit, magno ſe fœnere tollit;
Qui Pugnas & Caſtra petit, præcingitur Auro;

Vilis

Vilis adulator picto jacet ebrius oſtro,
Et qui ſollicitat nuptas ad præmia peccat:
Sola pruinoſis horret facundia pannis,
Atq; inopi lingua, deſertas invocat artes.

'Tis Encouragement that advances all Arts, eſpecially Poetry; which requires a free, undiſturbed, and eaſy Life, void of all Cares and Sollicitudes, which confound the noble Ideas and Images that ſhould fill a Poet's Mind. If Virgil *had miſs'd the Patronage of the Prince of the* Roman *Empire, he had never been the Prince of Poets.*

Nam ſi Virgilio puer, & tolerabile deſit
Hoſpitium, caderent omnes a crinibus Hydri, &c.

An enlivening Bottle, a pleaſing Converſation, and an opportune Retreat of ſhady Groves, Hills, Vales, and purling Streams, are things that give freſh Vigour to the weary'd Pinions of a ſoaring Muſe.

O! quis me gelidis in montibus Æmi
Siſtet, & ingenti Ramorum protegat Umbra?

Poetry, the ſupreme Pleaſure of the Mind, is begot and born in Pleaſure, but oppreſs'd and

and kill'd with Pain. So that this Reflection ought to raiſe our Admiration of Mrs. Behn, *whoſe Genius was of that force, like* Homer's, *to maintain its Gaiety in the midſt of Diſappointments, which a Woman of her Senſe and Merit ought never to have met with: But ſhe had a great Strength of Mind, and Command of Thought, being able to write in the midſt of Company, and yet have her ſhare of the Converſation; which I ſaw her do in writing* Oroonoko, *and other parts of the following Volume: in every part of which, Sir, you'll find an eaſy Style, and a peculiar Happineſs of thinking. The Paſſions, that of Love eſpecially, ſhe was Miſtreſs of; and gave us ſuch nice and tender Touches of them, that without her Name we might diſcover the Author; as* Protogenes *did* Apelles, *by the ſtroke of his Pencil.*

In this Edition, Sir, are three Novels not printed before, and conſiderable Additions to her Life; from all which, I'm perſuaded you will draw a very agreeable Entertainment, which I always wiſh you in your Converſation with the Muſes; for we often ſeek the Company that pleaſes us: among which, if I ſhall hereafter, by the Indulgence of a better Fortune, be able to place any thing worthy your Peruſal, I ſhall enjoy a very ſenſible Satisfaction; for,

Prin-

Principibus placuiſſe viris non ultima laus eſt.

And I could find no readier way to obtain ſo agreeable an Event, than thus by putting my ſelf with ſo powerful a Bribe as Mrs. Behn's *Hiſtories, under your Protection, Sir; where the Malice of my Enemies, or the Malignity of my Misfortunes, will never be able to give any uneaſy, at leaſt anxious Thoughts, to,*

SIR,

Your moſt Humble,

moſt Obedient, and

Devoted Servant,

Charles Gildon.



THE

THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE and MEMOIRS OF Mrs. *BEHN.*

Written by one of the Fair Sex.

MY intimate Acquaintance with the admirable *Astrea*, gave me naturally a very great Esteem for her; for it both freed me from that Folly of my Sex, of envying or slighting Excellencies I could not obtain,

tain, and inſpired me with a noble Fire to celebrate that Woman, who was an Honour and Glory to our Sex: and this reprinting her incomparable Novels, preſented me with a lucky Occaſion of exerting that Deſire into Action.

She was a Gentlewoman by Birth, of a good Family in the City of *Canterbury* in *Kent*; her Father's Name was *Johnſon*, whoſe Relation to the Lord *Willoughby*, drew him, for the advantageous Poſt of Lieutenant-General of many Iſles, beſides the Continent of *Surinam*, from his quiet Retreat at *Canterbury*, to run the hazardous Voyage of the *Weſt-Indies*. With him he took his chief Riches, his Wife and Children; and in that number *Aſra*, his promiſing Darling, our future *Heroine*, and admired *Aſtrea*, who even in the firſt Bud of Infancy, diſcover'd ſuch early Hopes of her riper Years, that ſhe was equally her Parents Joy and Fears: for they too often miſtruſt the Loſs of a Child, whoſe Wit and Underſtanding outſtrip its Years, as too great a Bleſſing to be long enjoy'd. Whether that Fear proceeds from Superſtition, or Diffidence of our preſent Happineſs, I ſhall not determine; but muſt purſue my Diſcourſe, with aſſuring you, none had greater Fears of that nature, or greater Cauſe for 'em: for beſides the Vivacity and Wit of her Con-

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Converſation at the firſt uſe almoſt of Reaſon in Diſcourſe, ſhe would write the prettieſt ſoft engaging Verſes in the World. Thus qualified, ſhe accompany'd her Parents in their long Voyage to *Surinam*, leaving behind her the Sighs and Tears of all her Friends, and breaking Hearts of her Lovers, that ſighed to poſſeſs what was ſcarce yet arrived to a Capacity of eaſing their Pain, if ſhe had been willing. But as ſhe was Miſtreſs of uncommon Charms of Body, as well as Mind, ſhe gave infinite and raging Deſires, before ſhe cou'd know the leaſt her ſelf.

Her Father liv'd not to ſee that Land flowing with Milk and Honey, that Paradiſe which ſhe ſo admirably deſcribes in *Oroonoko:* where you may alſo find what Adventures happen'd to her in that Country. The Misfortunes of that Prince had been unknown to us, if the divine *Aſtrea* had not been there, and his Sufferings had wanted that Satisfaction which her Pen has given 'em in the Immortality of his Vertues and Conſtancy; the very Memory of which moves a generous Pity in all, and a Contempt of the brutal Actors in that unfortunate Tragedy. Here I can add nothing to what ſhe has given the World already, but a Vindication of her from ſome unjuſt Aſperſions I find are inſinuated about this Town in relation to that

Prince. I knew her intimately well, and I believe ſhe wou'd not have concealed any Love-Affair from me, being one of her own Sex, whoſe Friendſhip and Secrecy ſhe had experienced: which makes me aſſure the World there was no Affair between that Prince and *Aſtrea*, but what the whole Plantation were Witneſſes of; a generous Value for his uncommon Vertues, which every one that but hears 'em, finds in himſelf, and his Preſence gave her no more. Beſides, his Heart was too violently ſet on the everlaſting Charms of his *Imoinda*, to be ſhook with thoſe more faint (in his Eye) of a White Beauty; and *Aſtrea*'s Relations there preſent had too watchful an Eye over her, to permit the Frailty of her Youth, if that had been powerful enough. As this is falſe, ſo are the Conſequences of it too; for the Lord, her Father's Friend, that was not then arrived, periſhed in a Hurricane, without having it in his power to reſent it: Nor had his Reſentments been any thing to her, who only waited the Arrival of the next Ships to convey her back to her deſired *England*; where ſhe ſoon after, to her Satisfaction, arrived, and gave King *Charles* II. ſo pleaſant and rational an Account of his Affairs there, and particularly of the Misfortunes of *Oroonoko*, that he deſired her to deliver them

them publickly to the World, and was ſatisfy'd of her Abilities in the Management of Buſineſs, and the Fidelity of our *Heroine* to his Intereſt. After ſhe was marry'd to Mr. *Behn*, a Merchant of this City, tho of *Dutch* Extraction, he committed to her Secrecy and Conduct, Affairs of the higheſt Importance in the *Dutch* War; which obliging her to ſtay at *Antwerp*, preſented her with the Adventures of Prince *Tarquin*, and his falſe wicked Fair-One *Miranda*. The full Account of which you will find admirably writ in the following Collection.

But I muſt not omit entirely ſome other Adventures that hapned to her during this Negotiation, tho I cannot give ſo juſt and large a Repreſentation of them as I willingly wou'd.

I have told you, that as her Mind, ſo her Body was adorned with all the Advantages of our Sex: Wit, Beauty, and Judgment ſeldom meet in one, eſpecially in Woman, (you may allow this from a Woman) but in her they were eminent: and this made her turn all the Advantages each gave her to the Intereſt ſhe had devoted herſelf to ſerve. And whereas the Beauty of the Face is that which generally takes with Mankind, ſo it gives 'em moſt commonly an Aſſurance and Security from Deſigns; for they ſuppoſe that a beautiful

Woman, as ſhe is made for the Pleaſure of others, ſo chiefly minds her own: and in that they are not much miſtaken, for they purſue the ſame Courſe with the reſt of the World, Pleaſure; but then 'tis as various as their Tempers, and what they generally imagine may have the leaſt ſhare in many of them. The Event, I'm ſure, ſhew'd that in *Aſtrea* (at this time at leaſt) the Pleaſures of Love had not the Predominance, when ſhe diverted the Hopes, which the Vanity of a *Dutch* Merchant of great Intereſt and Authority in *Holland*, had entertained of a ſucceſsful Paſſion, to the Service of her Prince, and his own ſhameful Diſappointment.

They are miſtaken who imagine that a *Dutchman* can't love; for tho they are generally more phlegmatick than other Men, yet it ſometimes happens that Love does penetrate their Lump, and diſpenſe an enlivening Fire, that deſtroys its graver and cooler Conſiderations; at leaſt it once prov'd ſo on this Spark, whom we muſt call by the Name of *Vander Albert* of *Utrecht*.

Antwerp is a City of great Opulence and Compaſs, and before the Separation of the Seven Provinces from the other Ten, was the *Emporium* of *Flanders*, and is yet a Town of conſiderable Trade and Reſort; 'tis in the *Spaniſh Netherlands*, and

and yet near Neighbour to the Dominions of the *States*. For which reaſon, our *Aſtrea* choſe it for the Place of her Abode, where ſhe might with the greater Eaſe hear from, and meet with *Vander Albert*; who, before the War, in her Husband's time, had been in love with her in *England*, and on which ſhe grounded the Succeſs of of her Negotiation. *Albert*, as ſoon as he knew of her Arrival at *Antwerp*, and the publick Poſts he was in would give him leave, made a ſhort Voyage to meet her, with all the Love his Nature was capable of, (and which by chance was much, and more refin'd than moſt of his Countrymen, at leaſt according to our common Notions of 'em) and after a Repetition of all his former Profeſſions for her Service, preſs'd her extremely to let him, by ſome ſignal Means, give undeniable Proofs of the Vehemence and Sincerity of his Paſſion; for which he wou'd ask no Reward, till he had by long and faithful Services convinc'd her that he deſerv'd it.

This Propoſal was ſo reaſonable, and ſo extremely ſuitable to her preſent Aim in the Service of her Country, that ſhe accepted it; and having the Reward in her own Power, as well as the Judgment of his Deſerts, ſhe put him to that Uſe, which made her very ſerviceable to the

King. I ſhall only inſtance one piece of Intelligence, which might have ſav'd the Nation a great deal of Money and Diſgrace, had Credit been given to it. The latter End of the Year 1666, *Albert* ſent her word by a ſpecial Meſſenger, that he wou'd be with her at a Day appointed, which nothing cou'd have oblig'd him to but his Engagements to her; but his Affairs requiring his immediate Return into *Holland*, he had ſent that Expreſs to get her to be alone, and in the way, thoſe few Minutes he cou'd ſtay with her.

The Time comes: *Aſtrea* is punctual to the Appointment, and *Albert* informs her, that *Cornelius de Wit*, who with the reſt of that Family, had an implacable Hatred to the *Engliſh* Nation, and the Houſe of *Orange*, that was ſo nearly related to it, had with *de Ruyter* propos'd to the States, to ſail up the River of *Thames*, and deſtroy the *Engliſh* Ships in their Harbours; ſince, by the Propoſal of a Peace, the King of *England* had ſhewn ſo little of the Politician, or was ſo rul'd by evil Counſellors, that he never thought of treating with Sword in hand; but to ſave the Expence of fitting out a Fleet, had expoſed ſo conſiderable a Part of it to the Reſentment of the Enemy. This Propoſal of *de Wit*, concurring with the Advice which the *Dutch* Partiſans in *England*

land had given 'em, was well receiv'd; and you may depend on it, my charming *Aſtrea*, that it will be put in execution (ſaid *Albert*) for I can further aſſure you, that we have that good Correſpondence with ſome Miniſters about the King, that being enſur'd from all Oppoſition, we look on it as a thing of neither Danger nor Difficulty.

When *Albert* had diſcover'd a Secret of this Importance, and with all thoſe Marks of a ſincere Relation of Truth, *Aſtrea* cou'd not doubt but he had ſufficient Grounds for what he had told her, and ſcarce allow'd that little Time that *Albert* ſtaid to the Civilities due for a Service of that mighty Conſequence; and this Interview was no ſooner ended, but ſhe got ready her Diſpatches for *England*.

But all the particular Circumſtances ſhe gave, nor the Conſequence of it, if it ſhould be effected, cou'd gain Credit enough to her Intelligence, to make any tolerable Preparations againſt it: And all the Encouragement ſhe met with, was to be laugh'd at by the Miniſter ſhe wrote to; and her Letter ſhew'd, by way of Contempt, to ſome who ought not to have been let into the Secret, and ſo bandy'd about, till it came to the Ears of a particular Friend of her's, who gave

her an account of what Reward ſhe was to expect for her Service, ſince that was ſo little valu'd; and deſir'd her therefore to lay aſide her politick Negotiation, and divert her Friends with ſome pleaſant Adventures of *Antwerp*, either as to her Lovers, or thoſe of any other Lady of her Acquaintance: that in this ſhe wou'd be more ſucceſsful than in her Pretences of State, ſince here ſhe wou'd not fail of pleaſing thoſe ſhe writ to.

Aſtrea vex'd at this Letter, and the Treatment ſhe had met with, for a Service the Antients wou'd have decreed her a Triumph, gave over all ſollicitous Thought of Buſineſs, and reſolv'd to comply with her Friend's Requeſt in what ſhe wou'd take ſo much Pleaſure in the Narration of. But ſoon after ſhe had the ſatisfaction to ſee her incredulous Correſpondents ſufficiently puniſhed for neglecting her Advice, and by their Miſmanagement, the very particular Thing come to paſs ſhe had forewarn'd 'em of; nay, and ſome powerful Men fall under the Cenſures of the People for the Miſfortunes their Pride, Folly, or private Deſigns, had brought upon them. But to return from this ſhort Excurſion, to her Letter.

LET-

LETTER.

My dear Friend,

YOUR Remarks upon my politick Capacity, tho they are ſharp, touch me not, but recoil on thoſe that have not made uſe of the Advantages they might have drawn from thence; and are doubly to blame: Firſt, In ſending a Perſon, in whoſe Ability, Senſe, and Veracity, they cou'd not confide; and next, Not to underſtand when a Perſon indifferent tells 'em a probable Story, and which if it come to paſs, wou'd ſufficiently puniſh their Incredulity; and which, if follow'd, wou'd have put 'em on their guard againſt a vigilant and induſtrious Foe, who watch'd every Opportunity of returning the ſeveral Repulſes, and Damages, they had met with of late from them. But I have often obſerv'd your buſy young Stateſmen, ſo very opinionated of their own Deſigns, that they are ſo far from encouraging thoſe of another, if good, that they cannot forgive their Propoſal, and ſacrifice a publick Good to their particular Pride.

But I have let theſe *idle* Reflections (for ſuch muſt all be that regard our wretched Stateſ-

Stateſmen) divert me from a more agreeable Relation. To comply therefore with your Requeſt, in its full Extent, I ſhall give you an account of both my own Adventures, and thoſe of a Lady of my Acquaintance; and with her I'll begin, for 'tis but civil to give place to a Stranger. I ſhall convey her to your Knowledge by the Name of *Lucilla*. She is of a gay, airy Diſpoſition, middle-ſiz'd, fine black Eyes, long flowing dark Hair. Nature has drawn her Eye-brows, which are dark, much finer than Art uſually does thoſe of the affected Beauties of our Acquaintance; her Mouth is ſmall, her Lips plump, ruddy, and freſh, I won't ſay moiſt; her Hand ſmall, Fingers long and taper, and her Shape better than is uſual among the *Flemiſh* Ladies: To this I muſt add, That her Wit is much above the common Rate.

With all theſe Accompliſhments, you may imagine that ſhe was not without her Admirers; among which Number, none came ſo near her Heart, as the eldeſt Son of *Ramirez*, an old ſordid Miſer, that lov'd his Money much above his Sons, or even himſelf; which made the Allowance he gave his two Sons but very ſmall, and not fit to enable them to make any tolerable Figure in the World. For the real Names of theſe two Brothers, I muſt give that of

Miguel

Miguel and *Lopez*, and for the Grace of the Matter, add Don to them.

Don *Miguel*, and Don *Lopez*, I know not how they came by 'em, had Souls as brave and generous, as that of their Father was wretched and baſe; they with pain ſaw the many Advantages of a liberal Education their Father's Covetouſneſs robb'd 'em of; and by their natural Parts, and winning Behaviour, touch'd their Relations ſo nearly, that they long contributed to their Improvement, even till now the Brothers were become two of the moſt accompliſh'd and gallant Youths of the City. Their Quality gave them Admittance to the beſt Families, and their Accompliſhments to the Hearts of the faireſt Ladies; but few ever paſs'd farther than the Confines of theirs, and the lighter Touches of an Amoret was all that made them ſigh, till they ſaw the incomparable *Lucilla*, and her fair Couſin, of whom, not knowing her, I ſhall ſay nothing. Don *Miguel*, as gay as he was, and as inſenſible as he fancy'd himſelf, no ſooner ſaw *Lucilla*, but he found the Difference betwixt the Force of her Eyes, and thoſe of the reſt of the Ladies of his Acquaintance: And as a Proof of it, he was not ſooner touch'd with Love than Jealouſy; for her Couſin ſitting by her, he obſerv'd his Brother's Eyes often caſt that way, and was

very

very uneaſy at it; and that Friendſhip that grew up with their Years, and increas'd as they grew, found now a ſudden Check. I will not, like your Romance-Writers, give you an account of all his private Reflections on this Occaſion, nor the Conflict and Struggling betwixt his old Gueſt, Friendſhip, and this new Intruder, Love. It is enough to tell you, that as ſoon as Opportunity ſerv'd, he took care to put himſelf out of pain, or at leaſt to give himſelf a Certainty, whether his Brother was his Rival, or not; and was not a little pleas'd, that *Lucilla* had only found the Way to his Heart, while his Brother ſaw nothing ſo fair as her Couſin. Don *Miguel*, and Don *Lopez*, as they were in love, ſo they were too accompliſh'd to be unſucceſsful; and there remain'd no Obſtacle to their Happineſs, but their Father's Avarice, which wou'd never be brought to any Reaſon, in allowing them what was fit for Perſons of their Rank. They come in therefore to a Conſultation, what Meaſures to take to cure their Father of ſo ungenerous a Diſtemper of the Mind; and by that means accompliſh what they both longed for more than Glory.

They found their Father's Avarice had not ſo engroſs'd his Soul, as to beat off all Sentiments of Religion; on the contrary, he was extremely credulous of all the ſuperſtitious

ſtitious Parts of Religion, and particularly of all Narrations of Spectres, Witches, Apparitions, &c. they therefore concluded to attack him on that ſide that cou'd make the leaſt Defence. He conſtantly ſpent part of the Morning in telling his Money, and counting his Bags: His Sons therefore having procur'd a Picklock to his Cloſet, took care to place in it a Figure that was very dreadful, ſo that the old Gentleman ſhou'd find him counting his Bags and Money when he came in, which happen'd accordingly. He was not a little frighted, and haſtily retir'd, nor came thither again in three or four Days; but on his next coming, he was extremely ſurpriz'd to find the Number of his Bags increas'd, which for ſome time had been leſſen'd every Morning; ſo that he concluded, it was a Reward of his Abſtinence from a Sight that pleas'd him too much: Yet was ſo well pleas'd with this Increaſe, that he repeated his Viſits for three or four Mornings together, and found his Bags decreaſe on that. He was very much troubled in Mind, and conſulting his Confeſſor on all that had happen'd, he aſſur'd him, it cou'd be none but the Devil he had ſeen; and that he was to fear the Conſequence of taking poſſeſſion of any of the Money ſo left there by that evil Spirit, and it was much to be doubted whether he had not exchang'd the whole.

So

So concluding with ſome wholeſome Advice againſt Avarice, he diſmiſs'd his Penitent, who again for ſome time forbore his Cloſet; and on his next Viſit, finding all he had ever loſt returned, and abundance more added, a Fit of Avarice coming on him, he reſolv'd to try if he cou'd outwit the Devil; and by removing it from that Place, which he ſuppos'd taken poſſeſſion of by the foul Fiend, ſecure both the Money and his own Peace of Mind. Accordingly in the Night he digs a Hole in the Garden, and conveys all the Bags into it, and covers them ſafely up. His Sons, the next day, coming to the Cloſet, and finding all removed, were not a little diſappointed and troubled, to think how they ſhou'd at leaſt recover that Money which was lent 'em by their Friends to carry on this Deſign. All the Difficulty lay in diſcovering where their Father had hid it; and to do that, nothing occur'd that wou'd hold Water, till Don *Lopez* concluded to make once more the Experiment of his Fear of Apparitions, againſt the next Night; therefore they prepared the Chamber for their Deſign, and invited ſome of their Friends, on purpoſe to make the old Gentleman drunk; which having effected, he was carefully carried to Bed, and three or four Statues, out of the Garden, convey'd up into his Room, and placed on each

Side

Side and Corner of his Bed, with People behind 'em to flaſh and make Lightning, to diſcover to him theſe imaginary Spectres. All things being in this Order, a Maſtiff-Dog, with a great Iron-Chain, was let into the Room, the rattling of which, in a little time, waken'd the old Gentleman, who began to pray very heartily; but Fear ſtill prevailing, as in Deſpair, made him think to get out of the Room, when he heard the Noiſe on the other ſide of the Room, the moſt diſtant from the Door. On his firſt Motion to riſe, the Perſon behind the Image flaſh'd with his Lightning, and diſcover'd a white pale Ghoſt to the frighted Miſer: So he ſtarted back into his Bed again, and thus he was ſerv'd on each ſide, till in Deſpair, and ready to die with Fear, he cou'd ſcarce utter ſo much as one Prayer. Then he heard a Voice with a thouſand Terrors and Threats, demand him, he having taken the Price of his Soul in the Money he had removed. The old Man replied, with a thouſand Croſſes to guard himſelf, that the Money was in ſuch a Place, and that he wou'd ſurrender not only that, but his own too, to be at eaſe. When they had thus got the Knowledge of the Place where the Treaſure was hid; they eaſily, in the Fear he was in, convey'd away the Statues, and left all things in order, as if nothing had happen'd; and repairing

pairing to the Garden, found the Money, but took no more thence but what they had before put there.

The next day the old Gentleman ſends for them to his Chamber, ill with the Fright, and lets 'em know, That he had thus long been in an Error, in ſetting his Mind on hoarded Bags, which ought to be plac'd in Heaven at his Years; but having had various Warnings againſt it, he now reſolv'd a new Life, and in order to that wou'd immediately ſettle his Affairs. So he divided his Eſtate equally betwixt them; and having found his own Sum of Money left, as he thought, by the Devil, he gave a third Part to charitable Uſes, and divided the other betwixt his Sons, and retir'd to a Monaſtery, where he ſoon made a very religious End.

The Sons having, by theſe means, gain'd their Point, did not long defer the Happineſs for which they undertook this; and thus was my Friend *Lucilla*, and her Couſin, made the moſt fortunate of our Sex, if Love and Money cou'd make 'em ſo.

But I have been too long in this, to add ſome pleaſant Adventures of my own, which I muſt defer till the next Opportunity; having only room enough left to ſubſcribe my ſelf your Friend and Servant, *ASTREA.*

LETTER.

LETTER.

Dear Friend,

THO our Courtiers will not allow me to do any great Matters with my Politicks, I am ſure you muſt grant, that I have done ſo with my Eyes, when I ſhall tell you I have made two *Dutchmen* in love with me. *Dutchmen!* do you mind me, that have no Soul for any thing but Gain, that have no Pleaſure but Intereſt or the Bottle; but in Affairs of Love, go to the moſt ſacred Part of it more brutally than the moſt ſordid of their four-footed Brethren; nay, they are ſo far from the Warmth of Love, that thro their phlegmatick Maſs there is not Fire enough to give 'em a vigorous Appetite, ſo far are they from the Fineneſs of a vehement Paſſion. Yet I, Sir, this very numerical Perſon, your Friend and humble Servant, have ſet two of 'em into a Blaze; two of very different Ages (I was going to ſay Degrees too, but I remember there are no Degrees in *Holland.*) *Vander Albert* is about thirty two, of a hale Conſtitution, ſomething more ſprightly than the reſt of his Countrymen; and tho infinitely fond of his Intereſt, and

and an irreconcilable Enemy to Monarchy, has by the Force of Love been obliged to let me into ſome Secrets that might have done our King, and, if not our Court, our Country no ſmall Service. But I ſhall ſay no more of this Lover till I ſee you, for ſome particular Reaſons which you ſhall then likewiſe know. My other is about twice his Age, nay, and Bulk too, tho *Albert* be not the moſt Barbary Shape you have ſeen; you muſt know him by the Name of *Van Bruin*, and he was introduced to me by *Albert* his Kinſman, and obliged by him to furniſh me in his Abſence with what Mony, and other things I ſhould pleaſe to command, or have occaſion for, as long as he ſtaid at *Antwerp*, where he was like to continue ſome time about a Law-Suit then depending. He had not viſited me often, before I began to be ſenſible of the Influence of my Eyes on this old Piece of worm-eaten Touchwood; but he had not the Confidence (and that's much) to tell me he loved me, and Modeſty you know is no common Fault of his Countrymen: tho I rather impute it to a Love of himſelf, that he would not run the hazard of being turned into ridicule in ſo diſproportion'd a Declaration. He often inſinuated, that he knew a Man of Wealth and Subſtance, tho ſtricken indeed in Years, and

and on that account not ſo agreeable as a younger Man, that was paſſionately in love with me; and deſired to know whether my Heart was ſo far engaged, that his Friend ſhould not entertain any Hopes. I reply'd, that I was ſurprized to hear a Friend of *Albert*'s making an Intereſt in me for another; that if Love were a Paſſion I was any way ſenſible of, it could never be for an old Man, and much to that purpoſe. But all this would not do, in a day or two I received this eloquent Epiſtle from him; for he had heard *Albert* praiſe my Wit, and he thought, that what he writ to one ſo qualify'd, muſt be in an extraordinary Stile, which I ſhall give you as near as I can in our Language; and which I indeed was indebted to an Interpreter my ſelf for, tho 'twas writ in *French*, which I have ſome knowledge of.

LETTER.

Moſt Tranſcendent Charmer,

I Have ſtrove often to tell you the Tempeſts of my Heart, and with my own Mouth ſcale the Walls of your Affections; but terrify'd with the Strength of your For-

Fortifications, I concluded to make more regular Approaches, and firſt attack you at a farther Diſtance, and try firſt what a Bombardment of Letters wou'd do; whether theſe Carcaſſes of Love, thrown into the Sconces of your Eyes, wou'd break into the midſt of your Breaſt, beat down the Court of Guard of your Averſion, and blow up the Magazine of your Cruelty, that you might be brought to a Capitulation, and yield upon reaſonable Terms. Believe me, I love thee more than Mony; for indeed thou art more beautiful than the Ore of *Guinea*, and I had rather diſcover thy *Terra incognita*, than all the Southern *Incognita* of *America*. Oh! thou art beautiful in every part, as a goodly Ship under Sail from the *Indies*; thy Hair is like her flowing Pennons as ſhe enters the Harbour, and thy Forehead bold and fair as her Prow; thy Eyes bright and terrible as her Guns; thy Noſe like her Rudder, that ſteers my Deſires; thy Mouth the well-wrought Mortar, whence the Granadoes of thy Tongue are ſhot into the Gun-room of my Heart, and ſhatter it to pieces; thy Teeth are the grappling Irons that faſten me to my Ruin, and of which I would get clear in vain; thy Neck is curious and ſmall like the very Topmaſt-head, beneath which thy lovely Boſom ſpreads it ſelf like the Main-ſail

before

before the Wind; thy Middle is taper as the Bolt-ſprit, and thy Shape as ſlender and upright as the Main-maſt; thy Back-parts like the gilded carv'd Stern, that jets over the Waters; and thy Belly, with the Perquiſites thereunto belonging, the Hold of the Veſſel, where all the rich Cargo lies under Hatches; thy Thighs, Legs, and Feet the ſteddy Keel that is ever under Water. Oh that I cou'd once ſee thy Keel above Water! And is it not pity that ſo ſpruce a Ship ſhould be unmann'd, ſhould lie in the Harbour for want of her Crew? Ah! let me be the Pilot to ſteer her by the *Cape of Good Hope*, for the *Indies* of Love. But Oh! fair *Engliſh* Woman! thou art rather a Fireſhip gilded, and ſumptuous without, and driven before the Wind to ſet me on fire; for thy Eyes indeed are like that, deſtructive, tho like Brandy, bewitching: alas! they have grappled my Heart, my Forecaſtle's on fire, my Sails and Tackling are caught, my upper Decks are conſum'd, and nothing but the Water of Deſpair keeps the very Hulk from the Combuſtion; ſo you have left it only in my Choice, to drown or burn. Oh! for Pity's ſake, take ſome Pity, for thy Compaſſion is more deſirable than a ſtrong Gale, when we are got to the wind-ward of a *Sallyman*: your Eyes, I ſay again and again, like a Chain-

Chain-ſhot, have brought the Main-maſt of my Reſolution by the board, cut all the Rigging of my Diſcretion and Intereſt, blown up the Powder-room of my Affections, and ſhatter'd all the Hulk of my Boſom; ſo that without the Planks of your Pity, I muſt inevitably ſink to the bottom. This is the deplorable Condition, tranſcendent Beauty! of your undone Vaſſal,

VAN BRUIN.

To this I returned this following ridiculous Anſwer, which I inſert to give you a better Picture of my Lover's Intellects.

LETTER.

Extraordinary Sir,

I Received your extraordinary Epiſtle, which has had extraordinary Effects, I aſſure you, and was not read without an extraordinary Pleaſure. I never doubted the Zeal of your Countrymen in making new Diſcoveries, in fixing new Trades, in ſupplanting their Neighbours, and in engroſſing the Wealth and Traffick of both the *Indies*; but I confeſs, I never expected ſo wiſe a Nation ſhou'd

at

at laſt ſet out for the *Iſland of Love:* I thought that had been a *Terra del Fuego* in all their Charts, and avoided like Rocks and Quick-ſands: nay, I ſhou'd as ſoon have ſuſpected them guilty of becoming Apoſtles to the *Samœoids*, and of preaching the Goſpel to the *Laplanders*, where there is nothing to be got, and for which Reaſon the very Jeſuits deny them Baptiſm; as of ſetting out for ſo unprofitable a Voyage as *Love*. Hark ye, good Sir, have you throughly conſider'd what you have done? Have you reflected on the ſad Conſequences of declaring your ſelf a Lover; nay, and an old Lover to a young Woman? to a Woman that wou'd expect all the Duties of Gallantry, even from a young Servant; but great and terrible Works of Supererogation from an antiquated Admirer? Have you enough examined what degrees of Generoſity *Love* neceſſarily inſpires, that Foe to Intereſt, that Hereditary Enemy of your Country? Nay, have you thought whether by holding this Correſpondence with Love, you may not be declared a Rebel, an Enemy to your Country, and be brought into ſuſpicion of greater Intelligence with the *French*, by entertaining their Gallantry and Love, than *de Witt*, by all his Intrigues with that *Monarch?* I confeſs I tremble for you. Alas! alas! how deplorable a

Spectacle would it be to theſe Eyes, to ſee that agreeable Bulk diſmember'd by the enraged Rabble, and Scollops of your Fleſh ſold by Fiſh-wives for Guilders and Duckatoons! Have you maturely conſider'd the evil Example you ſet your Neighbours, who may be influenced by a Perſon of your Port and Figure? And ſhou'd the Evil by this means ſpread, *Holland* were undone; for then there were ſome Danger of Honeſty's ſpreading, and then good-night the beſt Card in all your Hands, for the winning the Game and Mony of *Europe*. Lord, Sir, think what a dreadful thing it is to be the Ruin of one's Country! But if publick Evils don't affect you, have you ſet before the Eyes of your Underſtanding the Charge of fitting out ſuch a Veſſel (as you have made me) for the *Indies* of Love? and I fear the Profits will never anſwer the Expence of the Voyage.

There are Ribbons and Hoods for my Pennons; Diamond Rings, Lockets, and Pearl Necklaces for my Guns of Offence and Defence; Silks, Holland, Lawn, Cambrick, *&c.* for Rigging; Gold and Silver Laces, Imbroideries and Fringes fore and aft, for my Stern, and for my Prow; rich Perfumes, Paint and Powder for my Ammunition; Treats, rich Wines, expenſive Collations, Gaming-Mony, Pin-Mony,

Mony, with a long *Et cætera* for my Cargo; and Balls, Maſquerades, Plays, Walks, airing in the Country, and a Coach and Six, for my fair Wind.

You may ſee by my Concern for your Intereſt and Perſon, that the Approaches you have made, have not been a little ſucceſsful; and if you are but as furious a Warrior when you come to ſtorm, as you are at a Bombardment, the Lord have mercy upon me.

But to deal ingenuouſly with you, I doubt your Proweſs in two or three particular Retrenchments, which I fear you'll hardly be able to gain. There is firſt your Age, a formidable Baſtion you'll ſcarce carry; then your mighty Bulk will with the laſt Difficulties be brought to treat with my Love: but what is yet more dreadful, your Treachery to *Vander Albert* is a Fort that muſt prove impregnable, if any thing can be ſo to ſuch a Pen and ſuch a Head. But if you carry the Town by dint of Valour, I hope you'll allow me Quarter, and be as merciful to me as you are ſtout; and then I ſhall not fail of being, extraordinary Sir,

Your Humble Servant,

ASTREA.

LETTER.

Magnanimous Heroine,

I Have received your Packet in anſwer to my Epiſtolary Advice-Boat, which did lately and honeſtly remonſtrate my preſent State. You give me hopes, that out of your Imperial Bounty, you will have me tugg'd home to the Harbour of your Good-Will, place me in the Dock of your Friendſhip, refit me for the Ocean of your Love, and ſend me out a cruiſing for the Service of your Pleaſure; which Thought exalts my Heart more than Punch, and makes me deſpiſe all Dangers of interloping, ſpite of the Joint-ſtock of *Vander Albert:* for the Scars I ſhall receive in your Warfare, will be more valued by me, than thoſe I have got in my robuſt Youth, in the Heroick Combats of *Snick-or-ſnee*; when with a furious and triumphant Rage, I have chopped off the Fore-flap of my Antagoniſt's Shirt, and laid him noſeleſs flat on his Back. You ſeem tho to make ſome Bones of two or three Scruples about my Perſon and Age: you ſay I am too bulky to be your Lover; let

let not Errors miſguide you. Child —— *Portlineſs* is comely and graceful; and ſince Bulk is valu'd in all things elſe, why not in Man then? You value a great Houſe more than a little one, an Elephant more than an Ox, a firſt-rate Ship more than a Frigate, a Caſtle more than a Fort, and the Ocean more than a Fiſh-pond; then why not *Van Bruin* more than *Vander Albert?* Oh! but you ſay I am too old to ——, but that's more than you know, you little Wag you: and thereby hangs a Tale. I am not green Wood indeed, and ſixty, or ſixty five, has the Advantage of ſo many Years ſeaſoning. In all things elſe too we value Age; old Wine, old Seamen, old Soldiers, and old Medals, old Families, and why not then old *Van Bruin?* But then you object my betraying my Friend, —— but that ſhews that you are not ſo witty as you would be thought —— for is any Man ſo much my Friend, as I am to my ſelf? I that never part from my ſelf as long as I live, as I may from *Vander Albert*; and ſhould I not then prefer a Friend that will certainly always ſtick to me, to one that may deſert me the next moment? and here I ſhould be falſe to that dear Friend, to be true to *Vander Albert.* But what do you talk of Friendſhip? I'd ſooner deny my Faith for you, than for a

new rich *Japan* Traffick. But Words are ſuperfluous; when you parley, 'tis a ſign you will hearken to a Capitulation, and deliver up the Fort if you like the Terms; and to ſhew you that what you propoſed has not terrify'd me, I ſend you *Cart-Blank* to fill up your ſelf —— For adod! adod! you muſt be mine, and you ſhall be mine: I'll win thee and wear thee, with my old tough Vigour, you pretty little turly-murly Rogue you, and I come this Evening to ſign Articles, and put in a new Gariſon; but ever remain,

Your Deputy, and Happy

VAN BRUIN.

Tho I had no need of ſending an Anſwer to this, where he threatens me with a ſpeedy Viſit, yet the more to divert my ſelf and my Company, I ſent him the following Billet.

LETTER.

Moſt Magnificent Hero,

YOU have made me extremely proud of my ſelf, to find I can come into a competition with the only Cauſe and Effect

Effect of your National Valour, *Punch*, and *Snick-or-ſnee:* Nor am I leſs pleas'd, to find you ſo notable a Logician; for I love Reaſoning with an infinite Paſſion, eſpecially in a Lover: and it muſt be allow'd, that you have gain'd your Point in the defence of your Bulk, and might for a further Vindication have added, That Elephants have danc'd on the Ropes, which ſhews their Bulk deſtroy'd not *their* Activity, and by conſequence —— but a Word to the Wiſe ——— When the Sons of God went in to the Daughters of Men, they begat a Race of Giants— Well, I don't know, if our Planets ſhou'd happen to be in conjunction, what ſtrange things might come to paſs, and what a wonderful Race we ſhou'd produce; but I'm ſatisfy'd, that betwixt the Gaiety of the Mother, and the robuſt portly Activity of the Father, it cou'd not be leſs than dancing Elephants. You have indeed ſurprizingly vanquiſh'd my Objection of your Age, and I ſhall take care to uſe you like venerable Medals, valuable for their Antiquity and Ruſt; tho an old Lover look'd lately more like an old Gown, than old Gold, or an old Family, and fitter for my Maid than my ſelf; or at leaſt ſome decay'd Beauty, that had not a Stock of Charms enough to purchaſe a young one: But you have convinc'd me of that

Error too. Alas! I fear that deluding Tongue of your's will quite remove my Objection too of your Treachery to *Vander Albert*; ſince you go on a National Principle, and even bribe my Judgment with the Compliment of ſacrificing your Faith or Religion (which if it be your Intereſt, is very conſiderable in a *Dutchman*) to the Love of me. So that I defer Propoſals of Articles, till our *Plenipo*'s meet, and proceed regularly on theſe Preliminaries, at the Place of Conference; which is agreed on all hands, to be the Abode of

Your moſt happy

ASTREA.

You may imagine, this Letter brought my *Hogen-Mogen* Lover, with no little haſte, to my Apartment, whither we'll now adjourn; for 'twou'd be impertinent to trouble you with any more of theſe fooliſh Letters; one or two may divert, as a Minute or two of a Coxcomb's Company, which on a longer Viſit grows naufeous: But to give you all, 'twou'd make you pay too dear for ſo trifling a Pleaſure. The other part of this Courtſhip conſiſting in odd Grimaces, ridiculous Poſtures, and antick Motions, cannot be ſo well deſcrib'd to you, as to give you a true Image

of

of 'em; ſo far at leaſt, as to render 'em as diverting to you as they were for a while to me. But imagine to your ſelf an old, over-grown, unwieldy *Dutch-man*, playing aukwardly over all that he ſuppos'd wou'd make him look more agreeable in my Eyes. Age he found I did not admire, he therefore endeavour'd to conceal it by Dreſs, Peruque, and clumſey Gaiety: Reſpect he was inform'd I expected from a Lover, which he wou'd expreſs with ſuch comical Cringes, ſuch odd ſort of Ogling, and fantaſtick Addreſs, that I cou'd never force a ſerious Face on whatever he ſaid; for let the Subject be ever ſo grave, his Perſon and Delivery turn'd it into a Farce. There was no piece of Gallantry he obſerv'd perform'd by the young Gentlemen of the City, but he attempted in imitation of them, even to Poetry; but that indeed was in his own Language, and ſo might be extraordinary for ought I know.

Thus I diverted my ſelf with him in *Albert*'s Abſence, till he began to aſſume and grow troubleſome, on my bare permiſſion of his Addreſs; for a very little Incouragement ſerves that Nation, full of their own dear ſelves: ſo that to rid my ſelf of him, I found no more ready way, than to let *Albert* know all his Treachery to him, and the many conſi-

derable Proffers he had made to win me to his Deſires. But *Albert*, with an unuſual Reſentment of theſe Affairs, threaten'd his Death, which was going farther than I deſir'd; for tho I had no Kindneſs for either of them, yet I had ſo much for my ſelf, as not to be the occaſion of any Murder, or become the talk of the City on ſo ridiculous an Occaſion: ſo I pacified *Albert*, and made him ſee how fooliſh ſuch an Attempt on an old Man wou'd look, and perſuaded him only, the next Viſit he made me, to upbraid him with his Treachery, and forbid him the Houſe; and if need were, to threaten him a little. But this produced a very ridiculous Scene, and worthy of more Spectators: For my *Neſtorean* Lover wou'd not give ground to *Albert*, but was as high as he, challeng'd him to *Snick-or-ſnee* for me, and a thouſand things as comical; in ſhort, nothing but my poſitive Command cou'd ſatisfy him, and on that he promis'd no more to trouble me; ſure, as he thought, of me, he was thunder-ſtruck when he heard me not only forbid him the Houſe, but ridicule all his Addreſſes to his Rival *Albert*: and with a Countenance full of Deſpair, went away, not only from my Lodgings, but the next day from *Antwerp*, leaving his Law-ſuit to the Care of his Friends,

Friends, unable to ſtay in the Place where he had met with ſo dreadful a Defeat.

Thus you ſee the Proweſs of my Perſon; how unſucceſsful ſoever my Mind has been in our Stateſmens Opinions, you will in a little time find who is in the right of it. I'm ſorry I can't at this time furniſh you with any more refin'd Intrigues. Thoſe of a Prince that have happen'd here, are too long; and I have met with none that have touch'd me ſo far as to concern my Heart, which is not the moſt inſenſible of all my Sex, I aſſure you: and I am ſo far from finding one fit to make a Lover of, that I can't meet with one that raiſes me to the Warmth of a Friend. But here my Letter puts me in mind, that I have exercis'd your Patience enough for once, and I ſhall therefore conclude my ſelf

Your faithful Friend,

ASTREA.

BUT now 'tis time to proceed to her Affairs with *Vander Albert*, her other *Dutch* Lover, which was pleaſant enough, and in which ſhe contriv'd to preſerve her Honour, without injuring her Gratitude; for ſhe cou'd not deny but he had done Services that did juſtly challenge a

Return

Return for ſo much Love as produc'd 'em.

There was a Woman of ſome Remains of Beauty in *Antwerp*, that had often given *Aſtrea* warning of the Infidelity of *Albert*, aſſuring her he was of ſo fickle a Nature, that he never lov'd paſt Enjoyment, and ſometimes made his Change before he had even that Pretence; of which number her ſelf was, for whom he had profeſs'd ſo much Love as to marry her, and yet deſerted her that very Night in the height of her Expectation. This Woman came now into *Aſtrea*'s Mind, at the ſame time to gratify her Admirer with a Belief of his Happineſs, and do Juſtice to an injur'd Woman. She gives her notice of her Deſign, and orders the Appointment ſo, that *Albert* met *Catalina* (for that was her Name) for *Aſtrea*, and poſſeſs'd her with all the Satisfaction of a longing Lover. But *Catalina*, infinitely pleas'd with the Adventure, appoints the next Night, and the following; and finding his Tranſports ſtill freſh and high, began to confide in her own Charms; and keeping him longer than uſual, made the Day diſcover a double Diſappointment, of her in her future Pleaſures, and him in the paſt; for he cou'd not forgive her even the Joys ſhe had imparted by the falſe

Bait

Bait of another's Charms, but flung from her with the higheſt Reſentment and Indignation, and return'd to *Aſtrea* to upbraid her with her ungenerous Dealing; who, for her Plea, urg'd his Duty to his Wife, and how unreaſonable it was in him, to deſire the ſacrificing of the Reputation of the Woman he profeſs'd to love.

Tho *Albert* was forc'd to acquieſce in what ſhe ſaid, he could not loſe his Deſire, now increas'd by the Pleaſure of Revenge, which he promis'd himſelf in the Enjoyment of her, even againſt her Will, and almoſt without her Knowlege. Mrs. *Behn* had an old Woman of near Threeſcore, whom, out of Charity, ſhe kept as her Companion, having been an old decay'd Gentlewoman; but ſhe, guilty of the common Vice of the Age, Avarice, ſtill covetous of what they cannot enjoy, was corrupted by *Albert*'s Gold, to put him dreſs'd in her Night-Clothes to bed in her place (for ſhe made her her Bedfellow) when *Aſtrea* was out at a Merchant's of *Antwerp*, paſſing the Evening in Play and Mirth, as her Age and Gaiety required: The Son of which Merchant was a briſk, lively, frolickſome young Fellow, and with his two Siſters, and ſome Servants, waited on *Aſtrea* home; and as a Concluſion of that Night's Mirth, propos'd

propos'd to go to bed to the old Woman and ſurprize her, whilſt they ſhou'd all come in with the Candles, and compleat the merry Scene. As it was agreed, ſo they did; but the young Spark was more ſurpriz'd, when, in the Encounter, he found himſelf met with an unexpected Ardour, and a Man's Voice, ſaying, *Have I now caught thee, thou malicious Charmer! Now I'll not let thee go till thou haſt done me Juſtice for all the Wrongs thou haſt offer'd my doating Love.*

By this time the reſt of the Company were come in, all extremely ſurpriz'd to find *Albert* in *Aſtrea*'s Bed, inſtead of the old Woman; who being thus diſcover'd, and *Albert* appeas'd with her Promiſe to marry him at her Arrival in *England*, was diſcarded, to provide her ſelf according to her Deſerts. But *Albert* taking his leave of her with a heavy Heart, and returning into *Holland* to make all things ready for his Voyage to *England*, and Matrimony, dy'd at *Amſterdam* of a Fever: Whilſt *Aſtrea* proceeded in her Journey to *Oſtend* and *Dunkirk*, where, with Sir *Bernard Gaſcoign*, and others, ſhe took Shipping for *England*; in which ſhort Voyage ſhe met with a ſtrange Appearance, that was viſible to all the Paſſengers and Ship's Crew. Sir *Bernard Gaſcoign* had brought with him from *Italy* ſeveral

ſeveral admirable Teleſcopes and Proſpective-Glaſſes; and looking thro one of them, when the Day was very calm and clear, eſpy'd a ſtrange Apparition floating on the Water, which was alſo ſeen by all in their turns that look'd thro it: which made 'em conclude that they were painted Glaſſes that were put at the ends, on purpoſe to ſurprize and amuſe thoſe that look thro 'em; till after having taken 'em out, rubb'd, and put 'em in again, they found the ſame thing floating toward the Ship, and which was now come ſo near as to be within View without the Glaſs. I have often heard her aſſert, that the whole Company ſaw it. The Figure was this: A four-ſquare Floor of various-colour'd Marble, from which aſcended rows of fluted and twiſted Pillars, emboſs'd round with climbing Vines and Flowers, and waving Streamers, that receiv'd an eaſy Motion from the Air; upon the Pillars a hundred little *Cupids* clamber'd with fluttring Wings. This ſtrange Pageant came almoſt near enough for one to ſtep out of the Ship into it before it vaniſh'd; after which, and a ſhort Calm, followed ſo violent a Storm, that having driven the Ship upon the Coaſts, ſhe ſplit in ſight of Land: but the People, by the help of the Inhabitants, and Boats from the ſhore, were all ſav'd;

and

and our *Aſtrea* arriv'd ſafe, tho tir'd, to *London*, from a Voyage that gain'd her more Reputation than Profit.

The reſt of her Life was entirely dedicated to Pleaſure and Poetry; the Succeſs in which gain'd her the Acquaintance and Friendſhip of the moſt ſenſible Men of the Age, and the Love of not a few of different Characters: for tho a Sot have no Portion of Wit of his own, he yet, like old Age, covets what he cannot enjoy. I can't allow a Fool to be touch'd with the Charms of Wit, but the Reputation that is gain'd by Wit; which being a thing beyond his reach, he is fond of it becauſe it pleaſes others, not himſelf. Our *Aſtrea* had many of theſe, who profeſs'd not a little Love for her, and whom ſhe us'd as Fools ſhou'd be us'd, for her Sport, and the Diverſion of her Acquaintance. I went to viſit her one day, and found with her a young brisk pert Fop very gaily dreſs'd, and who after an abundance of Impertinence left us. His Figure was ſo extraordinary, that I could not but enquire into his Name, and more particular Character, which *Aſtrea* gave me in the following manner.

This is a young vain Coxcomb, but newly come from the Univerſity, and full of the impudent Self-Opinion and Pride of that Place, takes the common Privi-

lege

lege of being very impertinent in all Company, eſpecially among Women, and Men that underſtand not the Jargon of the Schools. He's of a good Family, and was left a pretty good paternal Eſtate, which he endeavour'd to encreaſe by marrying a rich Aunt he had in the Country, who had occaſion for juſt ſuch a Fop; for tho he has not been two Years from *Oxford*, he has met with ſeveral uncommon Adventures, and among the reſt, his Addreſſes to me ſhall not be the leaſt conſiderable for all our Diverſions.

Going down to take poſſeſſion of his paternal Eſtate, and full of no very good Thoughts of wronging his Brothers, he lay at his Aunt's; who, tho none of the youngeſt, was not old enough yet to have given off all Thoughts of Love, or to be exempted from the Effects of Enjoyment: for after a long Intrigue with the Steward of her Eſtate, ſhe was, or imagin'd at leaſt that ſhe was, with Child; and tho ſhe lik'd him well enough for a Gallant, ſhe could by no means think him fit for a Husband, either becauſe her Pride wou'd not permit her to think of her Servant for her Maſter, or that ſhe fear'd to give him a Power over her Conduct, who had been a Witneſs how weak a Guard of Virtue ſhe had to ſecure the conjugal Duty he might expect from her as her Husband.

But

But whatever was the Motive, the Arrival of her Nephew gave her other Thoughts, finding him a fit Coxcomb for her Ends; for you find, that a little Converſation will let you into his Character, at leaſt ſo far as to diſcover him to be a very ſelf-conceited Fool, and one on whom by conſequence Flattery wou'd have no ſmall effect. His Aunt having made this Diſcovery, took care to detain him ſome days longer than he intended, and by all the cunning Arts of a deſigning Woman, gave him cauſe to believe that his Suit wou'd not be very unſucceſsful, if he ſhou'd make his Addreſſes to her. He naturally thought well of himſelf, and fir'd with ſo many Advances that his Aunt made to him, he was reſolv'd to try if he cou'd gain her.

She was a Woman that had yet a Reſt of Beauty, improv'd too by the help of Art, that ſhe might pretend, without Vanity, to a Conqueſt where no brighter or more youthful Faces interpos'd; to this ſhe had an engaging Air, and a ſprightly Converſation: but that which compleated the Victory over our young Spark, was her Eſtate; that was exceeding beautiful, becauſe very great, and join'd with her other Charms, was not to be reſiſted by a Man who was poſſeſs'd with the contrary Vices of Avarice and Prodigality. For

he

he had ſtill a thirſt of Wealth, which he perpetually ſquander'd; being incapable of doing a generous Action, tho he would do many fooliſh ones, which ſeem'd to him worthy that Name; as particularly that which I'm juſt going to relate after his Marriage with his Aunt, for there ended this Amour.

Some ſmall time after the conſummation of the Nuptials, finding her Fears of being with child vain, and quite tired of the Fool her Husband, ſhe perpetually was contriving how to get handſomly rid of him; for tho he ſeem'd to love her well enough for a Wife, yet he was too watchful of her Motions to give her opportunity of thoſe Pleaſures ſhe had ſo long taken with liberty. This made her very ill-humour'd and croſs; which he endeavour'd, by pleaſing her all the ways he cou'd think of, to remove: But all in vain; unleſs he cou'd remove himſelf, and his legal Right to her Eſtate, all his Careſſes and Complaiſance ſignified nothing. In ſhort, after ſhe had acted this part ſometime, and made him very earneſt in the Enquiry into the cauſe of her Chagrin, ſhe informed him that ſhe was very ſenſible the chief Motive that engaged him to make Love to her was her Eſtate, and that all his Profeſſions of Love were only falſe Baits to delude her

too

too credulous Heart, and catch her Eſtate; that ſhe cou'd never forgive her ſelf, being over-reached by ſo unexperienced a Youth, or ever have patience to ſupport the Affliction this gave her.

He uſed all the Arguments he could think of to convince her of her Error, and that he loved her with a ſincere and tender Paſſion, without any regard to her Eſtate, which ſhe was as entirely Miſtreſs of as before. In vain was all he ſaid, ſhe turned it to a contrary end to what he meant it; told him 'twas eaſy profeſſing his Love ſincere when he was in poſſeſſion of the Fruits of his paſt Diſſimulation, and that ſhe could never believe her Fortune had no ſhare in his Affections, as long as he was Maſter of it whether ſhe would or not: that ſhe muſt deſpair, being ſo much older than him, of long being able ſo much as of a cold Civility, when it was out of her power to give him any more. He, out of a fooliſh Fancy of Generoſity, or exceſſive good Opinion of his own Charms and Power over her, tells her he has now thought of a way to ſatisfy her Doubts, and by a convincing Proof of his Love, remove all thoſe Anxieties that gave her ſo much Pain, and robbed him of his Reſt and Satisfaction; for to ſhew her that it was her Perſon, and that alone which he eſteemed, he

he would immediately put her Fortune into her own Poſſeſſion again, and keep no other Right he had to any thing he had of her's, but her Perſon, which was the Treaſure he only coveted a quiet Enjoyment of.

This was the Point ſhe had all this while been labouring to gain, and you may imagine ſhe loſt not the lucky Minute of the Fool's ridiculous Fondneſs. The Writings were made, and ſhe put in abſolute poſſeſſion of all her Fortune, and had therefore no farther need of a longer Diſſimulation; nay, the Curb that had been ſet on her unruly Will for the ſhort time of their Marriage, provoked her to obſerve no meaſures with him, whom ſhe could not forgive the many Pleaſures he had diſappointed her of. He was firſt tormented with freſh Proofs every day of his being a notorious Cuckold, to which were added the Affronts of the Servants, and the Contempt of the Miſtreſs; and when none of theſe wou'd rid her hands of him, whoſe ſight ſhe loath'd, having taken particular care to have him well beaten, ſhe thruſt him out of doors, to provide for himſelf. His late Treatment made him unwilling to return, for fear of a worſe Reception; and ſince he had found all means ineffectual to reclaim her, he concluded to paſs on to his own Eſtate,

and

and from thence to *London*, out of the hearing himſelf the perpetual Diſcourſe of the Country.

He had not been long in Town, when one day walking in the Park in a very mean Condion (his own Eſtate being then ſeized by his Brothers, for the Repayment of what he had wronged them of) he ſees his Wife alone, and tho mask'd, knows her: his Neceſſities prompted him at leaſt to try if the making himſelf Maſter of her Perſon, and playing the Tyrant in his turn, would not furniſh him with a preſent Supply, if not recover him the Poſſeſſion of her Eſtate, by cancelling the Deed that put it in her power to abuſe him. She was very well dreſs'd, and he ſomething ſhabby; he ſeizes her, uſes all the Arguments he could to perſuade her Reformation, and Re-union to a Man that yet had a value for her; but all in vain. He told her plainly he would keep her Perſon, tho he had nothing to do with her Eſtate. 'Twas in vain for her to ſtruggle, ſo ſhe went with him to the *Horſe-Guards*, contriving all the way how to get rid of him: and being come there, on ſome occaſion there happen'd to be a great Concourſe of People; this gave her a lucky hint, and ſtarting from him, ſhe ſought the Protection of the Mob, aſſuring them he was a paultry Scoundrel, that

that wou'd needs pretend to ſeduce her to his Ends, but on denial had on his Threats prevailed with her to go quietly to that place, where ſhe hoped her Reſcue. He aſſur'd them he was her Husband, and that he only meant to reclaim her from her evil Courſes, and carry her home. She, with all the Aſſurance imaginable, laughing at his Aſſertion, deſired them to conſider if that Man looked like her Huſband. Her Dreſs and Mein had engaged a Gentleman of the Guards to eſpouſe her Quarrel, who preventing the Deciſion of the Mob, declared his Opinion in the Lady's favour, and propoſed the giving him the Civility of the Horſe-pond, which ſuiting with the brutal Pleaſure of the Mob, prevail'd; and ſo the poor Knight was carry'd to the Enchanted Caſtle, and the Lady ſet free, for more agreeable Encounters: for ſhe was not ungrateful to her Deliverer.

This unlucky Adventure was no ſmall check to his Hopes, and Opinion of his own Conduct and Judgment; yet about half a year after, being now more gay by the Recovery of his Eſtate, and walking in the Park again, he meets his treacherous Spouſe, and full of the Injury he had laſt received from her, and out of fear of the like Misfortune, his Dreſs being now anſwerable to her's, he upbraids her with

with what was paſt, and aſſures her nothing ſhall now deliver her from him; and ſo endeavouring to force her out again at the *Horſe-Guards*, where ſhe enter'd, and near which he met her, ſhe by her Cunning and ſeeming Sorrow for what had paſs'd, prevail'd with him to go out at *St. James's*; and being got out of the Gate, ſhe makes to the firſt Coach very peaceably with him, where he found three Gentlemen who waited ready for her, and on her approach came out, deliver'd her from her Husband, and without much difficulty carry'd her off.

Being thus again out-witted by her, and ſeeing no help for his deſperate Condition, he gave over all thoughts of her, and ſets his mind on ſome freſh Amour, to wear off the uneaſy Remembrance of his paſt Adventures. Among the reſt that were doom'd to ſuffer his Addreſſes, it has been my fate of late to ſhare the ill luck; tho I have the advantage of a great deal of good Company to atone for the impertinent Moments he taxes me with, his Converſation diverting ſometimes ſome of my beſt Friends, and his Letters my ſelf: they are ſo affectedly ridiculous, that I will ſhew you one of them extraordinary in its kind.

To the incomparable fine Hands of the Seraphick Aſtrea.

SHOU'D I make a Palinode for the Aggreſſions of my Paſſion, I ſhould diſappoint the Juſtice of your Expectations: for without any periodical Flouriſhes, you know your Wit has irreſiſtible Charms; and that we can no more reſiſt the Deſire of imparting our Pain when the Paroxyſm approaches, than a ſick Man in a Fever the deſire of Water. The Horoſcope of my Love for the bright *Aſtrea* roſe under a very noxious Influence, if its Stars ordain it abortive. You, Madam, that are Miſtreſs of the Encyclopedy of the Sciences, who have the whole Galaxy of the Muſes to attend you, that have the Coruſcations of the Night in your Eyes, *Jove*'s Bolts and Lightning in your Frowns, and the Sheers of the three fatal Siſters in your Anger, ſhould alſo have the Commiſeration of the Gods in the Tribunal of your Heart, to preponderate to the Severity of your Juſtice. The wiſe Antients, among their Hieroglyphicks, made *Juſtice* blind, that ſhe might ſee and diſcover the ſeveral Shares and Proportions due to the ſeveral Pretenders to her Favour: You, Madam,

are the Portraiture, the admirable *Icon* of that Juſtice whoſe Name you bear.

Terras Aſtrea reliquit: that is,
" 'Tis full well known,
" That Juſtice is flown.

Yet, moſt ſerene Fair One, ſhe poſſeſſes your Breaſt; there ſhe nidificates, there ſhe erects her Bower, and there I hope to have her declare in the favour of, Madam,

Your moſt Obſequious Humble Servant,

and Non-pareil Admirer, &c.

This indeed is the Soul of a mere Açademy, that is, of one whom Learning, ill underſtood, has fitted for a publick Coxcomb, and of whom there is ſcarce any one ſo ignorant, as to have a good Opinion. You have indeed, reply'd I, a moſt extraordinary Lover of him, but whoſe Folly is too groſs to be ſo long entertaining as he ſhall think fit to be impertinent: for like common Beggars, they are not to be deny'd; and are ſo far Courtiers, to think perpetual Importunities Merit: So that if you have no way of ridding your hands of him but laughing at him, 'twill never do; for a Fool follows you the more for laughing at him,

him, as a Spaniel does for beating of him.

Why truly (reply'd *Aſtrea*) he is grown ſo troubleſom now, that I ſhall be forced to uſe him as bad as his Wife has done, in my own defence; and that I intend to put in execution the more ſpeedily, ſince I find my *Lyſander* grows uneaſy at his Addreſſes, which can never move any thing but Laughter: however I ſhall eaſily ſacrifice ſo trifling a Sport to the Quiet of the Man I love, in which you muſt aſſiſt me; for *Lyſander* ſhall have no hand in it, both to ſecure him from a Quarrel, and my ſelf the Pleaſure of revenging him on a Fop that could hope where he had poſſeſſion.

I promiſed to give her all the aſſiſtance I was capable of, to gratify ſo reaſonable a Revenge; for if one Man affronts another by his Rudeneſs, the Perſon affronted muſt be looked upon as a Coward, if he take not Satisfaction. I can imagine no reaſon in the world, why a Woman of Wit, that is affronted with the ſaucy impertinent Love of a Fool that will not be deny'd, ſhou'd not puniſh his Inſolence according to her power. *Wit* is the Weapon ſhe had to fight with, and that ſhe was to make uſe of in her Satisfaction, to which, as a Second, I was very willing to contribute; tho the Part ſhe afterwards engaged me to play, was not ſo agreeable

to me as I at first imagined: for to give a conceited Coxcomb any reason to believe he has an Ascendant over a Woman, and then allow him the least Opportunity, is to put her self in a manifest hazard of her Honour and Satisfaction. But this I did not much consider, being willing to free my Friend from the Importunities of one she cou'd no more suffer, than know how to be handsomly rid of.

And upon her persuasion, I took the opportunity of his next Visit to give him all the reason imaginable to make him think me extremely taken with his Person: which Interview *Astrea* took care to improve on my departure, and to let him know, that I was a Person of no less Fortune than Quality, which would repair the Loss of an unfaithful Wife. Flattery, as it has some power on the most sensible, so it is of such Force with a Fool, that no Consideration can withstand it. He soon thought the pursuit of me more eligible, where he imagined his Perfections had made such an Impression, that I could no more resist the Charm, than the barren Passion he had hitherto entertain'd for *Astrea*. In short, she came to a perfect understanding, and the Assignation was made, and some Friends provided to be in readiness to disappoint him, when he most thought me his own. But the Gentlemen

tlemen retired to the Balcony to ſee ſome ſudden hubbub in the Street; and my Lover, full of himſelf, and the opinion of my being wholly at his devotion, preſs'd ſo hard for the Victory, that when nothing elſe would ſecure me, I was forced to cry out: on which the Gentlemen approach'd, and he believing one of 'em my Husband, was in a moſt dreadful Fright, and ſoon diſcover'd the Baſeneſs of his Spirit; for in hopes to get clear off himſelf, he accuſed me to him he ſuppoſed my Husband: But this not availing, he was handſomely toſs'd in a Blanket, waſh'd, and turn'd out of doors. All which Misfortunes he diſſembled to *Aſtrea*, and renew'd his Suit to her, till, by appointment, I and the two Gentlemen enter'd the Room, and expoſed the Truth of the Story; which he cou'd not deny: and confounded with the Reproaches of *Aſtrea*, and the whole Company's laughing at him, he never after troubled her with a Viſit.

This was the end of this ridiculous Amour; but that which touch'd her Heart, cou'd not be ſo eaſily diſpoſed of. I have already mention'd *Lyſander*, as a Lover ſhe valued; and ſhe having contributed her Letters to him, to the laſt Impreſſion, I ſhall ſay no more of it than what thoſe diſcover, which I have now inſerted in their order.

LOVE-LETTERS to a Gentleman. By Mrs. *A. BEHN.*

Printed from the Original Letters.

LETTER I.

YOU bid me write, and I wiſh it were only the Effect of Complaiſance that makes me obey you. I ſhould be very angry with my ſelf and you, if I thought it were any other Motive: I hope it is not, and will not have you believe otherwiſe. I cannot help however wiſhing you no Mirth, nor any Content in your Dancing-Deſign; and this unwonted Malice in me I do not like, and wou'd have concealed it if I cou'd, leſt you ſhou'd take it for ſomething which I am not, nor will believe my ſelf guilty of.

of. May your Women be all ugly, ill-natur'd, ill-dreſs'd, ill-faſhion'd, and unconverſable; and, for your greater Diſappointment, may every Moment of your time there be taken up with Thoughts of me (a ſufficient Curſe) and yet you will be better entertain'd than me, who poſſibly am, and ſhall be uneaſy with Thoughts not ſo good. Perhaps you had eas'd me of ſome Trouble, if you had let me ſeen you, or known you had been well: but theſe are Favours for better Friends, and I'll endeavour not to reſent the loſs, or rather the miſs of 'em. It may be, ſince I have ſo eaſily granted this Deſire of your's, in writing to you, you will fear you have pulled a Trouble on —— but do not. I do by this ſend for you —— You know what you gave your Hand upon; the Date of Baniſhment is already out, and I cou'd have wiſhed you had been ſo good-natur'd as to have diſobey'd me. Pray take notice therefore I am better natur'd than you. I am profoundly melancholy ſince I ſaw you, I know not why: and ſhould be glad to ſee you when your Occaſions will permit you to viſit

ASTREA.

LETTER II.

YOU may tell me a thouſand Years, my dear *Lycidas*, of your unbounded Friendſhip; but after ſo unkind a Departure as that laſt Night, give me leave (when ſerious) to doubt it; nay, 'tis paſt doubt, I know you rather hate me. What elſe could hurry you from me, when you ſaw me ſurrounded with all the neceſſary Impoſſibilities of ſpeaking to you? I made as broad Signs as one could do who durſt not ſpeak, both for your ſake and my own. I acted even imprudently to make my Soul underſtood, that was then (if I may ſay ſo) in real Agonies for your Departure. 'Tis a wonder a Woman ſo violent in all her Paſſions as I, did not (forgetting all Prudence, all Conſiderations) fly out into abſolute Commands, or at leaſt Entreaties, that you would give me a moment's time longer. I burſt to ſpeak with you to know a thouſand things; but particularly, how you came to be ſo barbarous, as to carry away all that cou'd make my Satisfaction. You carry'd away my Letter, and you carry'd away *Lycidas*: I will not call him mine, becauſe

becauſe he has ſo unkindly taken himſelf back. 'Twas with that deſign you came; for I ſaw all night with what Reluctancy you ſpoke, how coldly you entertain'd me, and with what Pain and Uneaſineſs you gave me the only Converſation I value in the World. I am aſhamed to tell you this; I know your peeviſh Vertue will miſinterpret me. But take it how you will, think of it as you pleaſe; I am undone, and will be free; I will tell you, you did not uſe me well: I am ruined, and will rail at you —— Come then, I conjure you, this Evening, that after it I may ſhut thoſe Eyes that have been too long waking. I have committed a thouſand Madneſſes in this; but you muſt pardon the Faults you have created. Come and do ſo; for I muſt ſee you to-night, and that in better Humour than you were laſt night. No more; obey me as you have that Friendſhip for me you profeſs: and aſſure your ſelf to find a very welcome Reception from (*Lycidas*)

Your *ASTREA*.

LETTER III.

WHEN ſhall we underſtand one another? For I thought, dear *Lycidas*, you had been a Man of your Parole. I will as ſoon believe you will forget me, as that you have not remember'd the Promiſe you made me. Confeſs you are the teazingeſt Creature in the World, rather than ſuffer me to think you neglect me, or wou'd put a ſlight upon me, that have choſen you from all the whole Creation to give my entire Eſteem to. This I had aſſured you yeſterday, but that I dreaded the Effects of your Cenſure to-day: and tho I ſcorn to guard my Tongue, as hoping it will never offend willingly, yet I can with much ado hold it, when I have a great mind to ſay a thouſand things I know will be taken in an ill ſenſe. Poſſibly you will wonder what compels me to write; what moves me to ſend where I find ſo little welcome; nay, where I meet with ſuch Returns: it may be, I wonder too. You ſay I am changed; I had rather almoſt juſtify an Ill than repent; maintain falſe Arguments, than yield I am i'th' wrong. In fine, charming Friend *Lycidas*,

whatever I was ſince you knew me, believe I am ſtill the ſame in Soul and Thought; but that is what ſhall never hurt you, what ſhall never be but to ſerve you. Why then did you ſay you would not ſit near me? Was that, my Friend, was that the Eſteem you profeſs? Who grows cold firſt? Who is changed? And who the Aggreſſor? 'Tis I was firſt in Friendſhip, and ſhall be laſt in Conſtancy. You by Inclination, and not for want of Friends, have I placed higheſt in my Eſteem; and for that reaſon your Converſation is the moſt acceptable and agreeable of any in the World — and for this reaſon you ſhun mine. Take your courſe; be a Friend like a Foe, and continue to impoſe upon me, that you eſteem me when you fly me. Renounce your falſe Friendſhip, or let me ſee you give it entire to

ASTREA.

LETTER IV.

I Had rather, dear *Lycidas*, ſet my ſelf to write to any Man on earth than you; for I fear your ſevere Prudence and Diſcretion, ſo nice, may make an ill Judgment of what I ſay: Yet you bid me not diſſem-

diſſemble; and you need not have caution'd me, who ſo naturally hate thoſe little Arts of my Sex, that I often run on Freedoms that may well enough bear a Cenſure from People ſo ſcrupulous as *Lycidas*. Nor dare I follow all my Inclinations neither, nor tell all the little Secrets of my Soul: why I write them, I can give no account; 'tis but fooling my ſelf, perhaps, into an undoing. I do but (by this ſoft Entertainment) look in my Heart, like a young Gameſter, to make it venture its laſt Stake: this I ſay may be the Danger; I may come off unhurt, but cannot be a Winner: why then ſhould I throw an uncertain caſt, where I hazard all, and you nothing? Your ſtanch Prudence is proof againſt Love, and all the Banks on my ſide. You are ſo unreaſonable, you would have me pay where I have contracted no Debt; you would have me give, and you like a Miſer would diſtribute nothing. Greedy *Lycidas!* Unconſcionable and Ungenerous! You wou'd not be in love for all the World, yet wiſh I were ſo. Uncharitable! — Wou'd my Fever cure you? or a Curſe on me make you bleſs'd? Say *Lycidas*, will it? I have heard, when two Souls kindly meet 'tis a vaſt Pleaſure, as vaſt as the Curſe muſt be, when Kindneſs is not equal; and why ſhou'd you believe that neceſſary for me,

that will be ſo very incommode for you? Will you, dear *Lycidas*, allow then, that you have leſs Good-Nature than I? Pray be juſt, till you can give ſuch Proofs of the contrary, as I ſhall be judge of; or give me a Reaſon for your Ill-nature. So much for loving.

Now, as you are my Friend, I conjure you to conſider what Reſolution I took up, when I ſaw you laſt (which methinks is a long time) of ſeeing no Man till I ſaw your Face again; and when you remember that, you will poſſibly be ſo kind as to make what haſte you can to ſee me again. Till then have Thoughts as much in favour of me as you can; for when you know me better, you will believe I merit all. May you be impatient and uneaſy till you ſee me again: and bating that, may all the Bleſſings of Heaven and Earth light on you, is the continued Prayers of (dear *Lycidas*)

Your true *ASTREA*.

LETTER V.

THough it be very late, I cannot go to Bed, but I muſt tell thee I have been very good ever ſince I ſaw thee, and have

have been a writing, and have ſeen no Face of Man, or other Body, ſave my own People. I am mightily pleas'd with your Kindneſs to me to-night; and 'twas, I hope and believe, very innocent and undiſturbing on both ſides. My *Lycidas* ſays, He can be ſoft and dear when he pleaſe to put off his haughty Pride, which is only aſſum'd to ſee how far I dare love him ununited. Since then my Soul's Delight you are, and may be ever aſſur'd I am, and ever will be your's, befal me what will; and that all the Devils of Hell ſhall not prevail againſt thee: ſhew then, I ſay, my deareſt Love, thy native ſweet Temper; ſhew me all the Love thou haſt undiſſembled. Then, and never till then, ſhall I believe you love; and deſerve my Heart, for God's ſake, to keep me well: and if thou haſt Love (as I ſhall never doubt, if thou art always as to-night) ſhew that Love, I beſeech thee; there being nothing ſo grateful to God, and Mankind, as Plain-dealing. 'Tis too late to conjure thee farther: I will be purchas'd with Softneſs, and dear Words, and kind Expreſſions, ſweet Eyes, and a low Voice.

Farewel; I love thee dearly, paſſionately and tenderly, and am reſolv'd to be eternally

(My only Dear Delight,
and Joy of my Life)
Thy *ASTREA.*

LET-

LETTER VI.

SInce you, my deareſt *Lycidas*, have preſcrib'd me Laws and Rules, how I ſhall behave my ſelf to pleaſe and gain you; and that one of theſe is not Lying or Diſſembling; and that I had to-night promis'd you ſhould never have a tedious Letter from me more: I will begin to keep my Word, and ſtint my Heart and Hand. I promis'd tho to write; and tho I have no great matter to ſay more, than the Aſſurance of my Eternal Love to you, yet to obey you, and not only ſo, but to oblige my own impatient Heart, I muſt, late as 'tis, ſay ſomething to thee.

I ſtay'd after thee to-night, till I had read a whole Act of my new Play; and then he led me over all the way, ſaying, Gad you were the Man: And beginning ſome rallying Love-Diſcourſe after Supper, which he fancy'd was not ſo well receiv'd as it ought, he ſaid you were not handſome, and call'd *Philly* to own it; but he did not, but was of my ſide, and ſaid you were handſome: ſo he went on a while, and all ended that concern'd you. And this, upon my word, is all.

Your

Your Articles I have read over, and do not like them; you have broke one, even before you have ſworn or ſeal'd 'em; that is, they are writ with Reſerve. I muſt have a better Account of your Heart to-morrow, when you come. I grow deſperate fond of you, and would fain be us'd well; if not, I will march off: But I will believe you mean to keep your Word, as I will for ever do mine. Pray make haſte to ſee me to-morrow; and if I am not at home when you come, ſend for me over the way, where I have engaged to dine, there being an Entertainment on purpoſe to-morrow for me.

For God's ſake make no more Niceties and Scruples than need, in your way of living with me; that is, do not make me believe this Diſtance is to eaſe you, when, indeed 'tis meant to eaſe us both of Love; and, for God's ſake, do not miſinterpret my Exceſs of Fondneſs: and if I forget my ſelf, let the Check you give be ſufficient to make me deſiſt. Believe me, dear Creature, 'tis more out of Humour and Jeſt, than any Inclination on my ſide; for I could ſit eternally with you, without that part of Diſturbance: Fear me not, for you are (from that) as ſafe as in Heaven it ſelf. Believe me, dear *Lycidas*, this Truth, and truſt me. 'Tis late, farewel; and come, for God's

ſake,

ſake, betimes to-morrow, and put off your fooliſh Fears and Niceties, and do not ſhame me with your perpetual ill Opinion; my Nature is proud and inſolent, and cannot bear it: I will be uſed ſomething better, in ſpite of all your Apprehenſions falſly grounded. Adieu, keep me as I am ever your's,

ASTREA.

By this Letter, one would think I were the niceſt Thing on Earth; yet I know a dear Friend goes far beyond me in that unneceſſary Fault.

LETTER VII.

My Charming Unkind,

I Would have engag'd my Life you could not have left me ſo coldly, ſo unconcerned as you did; but you are reſolv'd to give me Proofs of your No Love. Your Counſel, which was given you to-night, has wrought the Effects which it uſually does in Hearts like your's. Tell me no more you love me; for 'twill be hard to make me think it, tho it be the only Bleſſing I ask on earth: But if Love can merit

a Heart, I know who ought to claim your's. My Soul is ready to burſt with Pride and Indignation; and at the ſame time, Love, with all his Softneſs, aſſails me, and will make me write: ſo that between one and the other, I can expreſs neither as I ought. What ſhall I do to make you know I do not uſe to condeſcend to ſo much Submiſſion, nor to tell my Heart ſo freely? Tho you think it Uſe, methinks I find my Heart ſwell with Diſdain at this Minute, for my being ready to make Aſſeverations of the contrary, and to aſſure you I do not, nor never did love, or talk at the rate I do to you, ſince I was born: I ſay, I wou'd ſwear this, but ſomething rolls up my Boſom, and checks my very Thought as it riſes. You ought, Oh Faithleſs, and infinitely Adorable *Lycidas!* to know and gueſs my Tenderneſs; you ought to ſee it grow, and daily increaſe upon your hands. If it be troubleſome, 'tis becauſe I fancy you leſſen, whilſt I encreaſe, in Paſſion; or rather, that by your ill Judgment of mine, you never had any in your Soul for me. Oh unlucky, oh vexatious Thought! Either let me never ſee that charming Face, or eaſe my Soul of ſo tormenting an Agony, as the cruel Thought of not being belov'd. Why, my lovely Dear, ſhould I flatter you? Or, why make more Words of my Tenderneſs,

neſs, than another Woman, that loves as well, wou'd do, as once you ſaid? No, you ought rather to believe that I ſay more, becauſe I have more than any Woman can be capable of: My Soul is form'd of no other Material than Love; and all that Soul of Love was form'd for my dear, faithleſs *Lycidas* —— Methinks I have a Fancy, that ſomething will prevent my going to-morrow Morning: However I conjure thee, if poſſible, to come to-morrow about ſeven or eight at Night, that I may tell you in what a deplorable Condition you left me to-night. I cannot deſcribe it; but I feel it, and wiſh you the ſame Pain, for going ſo inhumanly: But oh! you went to Joys, and left me to Torments! You went to Love alone, and left me Love and Rage, Fevers and Calentures, even Madneſs it ſelf! Indeed, indeed, my Soul! I know not to what degree I love you; let it ſuffice I do moſt paſſionately, and can have no Thoughts of any other Man, whilſt I have Life. No! reproach me, defame me, lampoon me, curſe me, and kill me, when I do, and let Heaven do ſo too.

Farewel —— I love you more and more every moment of my Life. Know it, and Goodnight. Come to-morrow, being *Wedneſday*, to, my Adorable *Lycidas*, your

ASTREA.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

WHY, my deareſt Charmer, do you diſturb that Repoſe I had reſolved to purſue, by taking it unkindly that I did not write? I cannot diſobey you, becauſe indeed I wou'd not, tho 'twere better much for both I had been for ever ſilent: I propheſy ſo, but at the ſame time cannot help my Fate, and know not what Force or Credit there is in the Vertue we both profeſs; but I am ſure 'tis not good to tempt it: I think I am ſure, and I think my *Lycidas* juſt. But oh! to what purpoſe is all this fooling? You have often wiſely conſidered it; but I never ſtay'd to think till 'twas too late; and whatever Reſolutions I make in the abſence of my lovely Friend, one ſingle ſight turns me all Woman, and all his. Take notice then, my *Lycidas*, I will henceforth never be wiſe more; never make any Vows againſt my Inclinations, or the little wing'd Deity. I own I have neither the Coldneſs of *Lycidas*, nor the Prudence; I cannot either not love, or have a thouſand Arts of hiding it; I have no body to fear, and therefore may have

have ſome body to love: But if you are deſtin'd to be he, the Lord have mercy on me; for I'm ſure you'll have none. I expect a Reprimand for this plain Confeſſion; but I muſt juſtify it, and I will, becauſe I cannot help it: I was born to ill Luck; and this Loſs of my Heart, is, poſſibly, not the leaſt part on't. Do not let me ſee you diſapprove it, I may one day grow aſham'd on't, and reclaim; but never, whilſt you blow the Flame, tho perhaps againſt your Will. I expect now a very wiſe Anſwer; and, I believe, with abundance of Diſcretion, you will caution me to avoid this Danger that threatens. Do ſo, if you have a mind to make me launch farther into the main Sea of Love: Rather deal with me as with a right Woman; make me believe my ſelf infinitely belov'd. I may chance from the natural Inconſtancy of my Sex, to be as falſe as you wou'd wiſh, and leave you in quiet: For as I am ſatisfied I love in vain, and without return, I'm ſatisfied that nothing, but the thing that hates me, cou'd treat me as *Lycidas* does; and 'tis only the Vanity of being belov'd by me, can make you countenance a Softneſs ſo diſpleaſing to you. How cou'd any thing, but the Man that hates me, entertain me ſo unkindly? Witneſs your excellent Opinion of me, of loving others; witneſs your paſſing

paſſing by the end of the Street where I live, and ſquandring away your time at any Coffee-houſe, rather than allow me what you know in your Soul is the greateſt Bleſſing of my Life, your dear *dull* melancholy Company; I call it dull, becauſe you can never be gay or merry where *Aſtrea* is. How cou'd this Indifference poſſeſs you, when your malicious Soul knew I was languiſhing for you? I dy'd, I fainted, and pain'd for an Hour of what you laviſh'd out, regardleſs of me, and without ſo much as thinking on me! What can you ſay, that Judgment may not paſs? that you may not be condemn'd for the worſt-natur'd, incorrigible Thing in the World? Yield, and at leaſt ſay, My honeſt Friend *Aſtrea*, I neither do love thee, nor can, nor ever will; at leaſt let me ſay, you were generous, and told me plain blunt Truth: I know it; nay, worſe, you impudently (but truly) told me your Buſineſs wou'd permit you to come every Night, but your Inclinations wou'd not: At leaſt this was honeſt, but very unkind, and not over-civil, not you, my amiable *Lycidas*, know I wou'd purchaſe your ſight at any rate? Why this Neglect then? Why keeping diſtance? But as much as to ſay, *Aſtrea, truly you will make me love, you will make me be fond of you, you will pleaſe and delight*

me

me with your Converſation, and I am a Fellow that do not deſire to be pleas'd, therefore be not ſo civil to me; for I do not deſire civil Company, nor Company that diverts me. A pretty Speech this! and yet if I do obey, deſiſt being civil, and behave my ſelf very rudely, as I have done, you ſay, theſe two or three days —— then, Oh *Aſtrea!* where is your Profeſſion? Where your Love ſo boaſted? Your Good-Nature, *&c.?* Why truly, my dear *Lycidas*, where it was, and ever will be, ſo long as you have invincible Charms, and ſhew your Eyes, and look ſo dearly; tho you may, by your prudent Counſel, and your wiſe Conduct of Abſence, and marching by my Door without calling in, oblige me to ſtay my Hand, and hold my Tongue, I can conceal my Kindneſs, tho not diſſemble one: I can make you think I am wiſe, if I liſt; but when I tell you I have Friendſhip, Love, and Eſteem for you, you may pawn your Soul upon it: believe 'tis true, and ſatisfy your ſelf you have, my dear *Lycidas*, in your *Aſtrea* all ſhe profeſſes. I ſhou'd be glad to ſee you as ſoon as poſſible (you ſay *Thurſday*) you can: I beg you will, and ſhall with Impatience expect you betimes. Fail me not, as you wou'd have me think you have any Value for

ASTREA.

I beg you will not fail to let me hear from you, to-day being *Wedneſday*, and ſee you at Night if you can.

HEre I muſt draw to an end: for tho conſiderable Truſts were repos'd in her, yet they were of that Import, that I muſt not preſume here to inſert 'em; but ſhall conclude with her Death, occaſion'd by an unskilful Phyſician, on the 16th of *April*, 1689. She was buried in the Cloyſters of *Weſtminſter-Abby*, cover'd only with a plain Marble Stone, with two wretched Verſes on it, made, as I'm inform'd, by a very ingenious Gentleman, tho no Poet: the very Perſon, whom the Envious of our Sex, and the Malicious of the other, wou'd needs have the Author of moſt of her's; which, to my knowledge, were her own Product, without the Aſſiſtance of any thing but Nature, which ſhews it ſelf indeed without the Embaraſſments of Art in every thing ſhe has writ.

She was of a generous and open Temper, ſomething paſſionate, very ſerviceable to her Friends in all that was in her power; and cou'd ſooner forgive an Injury, than do one. She had Wit, Honour, Good-humour, and Judgment. She was Miſtreſs of all the pleaſing Arts of Con-

Converſation, but us'd 'em not to any but thoſe who love Plain-dealing. She was a Woman of Senſe, and by conſequence a Lover of Pleaſure, as indeed all both Men and Women are; but only ſome wou'd be thought to be above the Conditions of Humanity, and place their chief Pleaſure in a proud vain Hypocriſy. For my part, I knew her intimately, and never ſaw ought unbecoming the juſt Modeſty of our Sex, tho more gay and free than the Folly of the Preciſe will allow. She was, I'm ſatisfy'd, a greater Honour to our Sex, than all the Canting Tribe of Diſſemblers, that die with the falſe Reputation of Saints. This I may venture to ſay, becauſe I'm unknown, and the revengeful Cenſures of my Sex will not reach me, ſince they will never be able to draw the Veil, and diſcover the Speaker of theſe bold Truths. If I have done my dead Friend any manner of Juſtice, I'm ſatisfy'd, having obtain'd my End: If not, the Reader muſt remember that there are few *Aſtrea*'s ariſe in our Age, and till ſuch a one does appear, all our Endeavours in Encomiums on the laſt muſt be vain and impotent.


BRITISH MUSEUM
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J. Pine inv? et sculp. 1722.

THE HISTORY OF THE *ROYAL SLAVE.*

I Do not pretend, in giving you the Hiſtory of this *ROYAL SLAVE*, to entertain my Reader with the Adventures of a feign'd *Hero*, whoſe Life and Fortunes Fancy may manage at the Poet's pleaſure; nor in relating the Truth, deſign to adorn it with any Accidents, but ſuch as arrived in earneſt to him: And it ſhall come ſimply into the World, recommended by its own proper Merits, and natural Intrigues; there being enough of Reality to ſupport it, and to render

it diverting, without the addition of Invention.

I was my ſelf an Eye-witneſs to a great part of what you will find here ſet down; and what I could not be Witneſs of, I receiv'd from the Mouth of the chief Actor in this Hiſtory, the *Hero* himſelf, who gave us the whole Tranſactions of his Youth: And I ſhall omit, for brevity's ſake, a thouſand little Accidents of his Life, which, however pleaſant to us, where Hiſtory was ſcarce, and Adventures very rare, yet might prove tedious and heavy to my Reader, in a World where he finds Diverſions for every Minute, new and ſtrange. But we who were perfectly charm'd with the Character of this great Man, were curious to gather every Circumſtance of his Life.

The Scene of the laſt part of his Adventures lies in a Colony in *America*, called *Surinam*, in the *Weſt-Indies*.

But before I give you the Story of this *Gallant Slave*, 'tis fit I tell you the manner of bringing them to theſe new *Colonies*; thoſe they make uſe of there, not being *Natives* of the place: for thoſe we live with in perfect Amity, without daring to command 'em; but, on the contrary, careſs 'em with all the brotherly and friendly Affection in the world; trading with them for their Fiſh, Veniſon,

Buffalo's

Buffalo's Skins, and little Rarities; as *Marmoſets*, a ſort of Monkey, as big as a Rat or Weaſel, but of a marvellous and delicate ſhape, having Face and Hands like a Human Creature; and *Couſheries*, a little Beaſt in the form and faſhion of a Lion, as big as a Kitten, but ſo exactly made in all Parts like that Noble Beaſt, that it is it in *Miniature*: Then for little *Paraketoes*, great *Parrots*, *Muckaws*, and a thouſand other Birds and Beaſts of wonderful and ſurprizing Forms, Shapes, and Colours: For Skins of prodigious Snakes, of which there are ſome three-ſcore Yards in length; as is the Skin of one that may be ſeen at his Majeſty's *Antiquary's*; where are alſo ſome rare Flies, of amazing Forms and Colours, preſented to 'em by my ſelf; ſome as big as my Fiſt, ſome leſs; and all of various Excellencies, ſuch as Art cannot imitate. Then we trade for Feathers, which they order into all Shapes, make themſelves little ſhort Habits of 'em, and glorious Wreaths for their Heads, Necks, Arms and Legs, whoſe Tinctures are unconceivable. I had a Set of theſe preſented to me, and I gave 'em to the *King's Theatre*; it was the Dreſs of the *Indian Queen*, infinitely admir'd by Perſons of Quality; and was inimitable. Beſides theſe, a thouſand little Knacks, and Rari-

ties in Nature; and ſome of Art, as their Baskets, Weapons, Aprons, *&c.* We dealt with 'em with Beads of all Colours, Knives, Axes, Pins and Needles; which they us'd only as Tools to drill Holes with in their Ears, Noſes and Lips, where they hang a great many little things; as long Beads, bits of Tin, Braſs or Silver beat thin, and any ſhining Trinket. The Beads they weave into Aprons about a quarter of an Ell long, and of the ſame breadth; working them very prettily in Flowers of ſeveral Colours; which Apron they wear juſt before 'em, as *Adam* and *Eve* did the Fig-leaves; the Men wearing a long ſtripe of Linen, which they deal with us for. They thread theſe Beads alſo on long Cotton-threads, and make Girdles to tie their Aprons to, which come twenty times, or more, about the Waſte, and then croſs, like a Shoulder-belt, both ways, and round their Necks, Arms and Legs. This Adornment, with their long black Hair, and the Face painted in little Specks or Flowers here and there, makes 'em a wonderful Figure to behold. Some of the Beauties, which indeed are finely ſhap'd, as almoſt all are, and who have pretty Features, are charming and novel; for they have all that is called Beauty, except the Colour, which is a reddiſh

Yellow

Yellow; or after a new Oiling, which they often uſe to themſelves, they are of the Colour of a new Brick, but ſmooth, ſoft and ſleek. They are extreme modeſt and baſhful, very ſhy, and nice of being touch'd. And tho they are all thus naked, if one lives for ever among 'em, there is not to be ſeen an undecent Action, or Glance: and being continually us'd to ſee one another ſo unadorn'd, ſo like our firſt Parents before the Fall, it ſeems as if they had no Wiſhes, there being nothing to heighten Curioſity: but all you can ſee, you ſee at once, and every moment ſee; and where there is no Novelty, there can be no Curioſity. Not but I have ſeen a handſome young *Indian*, dying for Love of a very beautiful young *Indian* Maid; but all his Courtſhip was, to fold his Arms, purſue her with his Eyes, and Sighs were all his Language: While ſhe, as if no ſuch Lover were preſent, or rather as if ſhe deſired none ſuch, carefully guarded her Eyes from beholding him; and never approach'd him, but ſhe look'd down with all the bluſhing Modeſty I have ſeen in the moſt ſevere and cautious of our World. And theſe People repreſented to me an abſolute *Idea* of the firſt State of Innocence, before Man knew how to ſin: And 'tis moſt evident and plain, that ſimple Nature is the moſt harmleſs, in-

offenſive and vertuous Miſtreſs. 'Tis ſhe alone, if ſhe were permitted, that better inſtructs the World, than all the Inventions of Man: Religion wou'd here but deſtroy that Tranquillity they poſſeſs by Ignorance; and Laws wou'd but teach 'em to know Offences, of which now they have no Notion. They once made mourning and faſting for the Death of the *Engliſh* Governor, who had given his Hand to come on ſuch a day to 'em, and neither came nor ſent; believing, when a Man's word was paſt, nothing but Death cou'd or ſhou'd prevent his keeping it: And when they ſaw he was not dead, they ask'd him what Name they had for a Man who promis'd a thing he did not do? The Governor told them, Such a Man was a *Lyar*, which was a Word of Infamy to a Gentleman. Then one of 'em reply'd, *Governor, you are a Lyar, and guilty of that Infamy.* They have a native Juſtice, which knows no Fraud; and they underſtand no Vice, or Cunning, but when they are taught by the *White* Men. They have Plurality of Wives; which, when they grow old, ſerve thoſe that ſucceed 'em, who are young, but with a Servitude eaſy and reſpected; and unleſs they take Slaves in War, they have no other Attendants.

Thoſe

Thoſe on that *Continent* where I was, had no King; but the oldeſt War-Captain was obey'd with great Reſignation.

A War-Captain is a Man who has led them on to Battel with Conduct and Succeſs; of whom I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak more hereafter, and of ſome other of their Cuſtoms and Manners, as they fall in my way.

With theſe People, as I ſaid, we live in perfect Tranquillity, and good Underſtanding, as it behoves us to do; they knowing all the places where to ſeek the beſt Food of the Country, and the means of getting it; and for very ſmall and unvaluable Trifles, ſupplying us with what 'tis almoſt impoſſible for us to get: for they do not only in the Woods, and over the *Sevana's*, in Hunting, ſupply the parts of Hounds, by ſwiftly ſcouring thro thoſe almoſt impaſſable Places, and by the mere Activity of their Feet run down the nimbleſt Deer, and other eatable Beaſts; but in the Water, one wou'd think they were Gods of the Rivers, or Fellow-Citizens of the Deep; ſo rare an Art they have in ſwimming, diving, and almoſt living in Water; by which they command the leſs ſwift Inhabitants of the Floods. And then for ſhooting, what they cannot take, or reach with their Hands, they do with Arrows; and have ſo admirable an

Aim, that they will ſplit almoſt an Hair, and at any diſtance that an Arrow can reach: they will ſhoot down Oranges, and other Fruit, aud only touch the Stalk with the Dart's Point, that they may not hurt the Fruit. So that they being on all occaſions very uſeful to us, we find it abſolutely neceſſary to careſs 'em as Friends, and not to treat 'em as Slaves; nor dare we do otherwiſe, their numbers ſo far ſurpaſſing ours in that Continent.

Thoſe then whom we make uſe of to work in our Plantations of Sugar, are *Negroes*, Black-Slaves all together, who are tranſported thither in this manner.

Thoſe who want Slaves, make a Bargain with a Maſter, or a Captain of a Ship, and contract to pay him ſo much a-piece, a matter of twenty Pound a head, for as many as he agrees for, and to pay for 'em when they ſhall be deliver'd on ſuch a Plantation: So that when there arrives a Ship laden with Slaves, they who have ſo contracted, go a-board, and receive their number by Lot; and perhaps in one Lot that may be for ten, there may happen to be three or four Men, the reſt Women and Children. Or be there more or leſs of either Sex, you are obliged to be contented with your Lot.

Coramantien, a Country of *Blacks* ſo called, was one of thoſe Places in which they

they found the moſt advantageous Trading for theſe Slaves, and thither moſt of our great Traders in that Merchandize traffick; for that Nation is very warlike and brave: and having a continual Campaign, being always in hoſtility with one neighbouring Prince or other, they had the fortune to take a great many Captives: for all they took in Battel were ſold as Slaves; at leaſt thoſe common Men who cou'd not ranſom themſelves. Of theſe Slaves ſo taken, the General only has all the Profit; and of theſe Generals our Captains and Maſters of Ships buy all their Freights.

The King of *Coramantien* was of himſelf a Man of an hundred and odd Years old, and had no Son, tho he had many beautiful Black Wives: for moſt certainly there are Beauties that can charm of that Colour. In his younger Years he had had many gallant Men to his Sons, thirteen of whom died in Battel, conquering when they fell; and he had only left him for his Succeſſor, one Grand-child, Son to one of theſe dead Victors, who, as ſoon as he could bear a Bow in his Hand, and a Quiver at his Back, was ſent into the Field to be train'd up by one of the oldeſt Generals to War; where, from his natural Inclination to Arms, and the Occaſions given him, with the good Conduct

of

of the old General, he became, at the Age of ſeventeen, one of the moſt expert Captains, and braveſt Soldiers that ever ſaw the Field of *Mars*: ſo that he was ador'd as the Wonder of all that World, and the Darling of the Soldiers. Beſides, he was adorn'd with a native Beauty, ſo tranſcending all thoſe of his gloomy Race, that he ſtruck an Awe and Reverence, even into thoſe that knew not his Quality; as he did into me, who beheld him with ſurprize and wonder, when afterwards he arrived in our World.

He had ſcarce arrived at his ſeventeenth Year, when, fighting by his ſide, the General was kill'd with an Arrow in his Eye, which the Prince *Oroonoko* (for ſo was this gallant *Moor* call'd) very narrowly avoided; nor had he, if the General who ſaw the Arrow ſhot, and perceiving it aimed at the Prince, had not bow'd his Head between, on purpoſe to receive it in his own Body, rather than it ſhould touch that of the Prince, and ſo ſaved him.

'Twas then, afflicted as *Oroonoko* was, that he was proclaimed General in the old Man's place: and then it was, at the finiſhing of that War, which had continu'd for two Years, that the Prince came to Court, where he had hardly been a Month together, from the time of his

fifth

fifth Year to that of ſeventeen: and 'twas amazing to imagine where it was he learn'd ſo much Humanity; or to give his Accompliſhments a juſter Name, where 'twas he got that real Greatneſs of Soul, thoſe refined Notions of true Honour, that abſolute Generoſity, and that Softneſs that was capable of the higheſt Paſſions of Love and Gallantry, whoſe Objects were almoſt continually fighting Men, or thoſe mangled or dead, who heard no Sounds but thoſe of War and Groans. Some part of it we may attribute to the care of a *Frenchman* of Wit and Learning, who finding it turn to a very good account to be a ſort of Royal Tutor to this young Black, and perceiving him very ready, apt, and quick of Apprehenſion, took a great pleaſure to teach him Morals, Language and Science; and was for it extremely belov'd and valu'd by him. Another Reaſon was, he lov'd when he came from War, to ſee all the *Engliſh* Gentlemen that traded thither; and did not only learn their Language, but that of the *Spaniard* alſo, with whom he traded afterwards for Slaves.

I have often ſeen and converſed with this Great Man, and been a Witneſs to many of his mighty Actions; and do aſſure my Reader, the moſt illuſtrious Courts could not have produced a braver Man,

Man, both for Greatneſs of Courage and Mind, a Judgment more ſolid, a Wit more quick, and a Converſation more ſweet and diverting. He knew almoſt as much as if he had read much: He had heard of and admired the *Romans*: He had heard of the late Civil Wars in *England*, and the deplorable Death of our great Monarch; and wou'd diſcourſe of it with all the Senſe and Abhorrence of the Injuſtice imaginable. He had an extreme good and graceful Mien, and all the Civility of a well-bred great Man. He had nothing of Barbarity in his Nature, but in all Points addreſs'd himſelf as if his Education had been in ſome *European* Court.

This great and juſt Character of *Oroonoko* gave me an extreme Curioſity to ſee him, eſpecially when I knew he ſpoke *French* and *Engliſh*, and that I could talk with him. But tho I had heard ſo much of him, I was as greatly ſurprized when I ſaw him, as if I had heard nothing of him; ſo beyond all Report I found him. He came into the Room, and addreſſed himſelf to me, and ſome other Women, with the beſt Grace in the World. He was pretty tall, but of a Shape the moſt exact that can be fancy'd: The moſt famous Statuary cou'd not form the Figure of a Man more admirably turn'd from head

head to foot. His Face was not of that brown ruſty Black which moſt of that Nation are, but a perfect Ebony, or poliſhed Jett. His Eyes were the moſt awful that cou'd be ſeen, and very piercing; the White of 'em being like Snow, as were his Teeth. His Noſe was riſing and *Roman*, inſtead of *African* and flat: His Mouth the fineſt ſhaped that could be ſeen; far from thoſe great turn'd Lips, which are ſo natural to the reſt of the Negroes. The whole Proportion and Air of his Face was ſo nobly and exactly form'd, that bating his Colour, there could be nothing in Nature more beautiful, agreeable and handſome. There was no one Grace wanting, that bears the Standard of true Beauty. His Hair came down to his Shoulders, by the Aids of Art, which was by pulling it out with a Quill, and keeping it comb'd; of which he took particular care. Nor did the Perfections of his Mind come ſhort of thoſe of his Perſon; for his Diſcourſe was admirable upon almoſt any Subject: and whoever had heard him ſpeak, wou'd have been convinced of their Errors, that all fine Wit is confined to the white Men, eſpecially to thoſe of Chriſtendom; and wou'd have confeſs'd that *Oroonoko* was as capable even of reigning well, and of governing as wiſely, had as great a Soul,

as

as politick Maxims, and was as ſenſible of Power, as any Prince civiliz'd in the moſt refined Schools of Humanity and Learning, or the moſt illuſtrious Courts.

This Prince, ſuch as I have deſcrib'd him, whoſe Soul and Body were ſo admirably adorned, was (while yet he was in the Court of his Grandfather, as I ſaid) as capable of Love, as 'twas poſſible for a brave and gallant Man to be; and in ſaying that, I have named the higheſt Degree of Love: for ſure great Souls are moſt capable of that Paſſion.

I have already ſaid, the old General was kill'd by the Shot of an Arrow by the ſide of this Prince in Battel; and that *Oroonoko* was made General. This old dead Hero had one only Daughter left of his Race, a Beauty, that to deſcribe her truly, one need ſay only, ſhe was Female to the noble Male; the beautiful Black *Venus* to our young *Mars*; as charming in her Perſon as he, and of delicate Vertues. I have ſeen a hundred White Men ſighing after her, and making a thouſand Vows at her feet, all in vain, and unſucceſsful. And ſhe was indeed too great for any but a Prince of her own Nation to adore.

Oroonoko coming from the Wars (which were now ended) after he had made his Court to his Grandfather, he thought in honour

honour he ought to make a Viſit to *Imoinda*, the Daughter of his Foſter-father, the dead General; and to make ſome Excuſes to her, becauſe his Preſervation was the occaſion of her Father's Death; and to preſent her with thoſe Slaves that had been taken in this laſt Battel, as the Trophies of her Father's Victories. When he came, attended by all the young Soldiers of any Merit, he was infinitely ſurpriz'd at the Beauty of this fair Queen of Night, whoſe Face and Perſon were ſo exceeding all he had ever beheld, that lovely Modeſty with which ſhe receiv'd him, that Softneſs in her Look and Sighs, upon the melancholy Occaſion of this Honour that was done by ſo great a Man as *Oroonoko*, and a Prince of whom ſhe had heard ſuch admirable things; the Awfulneſs wherewith ſhe receiv'd him, and the Sweetneſs of her Words and Behaviour while he ſtay'd, gain'd a perfect Conqueſt over his fierce Heart, and made him feel, the Victor cou'd be ſubdu'd. So that having made his firſt Compliments, and preſented her an hundred and fifty Slaves in Fetters, he told her with his Eyes, that he was not inſenſible of her Charms; while *Imoinda*, who wiſh'd for nothing more than ſo glorious a Conqueſt, was pleas'd to believe, ſhe underſtood that ſilent Language of new-born Love; and, from that moment,

moment, put on all her additions to Beauty.

The Prince return'd to Court with quite another Humour than before; and tho he did not ſpeak much of the fair *Imoinda*, he had the pleaſure to hear all his Followers ſpeak of nothing but the Charms of that Maid, inſomuch that, even in the Preſence of the old King, they were extolling her, and heightning, if poſſible, the Beauties they had found in her: ſo that nothing elſe was talk'd of, no other Sound was heard in every Corner where there were Whiſperers, but *Imoinda! Imoinda!*

'Twill be imagin'd *Oroonoko* ſtay'd not long before he made his ſecond Viſit; nor, conſidering his Quality, not much longer before he told her, he ador'd her. I have often heard him ſay, that he admir'd by what ſtrange Inſpiration he came to talk things ſo ſoft, and ſo paſſionate, who never knew Love, nor was us'd to the Converſation of Women; but (to uſe his own Words) he ſaid, 'Moſt happily, ſome new, and, till then, unknown Power inſtructed his Heart and Tongue in the Language of Love, and at the ſame time, in favour of him, inſpir'd *Imoinda* with a ſenſe of his Paſſion.' She was touch'd with what he ſaid, and return'd it all in ſuch Anſwers

as

as went to his very Heart, with a Pleaſure unknown before. Nor did he uſe thoſe Obligations ill, that Love had done him, but turn'd all his happy moments to the beſt advantage; and as he knew no Vice, his Flame aim'd at nothing but Honour, if ſuch a diſtinction may be made in Love; and eſpecially in that Country, where Men take to themſelves as many as they can maintain; and where the only Crime and Sin againſt a Woman, is, to turn her off, to abandon her to Want, Shame and Miſery: ſuch ill Morals are only practis'd in *Chriſtian* Countries, where they prefer the bare Name of Religion; and, without Vertue or Morality, think that ſufficient. But *Oroonoko* was none of thoſe Profeſſors; but as he had right Notions of Honour, ſo he made her ſuch Propoſitions as were not only and barely ſuch; but, contrary to the cuſtom of his Country, he made her Vows, ſhe ſhou'd be the only Woman he wou'd poſſeſs while he liv'd; that no Age or Wrinkles ſhou'd incline him to change: for her Soul wou'd be always fine, and always young; and he ſhou'd have an eternal *Idea* in his Mind of the Charms ſhe now bore; and ſhou'd look into his Heart for that *Idea*, when he cou'd find it no longer in her Face.

After

After a thouſand Aſſurances of his laſting Flame, and her eternal Empire over him, ſhe condeſcended to receive him for her Husband; or rather, receiv'd him, as the greateſt Honour the Gods cou'd do her.

There is a certain Ceremony in theſe caſes to be obſerv'd, which I forgot to ask how 'twas perform'd; but 'twas concluded on both ſides, that in obedience to him, the Grandfather was to be firſt made acquainted with the Deſign: For they pay a moſt abſolute Reſignation to the Monarch, eſpecially when he is a Parent alſo.

On the other ſide, the old King, who had many Wives, and many Concubines, wanted not Court-Flatterers to inſinuate into his Heart a thouſand tender Thoughts for this young Beauty; and who repreſented her to his Fancy, as the moſt charming he had ever poſſeſs'd in all the long race of his numerous Years. At this Character, his old Heart, like an extinguiſh'd Brand, moſt apt to take fire, felt new Sparks of Love, and began to kindle; and now grown to his ſecond Childhood, long'd with impatience to behold this gay thing, with whom, alas! he could but innocently play. But how he ſhou'd be confirm'd ſhe was this *Wonder*, before he us'd his Power to call her to Court, (where Maidens

dens never came, unleſs for the King's private Uſe) he was next to conſider; and while he was ſo doing, he had Intelligence brought him, that *Imoinda* was moſt certainly Miſtreſs to the Prince *Oroonoko*. This gave him ſome *Chagrine:* however, it gave him alſo an opportunity, one day, when the Prince was a hunting, to wait on a Man of Quality, as his Slave and Attendant, who ſhould go and make a Preſent to *Imoinda*, as from the Prince; he ſhould then, unknown, ſee this fair Maid, and have an opportunity to hear what Meſſage ſhe wou'd return the Prince for his Preſent, and from thence gather the ſtate of her Heart, and degree of her Inclination. This was put in execution, and the old Monarch ſaw, and burn'd: He found her all he had heard, and would not delay his Happineſs, but found he ſhould have ſome Obſtacle to overcome her Heart; for ſhe expreſs'd her ſenſe of the Preſent the Prince had ſent her, in terms ſo ſweet, ſo ſoft and pretty, with an Air of Love and Joy that cou'd not be diſſembled, inſomuch that 'twas paſt doubt whether ſhe lov'd *Oroonoko* entirely. This gave the old King ſome Affliction; but he ſalv'd it with this, that the Obedience the People pay their King, was not at all inferiour to what they paid their Gods; and what Love wou'd not oblige

Imoinda

Imoinda to do, Duty wou'd compel her to.

He was therefore no ſooner got into his Apartment, but he ſent the Royal Veil to *Imoinda*; that is, the Ceremony of Invitation: He ſends the Lady he has a mind to honour with his Bed, a Veil, with which ſhe is covered, and ſecur'd for the King's Uſe; and 'tis Death to diſobey; beſides, held a moſt impious Diſobedience.

'Tis not to be imagin'd the Surprize and Grief that ſeiz'd the lovely Maid at this News and Sight. However, as Delays in theſe caſes are dangerous, and Pleading worſe than Treaſon; trembling, and almoſt fainting, ſhe was oblig'd to ſuffer her ſelf to be cover'd, and led away.

They brought her thus to Court; and the King, who had caus'd a very rich Bath to be prepar'd, was led into it, where he ſat under a Canopy, in State, to receive this long'd-for Virgin; whom he having commanded to be brought to him, they (after diſrobing her) led her to the Bath, and making faſt the Doors, left her to deſcend. The King, without more Courtſhip, bad her throw off her Mantle, and come to his Arms. But *Imoinda*, all in Tears, threw herſelf on the Marble, on the brink of the Bath, and beſought him to hear

hear her. She told him, as ſhe was a Maid, how proud of the Divine Glory ſhe ſhould have been, of having it in her power to oblige her King: but as by the Laws he could not, and from his Royal Goodneſs would not take from any Man his wedded Wife; ſo ſhe believ'd ſhe ſhou'd be the Occaſion of making him commit a great Sin, if ſhe did not reveal her State and Condition; and tell him ſhe was another's, and cou'd not be ſo happy to be his.

The King, enrag'd at this Delay, haſtily demanded the Name of the bold Man, that had married a Woman of her Degree, without his Conſent. *Imoinda*, ſeeing his Eyes fierce, and his Hands tremble, (whether with Age or Anger, I know not, but ſhe fancy'd the laſt) almoſt repented ſhe had ſaid ſo much, for now ſhe fear'd the ſtorm wou'd fall on the Prince; ſhe therefore ſaid a thouſand things to appeaſe the raging of his Flame, and to prepare him to hear who it was with calmneſs: but before ſhe ſpoke, he imagin'd who ſhe meant, but wou'd not ſeem to do ſo, but commanded her to lay aſide her Mantle, and ſuffer her ſelf to receive his Careſſes, or, by his Gods he ſwore, that happy Man whom ſhe was going to name ſhou'd die, tho it were even *Oroonoko* himſelf. *Therefore* (ſaid he) *deny this Marriage, and ſwear thy ſelf a Maid. That*

(reply'd

(reply'd *Imoinda*) *by all our Powers I do; for I am not yet known to my Husband. 'Tis enough* (ſaid the King) *'tis enough both to ſatisfy my Conſcience and my Heart.* And riſing from his Seat, he went and led her into the Bath; it being in vain for her to reſiſt.

In this time, the Prince, who was return'd from Hunting, went to viſit his *Imoinda*, but found her gone; and not only ſo, but heard ſhe had receiv'd the Royal Veil. This rais'd him to a ſtorm; and in his madneſs, they had much ado to ſave him from laying violent hands on himſelf. Force firſt prevail'd, and then Reaſon: They urg'd all to him, that might oppoſe his Rage; but nothing weigh'd ſo greatly with him as the King's old Age, uncapable of injuring him with *Imoinda*. He wou'd give way to that Hope, becauſe it pleas'd him moſt, and flatter'd beſt his Heart. Yet this ſerv'd not altogether to make him ceaſe his different Paſſions, which ſometimes rag'd within him, and ſoftned into Showers. 'Twas not enough to appeaſe him, to tell him, his Grandfather was old, and cou'd not that way injure him, while he retain'd that awful Duty which the young Men are us'd there to pay to their grave Relations. He cou'd not be convinc'd he had no cauſe to ſigh and mourn for the loſs of a Miſtreſs, he

cou'd

cou'd not with all his ſtrength and courage retrieve, and he wou'd often cry, 'Oh, 'my Friends! were ſhe in wall'd Cities, 'or confin'd from me in Fortifications of 'the greateſt ſtrength; did Inchantments 'or Monſters detain her from me; I 'wou'd venture thro any Hazard to free 'her: But here, in the Arms of a feeble 'old Man, my Youth, my violent Love, 'my Trade in Arms, and all my vaſt De-'ſire of Glory, avail me nothing. *Imoin-'da* is as irrecoverably loſt to me, as if 'ſhe were ſnatch'd by the cold Arms of 'Death: Oh! ſhe is never to be retriev'd. 'If I wou'd wait tedious Years, till Fate 'ſhou'd bow the old King to his Grave, 'even that wou'd not leave me *Imoinda* 'free; but ſtill that Cuſtom that makes 'it ſo vile a Crime for a Son to marry 'his Father's Wives or Miſtreſſes, wou'd 'hinder my Happineſs; unleſs I wou'd 'either ignobly ſet an ill Precedent to my 'Succeſſors, or abandon my Country, and 'fly with her to ſome unknown World 'who never heard our Story.'

But it was objected to him, That his Caſe was not the ſame: for *Imoinda* being his lawful Wife by ſolemn Contract, 'twas he was the injur'd Man, and might, if he ſo pleas'd, take *Imoinda* back, the breach of the Law being on his Grandfather's ſide; and that if he cou'd circumvent him,

and redeem her from the *Otan*, which is the Palace of the King's Women, a ſort of *Seraglio*, it was both juſt and lawful for him ſo to do.

This Reaſoning had ſome force upon him, and he ſhou'd have been entirely comforted, but for the thought that ſhe was poſſeſs'd by his Grandfather. However, he lov'd her ſo well, that he was reſolv'd to believe what moſt favour'd his Hope, and to endeavour to learn from *Imoinda*'s own Mouth, what only ſhe cou'd ſatisfy him in, whether ſhe was robb'd of that Bleſſing which was only due to his Faith and Love. But as it was very hard to get a ſight of the Women, (for no Men ever enter'd into the *Otan*, but when the King went to entertain himſelf with ſome one of his Wives or Miſtreſſes; and 'twas Death, at any other time, for any other to go in) ſo he knew not how to contrive to get a ſight of her.

While *Oroonoko* felt all the Agonies of Love, and ſuffer'd under a Torment the moſt painful in the World, the old King was not exempted from his ſhare of Affliction. He was troubled, for having been forc'd, by an irreſiſtible Paſſion, to rob his Son of a Treaſure, he knew, cou'd not but be extremely dear to him; ſince ſhe was the moſt beautiful that ever had been ſeen, and had beſides, all the Sweetneſs

and

and Innocence of Youth and Modeſty, with a Charm of Wit ſurpaſſing all. He found, that however ſhe was forc'd to expoſe her lovely Perſon to his wither'd Arms, ſhe cou'd only ſigh and weep there, and think of *Oroonoko*; and oftentimes cou'd not forbear ſpeaking of him, tho her Life were, by Cuſtom, forfeited by owning her Paſſion. But ſhe ſpoke not of a Lover only, but of a Prince dear to him to whom ſhe ſpoke; and of the Praiſes of a Man, who, till now, fill'd the old Man's Soul with Joy at every recital of his Bravery, or even his Name. And 'twas this Dotage on our young Hero, that gave *Imoinda* a thouſand Privileges to ſpeak of him, without offending; and this Condeſcenſion in the old King, that made her take the Satisfaction of ſpeaking of him ſo very often.

Beſides, he many times enquir'd how the Prince bore himſelf: And thoſe of whom he ask'd, being entirely Slaves to the Merits and Virtues of the Prince, ſtill anſwer'd what they thought conduc'd beſt to his Service; which was, to make the old King fancy that the Prince had no more Intereſt in *Imoinda*, and had reſign'd her willingly to the Pleaſure of the King; that he diverted himſelf with his Mathematicians, his Fortifications, his Officers, and his Hunting.

This pleas'd the old Lover, who fail'd not to report theſe things again to *Imoinda*, that ſhe might, by the Example of her young Lover, withdraw her Heart, and reſt better contented in his Arms. But, however ſhe was forc'd to receive this unwelcome News, in all appearance, with Unconcern and Content; her Heart was burſting within, and ſhe was only happy when ſhe cou'd get alone, to vent her Griefs and Moans with Sighs and Tears.

What Reports of the Prince's Conduct were made to the King, he thought good to juſtify as far as poſſibly he cou'd by his Actions; and when he appear'd in the Preſence of the King, he ſhew'd a Face not at all betraying his Heart: ſo that in a little time, the old Man, being entirely convinc'd that he was no longer a Lover of *Imoinda*, he carry'd him with him, in his Train, to the *Otan*, often to banquet with his Miſtreſſes. But as ſoon as he enter'd, one day, into the Apartment of *Imoinda*, with the King, at the firſt Glance from her Eyes, notwithſtanding all his determined Reſolution, he was ready to ſink in the place where he ſtood; and had certainly done ſo, but for the ſupport of *Aboan*, a young Man who was next to him; which, with his Change of Countenance, had betray'd him, had the King chanc'd to look that way. And I have

have obſerv'd, 'tis a very great Error in thoſe who laugh when one ſays, *A Negro can change Colour:* for I have ſeen 'em as frequently bluſh, and look pale, and that as viſibly as ever I ſaw in the moſt beautiful *White*. And 'tis certain, that both theſe Changes were evident, this day, in both theſe Lovers. And *Imoinda*, who ſaw with ſome Joy the Change in the Prince's Face, and found it in her own, ſtrove to divert the King from beholding either, by a forc'd Careſs, with which ſhe met him; which was a new Wound in the Heart of the poor dying Prince. But as ſoon as the King was buſy'd in looking on ſome fine thing of *Imoinda*'s making, ſhe had time to tell the Prince, with her angry, but Love-darting Eyes, that ſhe reſented his Coldneſs, and bemoan'd her own miſerable Captivity. Nor were his Eyes ſilent, but anſwer'd her's again, as much as Eyes cou'd do, inſtructed by the moſt tender and moſt paſſionate Heart that ever lov'd: And they ſpoke ſo well, and ſo effectually, as *Imoinda* no longer doubted but ſhe was the only delight and darling of that Soul ſhe found pleading in 'em its right of Love, which none was more willing to reſign than ſhe. And 'twas this powerful Language alone that in an inſtant convey'd all the Thoughts of their Souls to each other; that they

both found there wanted but Opportunity to make them both entirely happy. But when he ſaw another Door open'd by *Onahal* (a former old Wife of the King's, who now had Charge of *Imoinda*) and ſaw the Proſpect of a Bed of State made ready, with Sweets and Flowers for the dalliance of the King, who immediately led the trembling Victim from his ſight, into that prepar'd Repoſe; what Rage! what wild Frenzies ſeiz'd his Heart! which forcing to keep within bounds, and to ſuffer without noiſe, it became the more inſupportable, and rent his Soul with ten thouſand Pains. He was forced to retire to vent his Groans, where he fell down on a Carpet, and lay ſtruggling a long time, and only breathing now and then — Oh *Imoinda!* When *Onahal* had finiſhed her neceſſary Affair within, ſhutting the Door, ſhe came forth, to wait till the King called; and hearing ſome one ſighing in the other Room, ſhe paſt on, and found the Prince in that deplorable Condition, which ſhe thought needed her Aid. She gave him Cordials, but all in vain; till finding the Nature of his Diſeaſe, by his Sighs, and naming *Imoinda*, ſhe told him he had not ſo much cauſe as he imagined to afflict himſelf: for if he knew the King ſo well as ſhe did, he wou'd not loſe a moment in Jealouſy; and that ſhe was

was confident that *Imoinda* bore, at this minute, part in his Affliction. *Aboan* was of the ſame opinion, and both together perſuaded him to re-aſſume his Courage; and all ſitting down on the Carpet, the Prince ſaid ſo many obliging things to *Onahal*, that he half-perſuaded her to be of his Party: and ſhe promiſed him, ſhe would thus far comply with his juſt Deſires, that ſhe would let *Imoinda* know how faithful he was, what he ſuffer'd, and what he ſaid.

This Diſcourſe laſted till the King called, which gave *Oroonoko* a certain Satisfaction; and with the Hope *Onahal* had made him conceive, he aſſumed a Look as gay as 'twas poſſible a Man in his Circumſtances could do: and preſently after, he was call'd in with the reſt who waited without. The King commanded Muſick to be brought, and ſeveral of his young Wives and Miſtreſſes came all together by his Command, to dance before him; where *Imoinda* perform'd her part with an Air and Grace ſo ſurpaſſing all the reſt, as her Beauty was above 'em, and received the Preſent ordained as a Prize. The Prince was every moment more charmed with the new Beauties and Graces he beheld in this Fair-One; and while he gazed, and ſhe danc'd, *Onahal* was retired to a Window with *Aboan*.

This *Onahal*, as I said, was one of the Cast-Mistresses of the old King; and 'twas these (now past their Beauty) that were made Guardians or Governantees to the new and the young ones, and whose business it was to teach them all those wanton Arts of Love, with which they prevail'd and charm'd heretofore in their turn; and who now treated the triumphing Happy-ones with all the Severity as to Liberty and Freedom, that was possible, in revenge of the Honours they rob them of; envying them those Satisfactions, those Gallantries and Presents, that were once made to themselves, while Youth and Beauty lasted, and which they now saw pass, as it were regardless by, and paid only to the Bloomings. And certainly, nothing is more afflicting to a decay'd Beauty, than to behold in it self declining Charms, that were once ador'd; and to find those Caresses paid to new Beauties, to which once she laid claim; to hear them whisper, as she passes by, that once was a delicate Woman. Those abandon'd Ladies therefore endeavour to revenge all the despights and decays of Time, on these flourishing Happy-ones. And 'twas this Severity that gave *Oroonoko* a thousand Fears he should never prevail with *Onahal* to see *Imoinda*. But, as I said, she was now retir'd to a Window with *Aboan*.

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This young Man was not only one of the beſt Quality, but a Man extremely well made, and beautiful; and coming often to attend the King to the *Otan*, he had ſubdu'd the Heart of the antiquated *Onahal*, which had not forgot how pleaſant it was to be in love. And tho ſhe had ſome Decays in her Face, ſhe had none in her Senſe and Wit; ſhe was there agreeable ſtill, even to *Aboan's* Youth: ſo that he took pleaſure in entertaining her with Diſcourſes of Love. He knew alſo, that to make his court to theſe She-favourites, was the way to be great; theſe being the Perſons that do all Affairs and Buſineſs at Court. He had alſo obſerved that ſhe had given him Glances more tender and inviting than ſhe had done to others of his Quality. And now, when he ſaw that her Favour cou'd ſo abſolutely oblige the Prince, he fail'd not to ſigh in her Ear, and to look with Eyes all ſoft upon her, and gave her hope that ſhe had made ſome Impreſſions on his Heart. He found her pleas'd at this, and making a thouſand Advances to him: but the Ceremony ending, and the King departing, broke up the Company for that day, and his Converſation.

Aboan fail'd not that night to tell the Prince of his Succeſs, and how advantageous the Service of *Onahal* might be to

his Amour with *Imoinda*. The Prince was over-joy'd with this good News, and beſought him if it were poſſible to careſs her ſo, as to engage her entirely, which he could not fail to do, if he comply'd with her Deſires: *For then* (ſaid the Prince) *her Life lying at your mercy, ſhe muſt grant you the Requeſt you make in my behalf.* *Aboan* underſtood him, and aſſur'd him he would make love ſo effectually, that he would defy the moſt expert Miſtreſs of the Art, to find out whether he diſſembled it, or had it really. And 'twas with impatience they waited the next Opportunity of going to the *Otan*.

The Wars came on, the time of taking the Field approached; and 'twas impoſſible for the Prince to delay his going at the Head of his Army to encounter the Enemy; ſo that every Day ſeem'd a tedious Year, till he ſaw his *Imoinda*: for he believed he cou'd not live, if he were forced away without being ſo happy. 'Twas with impatience therefore that he expected the next Viſit the King wou'd make; and according to his Wiſh it was not long.

The Parley of the Eyes of theſe two Lovers had not paſs'd ſo ſecretly, but an old jealous Lover could ſpy it; or rather, he wanted not Flatterers who told him they obſerv'd it: ſo that the Prince was

haſten'd to the Camp, and this was the laſt Viſit he found he ſhould make to the *Oran*; he therefore urged *Aboan* to make the beſt of this laſt Effort, and to explain himſelf ſo to *Onahal*, that ſhe deferring her Enjoyment of her young Lover no longer, might make way for the Prince to ſpeak to *Imoinda*.

The whole Affair being agreed on between the Prince and *Aboan*, they attended the King, as the Cuſtom was, to the *Oran*; where, while the whole Company was taken up in beholding the Dancing, and Antick Poſtures the Women-Royal made to divert the King, *Onahal* ſingled out *Aboan*, whom ſhe found moſt pliable to her wiſh. When ſhe had him where ſhe believ'd ſhe cou'd not be heard, ſhe ſigh'd to him, and ſoftly cry'd, 'Ah *A-*
'*boan!* when will you be ſenſible of my
'Paſſion? I confeſs it with my Mouth,
'becauſe I would not give my Eyes the
'Lye; and you have but too much al-
'ready perceived they have confeſs'd
'my Flame: nor would I have you be-
'lieve, that becauſe I am the abandon'd
'Miſtreſs of a King, I eſteem my ſelf al-
'together diveſted of Charms: No, *A-*
'*boan*; I have ſtill a Reſt of Beauty enough
'engaging, and have learn'd to pleaſe too
'well, not to be deſirable. I can have
'Lovers ſtill, but will have none but

'*Aboan*.

'*Aboan.* Madam, (*reply'd the half-feigning Youth*) you have already, by my Eyes, 'found you can ſtill conquer; and I be-'lieve 'tis in pity of me you condeſcend 'to this kind Confeſſion. But, Madam, 'Words are uſed to be ſo ſmall a part 'of our Country-Courtſhip, that 'tis rare 'one can get ſo happy an Opportunity as 'to tell one's Heart; and thoſe few Mi-'nutes we have, are forced to be ſnatch'd 'for more certain Proofs of Love than 'ſpeaking and ſighing: and ſuch I lan-'guiſh for.'

He ſpoke this with ſuch a Tone, that ſhe hoped it true, and cou'd not forbear believing it; and being wholly tranſported with Joy for having ſubdued the fineſt of all the King's Subjects to her Deſires, ſhe took from her Ears two large Pearls, and commanded him to wear 'em in his. He would have refuſed 'em, crying, *Madam, theſe are not the Proofs of your Love that I expect; 'tis Opportunity, 'tis a Lone-Hour only, that can make me happy.* But forcing the Pearls into his Hand, ſhe whiſper'd ſoftly to him; *Oh! do not fear a Woman's Invention, when Love ſets her a thinking.* And preſſing his Hand, ſhe cry'd, *This Night you ſhall be happy: Come to the Gate of the Orange-Grove, behind the* Otan, *and I will be ready about Midnight to receive you.* 'Twas thus agreed, and

ſhe

ſhe left him, that no notice might be taken of their ſpeaking together.

The Ladies were ſtill dancing, and the King laid on a Carpet with a great deal of Pleaſure was beholding them, eſpecially *Imoinda*, who that day appear'd more lovely than ever, being enliven'd with the good Tidings *Onahal* had brought her, of the conſtant Paſſion the Prince had for her. The Prince was laid on another Carpet at the other end of the Room, with his Eyes fixed on the Object of his Soul; and as ſhe turned or moved, ſo did they: and ſhe alone gave his Eyes and Soul their Motions. Nor did *Imoinda* employ her Eyes to any other uſe, than in beholding with infinite pleaſure the Joy ſhe produced in thoſe of the Prince. But while ſhe was more regarding him than the Steps ſhe took, ſhe chanced to fall; and ſo near him, as that leaping with extreme force from the Carpet, he caught her in his Arms as ſhe fell: and 'twas viſible to the whole Preſence, the Joy wherewith he received her. He claſped her cloſe to his Boſom, and quite forgot that Reverence that was due to the Miſtreſs of a King, and that Puniſhment that is the Reward of a Boldneſs of this nature. And had not the Preſence of Mind of *Imoinda* (fonder of his Safety than her own) befriended him, in making her ſpring from his

his Arms, and fall into her Dance again, he had at that inſtant met his Death; for the old King, jealous to the laſt degree, roſe up in rage, broke all the Diverſion, and led *Imoinda* to her Apartment, and ſent out word to the Prince, to go immediately to the Camp; and that if he were found another Night in Court, he ſhou'd ſuffer the Death ordained for diſobedient Offenders.

You may imagine how welcome this News was to *Oroonoko*, whoſe unſeaſonable Tranſport and Careſs of *Imoinda* was blamed by all Men that loved him: and now he perceived his Fault, yet cry'd, *That for ſuch another Moment he would be content to die.*

All the *Otan* was in diſorder about this Accident; and *Onahal* was particularly concern'd, becauſe on the Prince's Stay depended her Happineſs; for ſhe cou'd no longer expect that of *Aboan*: So that e'er they departed, they contrived it ſo, that the Prince and he ſhould both come that night to the Grove of the *Otan*, which was all of Oranges and Citrons, and that there they wou'd wait her Orders.

They parted thus with Grief enough till night, leaving the King in poſſeſſion of the lovely Maid. But nothing could appeaſe the Jealouſy of the old Lover; he

he wou'd not be impoſed on, but would have it, that *Imoinda* made a falſe Step on purpoſe to fall into *Oroonoko*'s Boſom, and that all things looked like a Deſign on both ſides; and 'twas in vain ſhe proteſted her Innocence: He was old and obſtinate, and left her more than half aſſur'd that his Fear was true.

The King going to his Apartment, ſent to know where the Prince was, and if he intended to obey his Command. The Meſſenger return'd, and told him, he found the Prince penſive, and altogether unprepar'd for the Campaign; that he lay negligently on the Ground, and anſwer'd very little. This confirmed the Jealouſy of the King, and he commanded that they ſhould very narrowly and privately watch his Motions; and that he ſhould not ſtir from his Apartment, but one Spy or other ſhou'd be employ'd to watch him: So that the hour approaching, wherein he was to go to the Citron-Grove; and taking only *Aboan* along with him, he leaves his Apartment, and was watched to the very Gate of the *Otan*; where he was ſeen to enter, and where they left him, to carry back the Tidings to the King.

Oroonoko and *Aboan* were no ſooner enter'd, but *Onahal* led the Prince to the Apartment of *Imoinda*; who, not know-

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ing any thing of her Happineſs, was laid in Bed. But *Onahal* only left him in her Chamber, to make the beſt of his Opportunity, and took her dear *Aboan* to her own; where he ſhew'd the height of Complaiſance for his Prince, when, to give him an opportunity, he ſuffer'd himſelf to be careſs'd in bed by *Onahal*.

The Prince ſoftly waken'd *Imoinda*, who was not a little ſurpriz'd with Joy to find him there; and yet ſhe trembled with a thouſand Fears. I believe he omitted ſaying nothing to this young Maid, that might perſuade her to ſuffer him to ſeize his own, and take the Rights of Love. And I believe ſhe was not long reſiſting thoſe Arms where ſhe ſo long'd to be; and having Opportunity, Night, and Silence, Youth, Love and Deſire, he ſoon prevail'd, and raviſhed in a moment what his old Grandfather had been endeavouring for ſo many Months.

'Tis not to be imagined the Satisfaction of theſe two young Lovers; nor the Vows ſhe made him, that ſhe remained a ſpotleſs Maid till that night, and that what ſhe did with his Grandfather had robb'd him of no part of her Virgin-Honour; the Gods, in Mercy and Juſtice, having reſerved that for her plighted Lord, to whom of right it belonged. And 'tis impoſſible to expreſs the Tranſports he ſuffer'd,

ſuffer'd, while he liſten'd to a Diſcourſe ſo charming from her loved Lips; and claſped that Body in his Arms, for whom he had ſo long languiſhed: and nothing now afflicted him, but his ſudden Departure from her; for he told her the Neceſſity, and his Commands, but ſhould depart ſatisfy'd in this, That ſince the old King had hitherto not been able to deprive him of thoſe Enjoyments which only belonged to him, he believed for the future he would be leſs able to injure him: ſo that, abating the Scandal of the Veil, which was no otherwiſe ſo, than that ſhe was Wife to another, he believed her ſafe, even in the Arms of the King, and innocent; yet would he have ventur'd at the Conqueſt of the World, and have given it all to have had her avoided that Honour of receiving the *Royal Veil.* 'Twas thus, between a thouſand Careſſes, that both bemoan'd the hard Fate of Youth and Beauty, ſo liable to that cruel Promotion: 'twas a Glory that could well have been ſpared here, tho deſired and aim'd at by all the young Females of that Kingdom.

But while they were thus fondly employ'd, forgetting how time ran on, and that the Dawn muſt conduct him far away from his only Happineſs, they heard a great Noiſe in the *Otan*, and unuſual Voices

Voices of Men; at which the Prince, ſtarting from the Arms of the frighted *Imoinda*, ran to a little Battle-Ax he uſed to wear by his ſide; and having not ſo much leiſure as to put on his Habit, he oppoſed himſelf againſt ſome who were already opening the Door: which they did with ſo much Violence, that *Oroonoko* was not able to defend it; but was forced to cry out with a commanding Voice, 'Whoever ye are that have the Boldneſs 'to attempt to approach this Apartment 'thus rudely; know, that I, the Prince '*Oroonoko*, will revenge it with the cer-'tain Death of him that firſt enters: 'Therefore ſtand back, and know, this 'Place is ſacred to Love and Me this 'night; to-morrow 'tis the King's.'

This he ſpoke with a Voice ſo reſolv'd and aſſur'd, that they ſoon retired from the Door; but cry'd, 'Tis by the King's 'Command we are come; and being ſa-'tisfy'd by thy Voice, O Prince, as much 'as if we had enter'd, we can report 'to the King the Truth of all his Fears, 'and leave thee to provide for thy own 'Safety, as thou art adviſ'd by thy 'Friends.'

At theſe words they departed, and left the Prince to take a ſhort and ſad leave of his *Imoinda*; who, truſting in the ſtrength of her Charms, believed ſhe ſhould

ſhould appeaſe the Fury of a jealous King, by ſaying, ſhe was ſurprized, and that it was by force of Arms he got into her Apartment. All her Concern now was for his Life, and therefore ſhe haſten'd him to the Camp, and with much ado prevail'd on him to go. Nor was it ſhe alone that prevailed; *Aboan* and *Onahal* both pleaded, and both aſſured him of a Lye that ſhould be well enough contrived to ſecure *Imoinda*. So that at laſt, with a Heart ſad as Death, dying Eyes, and ſighing Soul, *Oroonoko* departed, and took his way to the Camp.

It was not long after, the King in Perſon came to the *Otan*; where beholding *Imoinda*, with Rage in his Eyes, he upbraided her Wickedneſs, and Perfidy; and threatning her Royal Lover, ſhe fell on her face at his feet, bedewing the Floor with her Tears, and imploring his pardon for a Fault which ſhe had not with her Will committed; as *Onahal*, who was alſo proſtrate with her, could teſtify: That, unknown to her, he had broke into her Apartment, and raviſhed her. She ſpoke this much againſt her Conſcience; but to ſave her own Life, 'twas abſolutely neceſſary ſhe ſhould feign this Falſity. She knew it could not injure the Prince, he being fled to an Army that would ſtand by him, againſt any Injuries that

that ſhould aſſault him. However, this laſt Thought of *Imoinda*'s being raviſhed, changed the meaſures of his Revenge; and whereas before he deſigned to be himſelf her Executioner, he now reſolved ſhe ſhould not die. But as it is the greateſt Crime in nature amongſt 'em, to touch a Woman after having been poſſeſs'd by a Son, a Father, or a Brother, ſo now he looked on *Imoinda* as a polluted thing, wholly unfit for his Embrace; nor wou'd he reſign her to his Grandſon, becauſe ſhe had received the *Royal Veil*: He therefore removes her from the *Otan*, with *Onahal*; whom he put into ſafe hands, with order they ſhould be both ſold off as Slaves to another Country, either *Chriſtian* or *Heathen*, 'twas no matter where.

This cruel Sentence, worſe than Death, they implor'd might be reverſed; but their Prayers were vain, and it was put in execution accordingly, and that with ſo much Secrecy, that none, either without or within the *Otan*, knew any thing of their Abſence, or their Deſtiny.

The old King nevertheleſs executed this with a great deal of Reluctancy; but he believed he had made a very great Conqueſt over himſelf, when he had once reſolved, and had perform'd what he reſolv'd. He believed now, that his Love had been unjuſt; and that he cou'd not expect

expect the Gods, or *Captain of the Clouds* (as they call the unknown Power) wou'd ſuffer a better Conſequence from ſo ill a Cauſe. He now begins to hold *Oroonoko* excuſed; and to ſay, he had reaſon for what he did: And now every body cou'd aſſure the King how paſſionately *Imoinda* was beloved by the Prince; even thoſe confeſs'd it now, who ſaid the contrary before his Flame was not abated. So that the King being old, and not able to defend himſelf in War, and having no Sons of all his Race remaining alive, but only this, to maintain him on his Throne; and looking on this as a Man diſobliged, firſt by the Rape of his Miſtreſs, or rather Wife, and now by depriving him wholly of her, he fear'd, might make him deſperate, and do ſome cruel thing, either to himſelf or his old Grandfather the Offender, he began to repent him extremely of the Contempt he had, in his Rage, put on *Imoinda*. Beſides, he conſider'd he ought in honour to have killed her for this Offence, if it had been one. He ought to have had ſo much Value and Conſideration for a Maid of her Quality, as to have nobly put her to death, and not to have ſold her like a common Slave; the greateſt Revenge, and the moſt diſgraceful of any, and to which they a thouſand times prefer Daath, and implore

implore it; as *Imoinda* did, but cou'd not obtain that Honour. Seeing therefore it was certain that *Oroonoko* would highly reſent this Affront, he thought good to make ſome Excuſe for his Raſhneſs to him; and to that end, he ſent a Meſſenger to the Camp, with Orders to treat with him about the Matter, to gain his Pardon, and endeavour to mitigate his Grief: but that by no means he ſhou'd tell him ſhe was ſold, but ſecretly put to death; for he knew he ſhould never obtain his Pardon for the other.

When the Meſſenger came, he found the Prince upon the point of engaging with the Enemy; but as ſoon as he heard of the arrival of the Meſſenger, he commanded him to his Tent, where he embraced him, and received him with Joy; which was ſoon abated by the down-caſt Looks of the Meſſenger, who was inſtantly demanded the Cauſe by *Oroonoko*; who, impatient of delay, ask'd a thouſand Queſtions in a breath, and all concerning *Imoinda*. But there needed little return; for he cou'd almoſt anſwer himſelf of all he demanded from his Sight and Eyes. At laſt the Meſſenger caſting himſelf at the Prince's Feet, and kiſſing them with all the Submiſſion of a Man that had ſomething to implore which he dreaded to utter, he beſought him to hear

with

with calmneſs what he had to deliver to him, and to call up all his noble and heroick Courage, to encounter with his Words, and defend himſelf againſt the ungrateful Things he had to relate. *Oroonoko* reply'd, with a deep Sigh, and a languiſhing Voice, —— *I am armed againſt their worſt Efforts* —— *For I know they will tell me,* Imoinda *is no more* —— *And after that, you may ſpare the reſt.* Then, commanding him to riſe, he laid himſelf on a Carpet, under a rich Pavilion, and remained a good while ſilent, and was hardly heard to ſigh. When he was come a little to himſelf, the Meſſenger asked him leave to deliver that Part of his Embaſſy which the Prince had not yet divin'd: And the Prince cry'd, *I permit thee* —— Then he told him the Affliction the old King was in, for the Raſhneſs he had committed in his Cruelty to *Imoinda*; and how he deign'd to ask Pardon for his Offence, and to implore the Prince would not ſuffer that Loſs to touch his Heart too ſenſibly, which now all the Gods could not reſtore him, but might recompenſe him in Glory, which he begged he would purſue; and that Death, that common Revenger of all Injuries, would ſoon even the Account between him and a feeble old Man.

Oroonoko bad him return his Duty to his Lord and Maſter; and to aſſure him, there

was

was no account of Revenge to be adjudged between them: If there was, he was the Aggreſſor, and that Death would be juſt, and, maugre his Age, wou'd ſee him righted; and he was contented to leave his Share of Glory to Youths more fortunate and worthy of that Favour from the Gods: That henceforth he would never lift a Weapon, or draw a Bow, but abandon the ſmall Remains of his Life to Sighs and Tears, and the continual Thoughts of what his Lord and Grandfather had thought good to ſend out of the World, with all that Youth, that Innocence and Beauty.

After having ſpoken this, whatever his greateſt Officers and Men of the beſt Rank cou'd do, they could not raiſe him from the Carpet, or perſuade him to Action, and Reſolutions of Life; but commanding all to retire, he ſhut himſelf into his Pavilion all that Day, while the Enemy was ready to engage: and wondring at the delay, the whole Body of the chief of the Army then addreſs'd themſelves to him, and to whom they had much ado to get Admittance. They fell on their Faces at the foot of his Carpet, where they lay, and beſought him with earneſt Prayers and Tears to lead them forth to Battel, and not let the Enemy take Advantages of them; and implored him to have regard

to

to his Glory, and to the World, that depended on his Courage and Conduct. But he made no other Reply to all their Supplications than this, That he had now no more Buſineſs for Glory; and for the World, it was a Trifle not worth his Care: *Go* (continued he, ſighing) *and divide it amongſt you, and reap with Joy what you ſo vainly prize, and leave me to my more welcome Deſtiny.*

They then demanded what they ſhould do, and whom he would conſtitute in his Room, that the Confuſion of ambitious Youth and Power might not ruin their Order, and make them a Prey to the Enemy. He reply'd, he would not give himſelf that Trouble—— but wiſhed 'em to chuſe the braveſt Man amongſt 'em, let his Quality or Birth be what it would: 'For, Oh my Friends! (ſays he) it is not 'Titles make Men Brave or Good; or 'Birth that beſtows Courage and Gene-'roſity, or makes the Owner Happy. 'Believe this, when you behold *Oroonoko* 'the moſt wretched, and abandoned by 'Fortune, of all the Creation of the 'Gods.' So turning himſelf about, he wou'd make no more Reply to all they could urge or implore.

The Army beholding their Officers return unſucceſsful, with ſad Faces and ominous Looks, that preſaged no good

Luck, ſuffer'd a thouſand Fears to take poſſeſſion of their Hearts, and the Enemy to come even upon them before they could provide for their Safety by any Defence: and tho they were aſſured by ſome, who had a mind to animate them, that they ſhould be immediately headed by the Prince; and that in the mean time *Aboan* had Orders to command as General; yet they were ſo diſmay'd for want of that great Example of Bravery, that they could make but a very feeble Reſiſtance; and at laſt, downright fled before the Enemy, who purſued 'em to the very Tents, killing 'em: Nor could all *Aboan*'s Courage, which that Day gained him immortal Glory, ſhame 'em into a manly Defence of themſelves. The Guards that were left behind about the Prince's Tent, ſeeing the Soldiers flee before the Enemy, and ſcatter themſelves all over the Plain, in great diſorder, made ſuch out-cries, as rouz'd the Prince from his amorous Slumber, in which he had remained buried for two days, without permitting any Suſtenance to approach him. But, inſpight of all his Reſolutions, he had not the Conſtancy of Grief to that degree, as to make him inſenſible of the Danger of his Army; and in that inſtant he leaped from his Couch, and cry'd— 'Come, 'if we muſt die, let us meet Death the 'nobleſt Way; and 'twill be more like

'Oroo-

'*Oroonoko* to encounter him at an Army's
'Head, oppoſing the Torrent of a con-
'quering Foe, than lazily on a Couch,
'to wait his lingering Pleaſure, and die
'every moment by a thouſand racking
'Thoughts; or be tamely taken by an
'Enemy, and led a whining love-ſick
'Slave to adorn the Triumphs of *Jamoan*,
'that young Victor, who already is en-
'ter'd beyond the Limits I have preſcrib'd
'him.'

While he was ſpeaking, he ſuffer'd his People to dreſs him for the Field; and ſallying out of his Pavilion, with more Life and Vigour in his Countenance than ever he ſhew'd, he appear'd like ſome Divine Power deſcended to ſave his Country from Deſtruction: And his People had purpoſely put him on all Things that might make him ſhine with moſt Splendor, to ſtrike a reverend Awe into the Beholders. He flew into the thickeſt of thoſe that were purſuing his Men; and being animated with Deſpair, he fought as if he came on purpoſe to die, and did ſuch Things as will not be believed that humane Strength could perform; and ſuch, as ſoon inſpir'd all the reſt with new Courage, and new Ardor. And now it was that they began to fight indeed; and ſo, as if they would not be outdone even by their ador'd Hero; who turning the Tide

of the Victory, changing abſolutely the Fate of the Day, gain'd an entire Conqueſt: And *Oroonoko* having the good Fortune to ſingle out *Jamoan*, he took him Priſoner with his own Hand, having wounded him almoſt to death.

This *Jamoan* afterwards became very dear to him, being a Man very gallant, and of excellent Graces, and fine Parts; ſo that he never put him amongſt the Rank of Captives, as they uſed to do, without Diſtinction, for the common Sale, or Market, but kept him in his own Court, where he retain'd nothing of the Priſoner but the Name, and returned no more into his own Country; ſo great an Affection he took for *Oroonoko*, and by a thouſand Tales and Adventures of Love and Gallantry, flatter'd his Diſeaſe of Melancholy and Languiſhment; which I have often heard him ſay, had certainly kill'd him, but for the Converſation of this Prince and *Aboan*, and the *French* Governor he had from his Childhood, of whom I have ſpoken before, and who was a Man of admirable Wit, great Ingenuity and Learning; all which he had infuſed into his young Pupil. This *Frenchman* was baniſhed out of his own Country for ſome Heretical Notions he held; and tho he was a Man of very little Religion, yet he had admirable Morals, and a brave Soul.

After

After the total defeat of *Jamoan*'s Army, which all fled, or were left dead upon the Place, they ſpent ſome time in the Camp; *Oroonoko* chuſing rather to remain awhile there in his Tents, than to enter into a Palace, or live in a Court where he had ſo lately ſuffer'd ſo great a Loſs. The Officers therefore, who ſaw and knew his Cauſe of Diſcontent, invented all ſorts of Diverſions and Sports to entertain their Prince: So that what with thoſe Amuſements abroad, and others at home, that is, within their Tents, with the Perſuaſions, Arguments, and Care of his Friends and Servants that he more peculiarly priz'd, he wore off in time a great part of that *Chagrin*, and Torture of Deſpair, which the firſt Efforts of *Imoinda*'s Death had given him; inſomuch, as having received a thouſand kind Embaſſies from the King, and Invitation to return to Court, he obey'd, tho with no little reluctancy; and when he did ſo, there was a viſible change in him, and for a long time he was much more melancholy than before. But Time leſſens all Extremes, and reduces 'em to *Mediums*, and Unconcern; but no Motives of Beauties, tho all endeavour'd it, cou'd engage him in any ſort of Amour, tho he had all the Invitations to it, both from his own Youth, and other Ambitions and Deſigns.

Oroonoko was no ſooner return'd from this laſt Conqueſt, and receiv'd at Court with all the Joy and Magnificence that cou'd be expreſs'd to a young Victor, who was not only returned Triumphant, but belov'd like a Deity, than there arriv'd in the Port an *Engliſh* Ship.

The Maſter of it had often before been in theſe Countries, and was very well known to *Oroonoko*, with whom he had traffick'd for Slaves, and had us'd to do the ſame with his Predeceſſors.

This Commander was a Man of a finer ſort of Addreſs and Converſation, better bred, and more engaging, than moſt of that ſort of Men are; ſo that he ſeem'd rather never to have been bred out of a Court, than almoſt all his life at Sea. This Captain therefore was always better receiv'd at Court, than moſt of the Traders to thoſe Countries were; and eſpecially by *Orooonko*, who was more civiliz'd, according to the *European* Mode, than any other had been, and took more delight in the *White* Nations; and, above all, Men of Parts and Wit. To this Captain he ſold abundance of his Slaves; and for the Favour and Eſteem he had for him, made him many Preſents, and oblig'd him to ſtay at Court as long as poſſible he cou'd. Which the Captain ſeem'd to take as a very great Honour done him, entertaining

ing the Prince every day with Globes and Maps, and mathematical Diſcourſes and Inſtruments; eating, drinking, hunting, and living with him with ſo much familiarity, that it was not to be doubted but he had gain'd very greatly upon the Heart of this gallant young Man. And the Captain, in return of all theſe mighty Favours, beſought the Prince to honour his Veſſel with his Preſence ſome day or other at Dinner, before he ſhou'd ſet ſail; which he condeſcended to accept, and appointed his Day. The Captain, on his part, fail'd not to have all Things in a readineſs, in the moſt magnificent order he cou'd poſſibly: And the day being come, the Captain, in his Boat, richly adorn'd with Carpets and Velvet Cuſhions, row'd to the ſhore, to receive the Prince; with another Long-boat, where was plac'd all his Muſick and Trumpets, with which *Oroonoko* was extremely delighted; who met him on the ſhore, attended by his *French* Governor, *Jamoan*, *Aboan*, and about an hundred of the nobleſt of the Youths of the Court: And after they had firſt carry'd the Prince on board, the Boats fetch'd the reſt off; where they found a very ſplendid Treat, with all ſorts of fine Wines; and were as well entertain'd, as 'twas poſſible in ſuch a place to be.

The Prince having drank hard of Punch, and ſeveral ſorts of Wine, as did all the reſt, (for great care was taken they ſhou'd want nothing of that part of the Entertainment) was very merry, and in great admiration of the Ship, for he had never been in one before; ſo that he was curious of beholding every place where he decently might deſcend. The reſt, no leſs curious, who were not quite overcome with drinking, rambled at their Pleaſure *Fore* and *Aft*, as their Fancies guided 'em: So that the Captain, who had well laid his Deſign before, gave the Word, and ſeiz'd on all his Gueſts; they clapping great Irons ſuddenly on the Prince, when he was leap'd down into the Hold, to view that part of the Veſſel; and locking him faſt down, ſecur'd him. The ſame Treachery was us'd to all the reſt; and all in one inſtant, in ſeveral Places of the Ship, were laſh'd faſt in Irons, and betray'd to Slavery. That great Deſign over, they ſet all Hands at work to hoiſt Sail; and with as treacherous as fair a Wind they made from the Shore with this innocent and glorious Prize, who thought of nothing leſs than ſuch an Entertainment.

Some have commended this Act, as brave in the Captain; but I will ſpare my ſenſe of it, and leave it to my Reader to judge as he pleaſes. It may be eaſily gueſs'd,

gueſs'd, in what manner the Prince reſented this Indignity, who may be beſt reſembled to a Lion taken in a Toil; ſo he rag'd, ſo he ſtruggled for Liberty, but all in vain: And they had ſo wiſely managed his Fetters, that he could not uſe a hand in his defence, to quit himſelf of a Life that would by no means endure Slavery; nor cou'd he move from the place where he was ty'd, to any ſolid part of the Ship, againſt which he might have beat his Head, and have finiſhed his Diſgrace that way. So that being deprived of all other means, he reſolv'd to periſh for want of Food; and pleas'd at laſt with that Thought, and toil'd and tir'd by Rage and Indignation, he laid himſelf down, and ſullenly reſolv'd upon dying, and refuſed all Things that were brought him.

This did not a little vex the Captain, and the more ſo, becauſe he found almoſt all of 'em of the ſame Humour; ſo that the loſs of ſo many brave Slaves, ſo tall and goodly to behold, would have been very conſiderable: He therefore order'd one to go from him (for he would not be ſeen himſelf) to *Oroonoko*, and to aſſure him, he was afflicted for having raſhly done ſo unhoſpitable a Deed, and which could not be now remedy'd, ſince they were far from ſhore; but ſince he reſented it in ſo high a nature, he aſſur'd him he

would revoke his Reſolution, and ſet both him and his Friends a-ſhore on the next Land they ſhould touch at; and of this the Meſſenger gave him his Oath, provided he would reſolve to live. And *Oroonoko*, whoſe Honour was ſuch, as he never had violated a Word in his Life himſelf, much leſs a ſolemn Aſſeveration, believ'd in an inſtant what this Man ſaid; but reply'd, He expected, for a Confirmation of this, to have his ſhameful Fetters diſmiſs'd. This demand was carried to the Captain; who return'd him anſwer, That the Offence had been ſo great which he had put upon the Prince, that he durſt not truſt him with Liberty while he remain'd in the Ship, for fear, leſt by a Valour natural to him, and a Revenge that would animate that Valour, he might commit ſome Outrage fatal to himſelf, and the King his Maſter, to whom the Veſſel did belong. To this *Oroonoko* reply'd, He would engage his Honour to behave himſelf in all friendly Order and Manner, and obey the command of the Captain, as he was Lord of the King's Veſſel, and General of thoſe Men under his command.

This was deliver'd to the ſtill doubting Captain, who could not reſolve to truſt a Heathen, he ſaid, upon his Parole, a Man that had no ſenſe or notion of the God that he worſhipp'd. *Oroonoko* then reply'd,

reply'd, He was very ſorry to hear that the Captain pretended to the knowledge and worſhip of any Gods, who had taught him no better Principles, than not to credit as he would be credited. But they told him, the difference of their Faith occaſion'd that diſtruſt: For the Captain had proteſted to him upon the Word of a Chriſtian, and ſworn in the name of a great God; which if he ſhould violate, he muſt expect eternal Torments in the World to come. 'Is that all the Obligations he 'has to be juſt to his Oath? (reply'd *Oroo-* 'noko) Let him know, I ſwear by my 'Honour; which to violate, would not 'only render me contemptible and de-'ſpiſed by all brave and honeſt Men, and 'ſo give my ſelf perpetual Pain, but it 'would be eternally offending and diſ-'pleaſing all Mankind; harming, betray-'ing, circumventing, and outraging all 'Men. But Puniſhments hereafter are 'ſuffer'd by one's ſelf; and the World 'takes no Cognizance whether this *GOD* 'have reveng'd 'em or not, 'tis done ſo 'ſecretly, and deferr'd ſo long; while 'the Man of no Honour ſuffers every mo-'ment the Scorn and Contempt of the 'honeſter World, and dies every day ig-'nominiouſly in his Fame, which is more 'valuable than Life. I ſpeak not this to 'move Belief, but to ſhew you how you

'miſtake,

'mistake, when you imagine, that he 'who will violate his Honour, will keep 'his Word with his *Gods*.' So, turning from him with a disdainful Smile, he refused to answer him, when he urged him to know what Answer he should carry back to his Captain; so that he departed without saying any more.

The Captain pondering and consulting what to do, it was concluded, that nothing but *Oroonoko*'s Liberty would encourage any of the rest to eat, except the *French-man*, whom the Captain could not pretend to keep Prisoner, but only told him, he was secur'd, because he might act something in favour of the Prince; but that he should be freed as soon as they came to Land. So that they concluded it wholly necessary to free the Prince from his Irons, that he might shew himself to the rest; that they might have an eye upon him, and that they could not fear a single Man.

This being resolved, to make the Obligation the greater, the Captain himself went to *Oroonoko*; where, after many Compliments, and Assurances of what he had already promis'd, he receiving from the Prince his Parole, and his Hand, for his good Behaviour, dismiss'd his Irons, and brought him to his own Cabin; where, after having treated and repos'd him

him awhile, (for he had neither eat nor ſlept in four days before) he beſought him to viſit thoſe obſtinate People in Chains, who refus'd all manner of Suſtenance; and intreated him to oblige 'em to eat, and aſſure 'em of their Liberty the firſt Opportunity.

Oroonoko, who was too generous not to give credit to his Words, ſhew'd himſelf to his People, who were tranſported with exceſs of Joy at the ſight of their darling Prince; falling at his feet, and kiſſing and embracing 'em; believing, as ſome divine Oracle, all he aſſur'd 'em. But he beſought 'em to bear their Chains with that Bravery that became thoſe whom he had ſeen act ſo nobly in Arms; and that they could not give him greater Proofs of their Love and Friendſhip, ſince 'twas all the Security the Captain (his Friend) could have againſt the Revenge, he ſaid, they might poſſibly juſtly take for the Injuries ſuſtained by him. And they all, with one accord, aſſur'd him, that they cou'd not ſuffer enough, when it was for his Repoſe and Safety.

After this, they no longer refus'd to eat, but took what was brought 'em, and were pleas'd with their Captivity, ſince by it they hoped to redeem the Prince, who, all the reſt of the Voyage, was treated with all the reſpect due to his Birth,

Birth, tho nothing could divert his Melancholy; and he wou'd often ſigh for *Imoinda*, and think this a Puniſhment due to his Misfortune, in having left that noble Maid behind him, that fatal Night, in the *Otan*, when he fled to the Camp.

Poſſeſs'd with a thouſand Thoughts of paſt Joys with this fair young Perſon, and a thouſand Griefs for her eternal Loſs, he endur'd a tedious Voyage, and at laſt arriv'd at the Mouth of the River of *Surinam*, a Colony belonging to the King of *England*, and where they were to deliver ſome part of their Slaves. There the Merchants and Gentlemen of the Country going on board, to demand thoſe Lots of Slaves they had already agreed on; and, amongſt thoſe, the Overſeers of thoſe Plantations where I then chanc'd to be: The Captain, who had given the Word, order'd his Men to bring up thoſe noble Slaves in Fetters, whom I have ſpoken of; and having put 'em, ſome in one, and ſome in other Lots, with Women and Children, (which they call *Pickaninies*) they ſold 'em off, as Slaves, to ſeveral Merchants and Gentlemen; not putting any two in one Lot, becauſe they would ſeparate 'em far from each other; nor daring to truſt 'em together, leſt Rage and Courage ſhould put 'em upon contriving

triving ſome great Action, to the ruin of the Colony.

Oroonoko was firſt ſeiz'd on, and ſold to our Overſeer, who had the firſt Lot, with ſeventeen more of all ſorts and ſizes, but not one of Quality with him. When he ſaw this, he found what they meant; for, as I ſaid, he underſtood *Engliſh* pretty well; and being wholly unarm'd and defenceleſs, ſo as it was in vain to make any Reſiſtance, he only beheld the Captain with a look all fierce and diſdainful, upbraiding him with Eyes that forc'd Bluſhes on his guilty Cheeks, he only cry'd in paſſing over the ſide of the Ship; *Farewel, Sir, 'tis worth my Sufferings, to gain ſo true a Knowledge, both of you, and of your Gods, by whom you ſwear.* And deſiring thoſe that held him to forbear their Pains, and telling 'em he would make no Reſiſtance, he cry'd, *Come, my Fellow-Slaves, let us deſcend, and ſee if we can meet with more Honour and Honeſty in the next World we ſhall touch upon.* So he nimbly leapt into the Boat, and ſhewing no more concern, ſuffer'd himſelf to be row'd up the River, with his ſeventeen Companions.

The Gentleman that bought him, was a young *Corniſh* Gentleman, whoſe Name was *Trefry*; a Man of great Wit, and fine Learning, and was carry'd into thoſe Parts by the Lord —— Governor, to manage

manage all his Affairs. He reflecting on the laſt Words of *Oroonoko* to the Captain, and beholding the richneſs of his Veſt, no ſooner came into the Boat, but he fix'd his Eyes on him; and finding ſomething ſo extraordinary in his Face, his Shape and Mein, a greatneſs of Look, and haughtineſs in his Air, and finding he ſpoke *Engliſh*, had a great mind to be enquiring into his Quality and Fortune; which, though *Oroonoko* endeavour'd to hide, by only confeſſing he was above the Rank of common Slaves, *Trefry* ſoon found he was yet ſomething greater than he confeſs'd; and from that moment began to conceive ſo vaſt an Eſteem for him, that he ever after lov'd him as his deareſt Brother, and ſhew'd him all the Civilities due to ſo great a Man.

Trefry was a very good Mathematician, and a Linguiſt; could ſpeak *French* and *Spaniſh*; and in the three days they remain'd in the Boat, (for ſo long were they going from the Ship to the Plantation) he entertain'd *Oroonoko* ſo agreeably with his Art and Diſcourſe, that he was no leſs pleas'd with *Trefry*, than he was with the Prince; and he thought himſelf, at leaſt, fortunate in this, that ſince he was a Slave, as long as he would ſuffer himſelf to remain ſo, he had a Man of ſo excellent Wit and Parts for a Maſter.

So

So that before they had finiſh'd their Voyage up the River, he made no ſcruple of declaring to *Trefry* all his Fortunes, and moſt part of what I have here related, and put himſelf wholly into the hands of his new Friend, who he found reſented all the Injuries were done him, and was charm'd with all the Greatneſſes of his Actions; which were recited with that Modeſty, and delicate Senſe, as wholly vanquiſh'd him, and ſubdu'd him to his Intereſt. And he promis'd him on his Word and Honour, he wou'd find the Means to re-conduct him to his own Country again; aſſuring him, he had a perfect Abhorrence of ſo diſhonourable an Action; and that he would ſooner have dy'd, than have been the Author of ſuch a Perfidy. He found the Prince was very much concerned to know what became of his Friends, and how they took their Slavery; and *Trefry* promiſed to take care about the enquiring after their Condition, and that he ſhould have an account of 'em.

Tho, as *Oroonoko* afterwards ſaid, he had little reaſon to credit the Words of a *Backearary*; yet he knew not why, but he ſaw a kind of Sincerity, and awful Truth in the Face of *Trefry*; he ſaw Honeſty in his Eyes, and he found him wiſe and witty enough to underſtand Honour: for it was one of his Maxims, *A Man of Wit could not be a Knave or Villain.*

In

In their Paſſage up the River, they put in at ſeveral Houſes for Refreſhment; and ever when they landed, numbers of People would flock to behold this Man: not but their Eyes were daily entertain'd with the ſight of Slaves, but the Fame of *Oroonoko* was gone before him, and all People were in admiration of his Beauty. Beſides, he had a rich Habit on, in which he was taken, ſo different from the reſt, and which the Captain cou'd not ſtrip him of, becauſe he was forc'd to ſurprize his Perſon in the minute he ſold him. When he found his Habit made him liable, as he thought, to be gazed at the more, he begged *Trefry* to give him ſomething more befitting a Slave, which he did, and took off his Robes: Nevertheleſs, he ſhone thro all, and his *Oſenbrigs* (a ſort of brown *Holland* Suit he had on) cou'd not conceal the Graces of his Looks and Mein; and he had no leſs Admirers than when he had his dazling Habit on: The Royal Youth appear'd in ſpight of the Slave, and People cou'd not help treating him after a different manner, without deſigning it. As ſoon as they approached him, they venerated and eſteemed him; his Eyes inſenſibly commanded Reſpect, and his Behaviour inſinuated it into every Soul. So that there was nothing talked of but this young and gallant Slave, even by thoſe who yet knew not that he was a Prince.

I ought to tell you, that the Chriſtians never buy any Slaves but they give 'em ſome Name of their own, their native ones being likely very barbarous, and hard to pronounce; ſo that Mr. *Trefry* gave *Oroonoko* that of *Cæſar*; which Name will live in that Country as long as that (ſcarce more) glorious one of the great *Roman*: for 'tis moſt evident he wanted no part of the perſonal Courage of that *Cæſar*, and acted things as memorable, had they been done in ſome part of the World repleniſhed with People and Hiſtorians, that might have given him his due. But his Misfortune was, to fall in an obſcure World, that afforded only a Female Pen to celebrate his Fame; tho I doubt not but it had lived from others Endeavours, if the *Dutch*, who immediately after his time took that Country, had not killed, baniſhed and diſperſed all thoſe that were capable of giving the World this great Man's Life, much better than I have done. And Mr. *Trefry*, who deſigned it, dy'd before he began it, and bemoan'd himſelf for not having undertook it in time.

For the future therefore I muſt call *Oroonoko Cæſar*; ſince by that Name only he was known in our Weſtern World, and by that Name he was received on ſhore at *Parham-Houſe*, where he was deſtin'd a Slave. But if the King himſelf (God

(God bleſs him) had come aſhore, there cou'd not have been greater Expectation by all the whole Plantation, and thoſe neighbouring ones, than was on ours at that time; and he was received more like a Governor than a Slave: notwithſtanding, as the Cuſtom was, they aſſigned him his Portion of Land, his Houſe and his Buſineſs up in the Plantation. But as it was more for Form, than any Deſign to put him to his Task, he endured no more of the Slave but the Name, and remain'd ſome days in the Houſe, receiving all Viſits that were made him, without ſtirring towards that part of the Plantation where the *Negroes* were.

At laſt, he wou'd needs go view his Land, his Houſe, and the Buſineſs aſſign'd him. But he no ſooner came to the Houſes of the Slaves, which are like a little Town by it ſelf, the *Negroes* all having left work, but they all came forth to behold him, and found he was that Prince who had, at ſeveral times, ſold moſt of 'em to theſe Parts; and from a Veneration they pay to great Men, eſpecially if they know 'em, and from the Surprize and Awe they had at the ſight of him, they all caſt themſelves at his feet, crying out, in their Language, *Live, O King! Long live, O King!* and kiſſing his Feet, paid him even Divine Homage.

Several

Several *Engliſh* Gentlemen were with him, and what Mr. *Trefry* had told 'em was here confirm'd; of which he himſelf before had no other Witneſs than *Cæſar* himſelf: But he was infinitely glad to find his Grandeur confirmed by the Adoration of all the Slaves.

Cæſar troubled with their Over-Joy, and Over-Ceremony, beſought 'em to riſe, and to receive him as their Fellow-Slave; aſſuring them he was no better. At which they ſet up with one accord a moſt terrible and hideous mourning and condoling, which he and the *Engliſh* had much ado to appeaſe: but at laſt they prevailed with 'em, and they prepared all their barbarous Muſick, and every one kill'd and dreſs'd ſomething of his own Stock (for every Family has their Land apart, on which, at their leiſure-times, they breed all eatable things) and clubbing it together, made a moſt magnificent Supper, inviting their *Grandee Captain*, their *Prince*, to honour it with his Preſence; which he did, and ſeveral *Engliſh* with him, where they all waited on him, ſome playing, others dancing before him all the time, according to the Manners of their ſeveral Nations, and with unweary'd Induſtry endeavouring to pleaſe and delight him.

While they ſat at Meat, Mr. *Trefry* told *Cæſar*, that moſt of theſe young Slaves were

were undone in love with a fine She-Slave, whom they had had about ſix Months on their Land; the Prince, who never heard the Name of *Love* without a Sigh, nor any mention of it without the Curioſity of examining further into that Tale, which of all Diſcourſes was moſt agreeable to him, asked, how they came to be ſo unhappy, as to be all undone for one fair Slave? *Trefry*, who was naturally amorous, and delighted to talk of Love as well as any body, proceeded to tell him, they had the moſt charming Black that ever was beheld on their Plantation, about fifteen or ſixteen Years old, as he gueſs'd; that for his part he had done nothing but ſigh for her ever ſince ſhe came; and that all the White Beauties he had ſeen, never charm'd him ſo abſolutely as this fine Creature had done; and that no Man of any Nation ever beheld her that did not fall in love with her; and that ſhe had all the Slaves perpetually at her feet; and the whole Country reſounded with the Fame of *Clemene*, for ſo (ſaid he) we have chriſten'd her: but ſhe denies us all with ſuch a noble Diſdain, that 'tis a Miracle to ſee, that ſhe who can give ſuch eternal Deſires, ſhould her ſelf be all Ice and all Unconcern. She is adorn'd with the moſt graceful Modeſty that ever beautify'd Youth; the ſofteſt

Sigher

Sigher —— that, if ſhe were capable of Love, one would ſwear ſhe languiſhed for ſome abſent happy Man; and ſo retired, as if ſhe fear'd a Rape even from the God of Day, or that the Breezes wou'd ſteal Kiſſes from her delicate Mouth. Her Task of Work, ſome ſighing Lover every day makes it his petition to perform for her; which ſhe accepts bluſhing, and with reluctancy, for fear he will ask her a Look for a Recompence, which he dares not preſume to hope; ſo great an Awe ſhe ſtrikes into the Hearts of her Admirers. 'I do not wonder (*reply'd the Prince*) that 'Clemene ſhould refuſe Slaves, being, as 'you ſay, ſo beautiful; but wonder how 'ſhe eſcapes thoſe that can entertain her 'as you can do: or why, being your 'Slave, you do not oblige her to yield? 'I confeſs (*ſaid* Trefry) when I have, 'againſt her will, entertained her with 'Love ſo long, as to be tranſported with 'my Paſſion even above Decency, I have 'been ready to make uſe of thoſe Advan-'tages of Strength and Force Nature has 'given me: But Oh! ſhe diſarms me with 'that Modeſty and Weeping, ſo ten-'der and ſo moving, that I retire, and 'thank my Stars ſhe overcame me.' The Company laugh'd at his Civility to a Slave, and *Cæſar* only applauded the Nobleneſs of his Paſſion and Nature, ſince that Slave might

might be noble, or, what was better, have true Notions of Honour and Vertue in her. Thus paſſed they this Night, after having received from the Slaves all imaginable Reſpect and Obedience.

The next day, *Trefry* ask'd *Cæſar* to walk when the Heat was allay'd, and deſignedly carry'd him by the Cottage of the fair Slave; and told him ſhe whom he ſpoke of laſt night lived there retir'd: *But* (ſays he) *I would not wiſh you to approach; for I am ſure you will be in love as ſoon as you behold her.* *Cæſar* aſſured him, he was proof againſt all the Charms of that Sex; and that if he imagined his Heart could be ſo perfidious to love again after *Imoinda*, he believed he ſhould tear it from his Boſom. They had no ſooner ſpoke, but a little Shock-Dog, that *Clemene* had preſented her, which ſhe took great delight in, ran out; and ſhe, not knowing any body was there, ran to get it in again, and bolted out on thoſe who were juſt ſpeaking of her: when ſeeing them, ſhe would have run in again, but *Trefry* caught her by the Hand, and cry'd, Clemene, *however you fly a Lover, you ought to pay ſome reſpect to this Stranger*, (pointing to *Cæſar*.) But ſhe, as if ſhe had reſolved never to raiſe her Eyes to the Face of a Man again, bent 'em the more to the Earth, when he ſpoke, and gave

the

the Prince the leiſure to look the more at her. There needed no long gazing, or Conſideration, to examine who this fair Creature was; he ſoon ſaw *Imoinda* all over her; in a minute he ſaw her Face, her Shape, her Air, her Modeſty, and all that call'd forth his Soul with Joy at his Eyes, and left his Body deſtitute of almoſt Life: it ſtood without Motion, and for a Minute knew not that it had a Being; and, I believe, he had never come to himſelf, ſo oppreſs'd he was with Over-joy, if he had not met with this allay, that he perceived *Imoinda* fall dead in the hands of *Trefry*. This awaken'd him, and he ran to her aid, and caught her in his Arms, where by degrees ſhe came to her ſelf; and 'tis needleſs to tell with what Tranſports, what Extaſies of Joy, they both awhile beheld each other, without ſpeaking; then ſnatched each other to their Arms; then gaze again, as if they ſtill doubted whether they poſſeſs'd the Bleſſing they graſped: but when they recover'd their Speech, 'tis not to be imagined what tender things they expreſs'd to each other; wondring what ſtrange Fate had brought them again together. They ſoon inform'd each other of their Fortunes, and equally bewail'd their Fate; but at the ſame time they

mutually proteſted, that even Fetters and Slavery were ſoft and eaſy, and would be ſupported with Joy and Pleaſure, while they cou'd be ſo happy to poſſeſs each other, and to be able to make good their Vows. *Cæſar* ſwore he diſdained the Empire of the World, while he could behold his *Imoinda*; and ſhe deſpiſed Grandeur and Pomp, thoſe Vanities of her Sex, when ſhe could gaze on *Oroonoko*. He ador'd the very Cottage where ſhe reſided, and ſaid, That little Inch of the World would give him more Happineſs than all the Univerſe cou'd do; and ſhe vow'd, it was a Palace, while adorned with the Preſence of *Oroonoko*.

Trefry was infinitely pleaſed with this Novel, and found this *Clemene* was the fair Miſtreſs of whom *Cæſar* had before ſpoke; and was not a little ſatisfy'd, that Heaven was ſo kind to the Prince as to ſweeten his Misfortunes by ſo lucky an Accident; and leaving the Lovers to themſelves, was impatient to come down to *Parham-Houſe* (which was on the ſame Plantation) to give me an account of what had hapned. I was as impatient to make theſe Lovers a Viſit, having already made a Friendſhip with *Cæſar*, and from his own Mouth learned what I have related; which was confirmed by his *Frenchman*, who

who was ſet on ſhore to ſeek his Fortune, and of whom they cou'd not make a Slave, becauſe a Chriſtian; and he came daily to *Parham-Hill* to ſee and pay his Reſpects to his Pupil Prince. So that concerning and intereſting my ſelf in all that related to *Cæſar*, whom I had aſſured of Liberty as ſoon as the Governour arrived, I haſted preſently to the Place where theſe Lovers were, and was infinitely glad to find this beautiful young Slave (who had already gain'd all our Eſteems, for her Modeſty and extraordinary Prettineſs) to be the ſame I had heard *Cæſar* ſpeak ſo much of. One may imagine then we paid her a treble Reſpect; and tho from her being carved in fine Flowers and Birds all over her Body, we took her to be of Quality before, yet when we knew *Clemene* was *Imoinda*, we could not enough admire her.

I had forgot to tell you, that thoſe who are nobly born of that Country, are ſo delicately cut and raiſed all over the Fore-part of the Trunk of their Bodies, that it looks as if it were japan'd, the Works being raiſed like high Point round the edges of the Flowers. Some are only carved with a little Flower, or Bird, at the ſides of the Temples, as was *Cæſar*; and thoſe who are ſo carved over the Body, reſemble our antient *Picts* that are

figur'd in the Chronicles, but theſe Carvings are more delicate.

From that happy day *Cæſar* took *Clemene* for his Wife, to the general joy of all People; and there was as much Magnificence as the Country could afford at the Celebration of this Wedding: and in a very ſhort time after ſhe conceived with Child, which made *Cæſar* even adore her, knowing he was the laſt of his great Race. This new Accident made him more impatient of Liberty, and he was every day treating with *Trefry* for his and *Clemene*'s Liberty, and offer'd either Gold, or a vaſt quantity of Slaves, which ſhould be paid before they let him go, provided he could have any Security that he ſhould go when his Ranſom was paid. They fed him from day to day with Promiſes, and delay'd him till the Lord-Governour ſhould come; ſo that he began to ſuſpect them of Falſhood, and that they would delay him till the time of his Wife's Delivery, and make a Slave of the Child too: for all the Breed is theirs to whom the Parents belong. This Thought made him very uneaſy, and his Sullenneſs gave them ſome Jealouſies of him; ſo that I was obliged, by ſome Perſons who fear'd a Mutiny (which is very fatal ſometimes in thoſe Colonies that abound ſo with Slaves, that they exceed the Whites in vaſt numbers)

bers) to diſcourſe with *Cæſar*, and to give him all the Satisfaction I poſſibly could: They knew he and *Clemene* were ſcarce an Hour in a Day from my Lodgings; that they eat with me, and that I oblig'd 'em in all things I was capable. I entertained them with the Lives of the *Romans*, and great Men, which charmed him to my Company; and her, with teaching her all the pretty Works that I was Miſtreſs of, and telling her Stories of Nuns, and endeavouring to bring her to the Knowledge of the true God: But of all Diſcourſes, *Cæſar* liked that the worſt, and would never be reconciled to our Notions of the Trinity, of which he ever made a Jeſt; it was a Riddle he ſaid would turn his Brain to conceive, and one cou'd not make him underſtand what Faith was. However, theſe Converſations fail'd not altogether ſo well to divert him, that he liked the Company of us Women much above the Men, for he could not drink, and he is but an ill Companion in that Country that cannot. So that obliging him to love us very well, we had all the liberty of Speech with him, eſpecially my ſelf, whom he call'd his *Great Miſtreſs*; and indeed my Word would go a great way with him. For theſe Reaſons I had opportunity to take notice to him, that he was not well pleaſed of late, as he

uſed to be; was more retired and thoughtful; and told him, I took it ill he ſhou'd ſuſpect we wou'd break our Words with him, and not permit both him and *Clemene* to return to his own Kingdom, which was not ſo long a way, but when he was once on his Voyage he wou'd quickly arrive there. He made me ſome Anſwers that ſhew'd a doubt in him, which made me ask, what advantage it would be to doubt? It would but give us a fear of him, and poſſibly compel us to treat him ſo as I ſhould be very loth to behold; that is, it might occaſion his Confinement. Perhaps this was not ſo luckily ſpoke of me, for I perceiv'd he reſented that Word, which I ſtrove to ſoften again in vain: However, he aſſur'd me, that whatſoever Reſolutions he ſhould take, he would act nothing upon the *White* People; and as for my ſelf, and thoſe upon that *Plantation* where he was, he would ſooner forfeit his eternal Liberty, and Life it ſelf, than lift his Hand againſt his greateſt Enemy on that place. He beſought me to ſuffer no Fears upon his account, for he could do nothing that Honour ſhould not dictate; but he accus'd himſelf for having ſuffer'd Slavery ſo long: yet he charg'd that weakneſs on Love alone, who was capable of making him neglect even Glory it ſelf;

and,

and, for which, now he reproaches himſelf every moment of the Day. Much more to this effect he ſpoke, with an Air impatient enough to make me know he would not be long in Bondage; and tho he ſuffer'd only the Name of a Slave, and had nothing of the Toil and Labour of one, yet that was ſufficient to render him uneaſy; and he had been too long idle, who us'd to be always in Action, and in Arms. He had a Spirit all rough and fierce, and that could not be tam'd to lazy Reſt: and tho all Endeavours were us'd to exerciſe himſelf in ſuch Actions and Sports as this World afforded, as Running, Wreſtling, Pitching the Bar, Hunting and Fiſhing, Chaſing and Killing *Tygers* of a monſtrous ſize, which this Continent affords in abundance; and wonderful *Snakes*, ſuch as *Alexander* is reported to have encounter'd at the River of *Amazons*, and which *Cæſar* took great delight to overcome; yet theſe were not Actions great enough for his large Soul, which was ſtill panting after more renown'd Actions.

Before I parted that day with him, I got, with much-ado, a Promiſe from him to reſt yet a little longer with patience, and wait the coming of the Lord Governour, who was every day expected on our ſhore: he aſſur'd me he would, and this

Promiſe he deſired me to know was given perfectly in complaiſance to me, in whom he had an entire Confidence.

After this, I neither thought it convenient to truſt him much out of our view, nor did the Country, who fear'd him; but with one accord it was advis'd to treat him fairly, and oblige him to remain within ſuch a compaſs, and that he ſhould be permitted, as ſeldom as could be, to go up to the Plantations of the *Negroes*; or, if he did, to be accompany'd by ſome that ſhould be rather in appearance Attendants than Spies. This Care was for ſome time taken, and *Cæſar* look'd upon it as a Mark of extraordinary Reſpect, and was glad his diſcontent had oblig'd 'em to be more obſervant to him; he received new aſſurance from the Overſeer, which was confirmed to him by the Opinion of all the Gentlemen of the Country, who made their court to him. During this time that we had his Company more frequently than hitherto we had had, it may not be unpleaſant to relate to you the Diverſions we entertain'd him with, or rather he us.

My ſtay was to be ſhort in that Country; becauſe my Father dy'd at Sea, and never arriv'd to poſſeſs the Honour deſign'd him, (which was Lieutenant-General of ſix and thirty Iſlands, beſides the Continent

Continent of *Surinam*) nor the Advantages he hop'd to reap by them: So that though we were oblig'd to continue on our Voyage, we did not intend to ſtay upon the Place. Though, in a word, I muſt ſay thus much of it; That certainly had his late Majeſty, of ſacred Memory, but ſeen and known what a vaſt and charming World he had been Maſter of in that Continent, he would never have parted ſo eaſily with it to the *Dutch*. 'Tis a Continent, whoſe vaſt Extent was never yet known, and may contain more noble Earth than all the Univerſe beſide; for, they ſay, it reaches from Eaſt to Weſt one way as far as *China*, and another to *Peru*: It affords all things, both for Beauty and Uſe; 'tis there eternal Spring, always the very Months of *April*, *May*, and *June*; the Shades are perpetual, the Trees bearing at once all degrees of Leaves and Fruit, from blooming Buds to ripe Autumn: Groves of Oranges, Lemons, Citrons, Figs, Nutmegs, and noble Aromaticks, continually bearing their Fragrancies: The Trees appearing all like Noſegays, adorn'd with Flowers of different Kinds; ſome are all White, ſome Purple, ſome Scarlet, ſome Blue, ſome Yellow; bearing at the ſame time ripe Fruit, and blooming young, or producing every day new. The very Wood of

all theſe Trees has an intrinſick Value, above common Timber; for they are, when cut, of different Colours, glorious to behold, and bear a price conſiderable, to inlay withal. Beſides this, they yield rich Balm, and Gums; ſo that we make our Candles of ſuch an aromatick Subſtance, as does not only give a ſufficient Light, but, as they burn, they caſt their Perfumes all about. Cedar is the common firing, and all the Houſes are built with it. The very Meat we eat, when ſet on the Table, if it be native, I mean of the Country, perfumes the whole Room; eſpecially a little Beaſt call'd an *Armadillo*, a thing which I can liken to nothing ſo well as a *Rhinoceros*; 'tis all in white Armour, ſo jointed, that it moves as well in it, as if it had nothing on: This Beaſt is about the bigneſs of a Pig of ſix Weeks old. But it were endleſs to give an account of all the divers wonderful and ſtrange Things that Country affords, and which he took a great delight to go in ſearch of; tho thoſe Adventures are oftentimes fatal, and at leaſt dangerous: But while we had *Cæſar* in our company on theſe Deſigns, we fear'd no harm, nor ſuffer'd any.

As ſoon as I came into the Country, the beſt Houſe in it was preſented me, call'd *St. John's Hill:* It ſtood on a vaſt Rock

Rock of white Marble, at the foot of which, the River ran a vaſt depth down, and not to be deſcended on that ſide; the little Waves ſtill daſhing and waſhing the foot of this Rock, made the ſofteſt Murmurs and Purlings in the World; and the oppoſite Bank was adorn'd with ſuch vaſt quantities of different Flowers eternally blowing, and every day and hour new, fenc'd behind 'em with lofty Trees of a thouſand rare Forms and Colours, that the Proſpect was the moſt raviſhing that Sands can create. On the edge of this white Rock, towards the River, was a Walk, or Grove, of Orange and Lemon-Trees, about half the length of the *Mall* here, whoſe flowery and fruit-bearing Branches met at the top, and hinder'd the Sun, whoſe Rays are very fierce there, from entring a Beam into the Grove; and the cool Air that came from the River, made it not only fit to entertain People in, at all the hotteſt Hours of the day, but refreſh the ſweet Bloſſoms, and made it always ſweet and charming; and ſure, the whole Globe of the World cannot ſhew ſo delightful a Place as this Grove was: Not all the Gardens of boaſted *Italy* can produce a Shade to out-vie this, which Nature had join'd with Art to render ſo exceeding fine; and 'tis a marvel to ſee how ſuch vaſt Trees, as

big

big as *Engliſh* Oaks, could take footing on ſo ſolid a Rock, and in ſo little Earth as cover'd that Rock: But all things by Nature there are rare, delightful, and wonderful. But to our Sports:

Sometimes we would go ſurprizing, and in ſearch of young *Tygers* in their Dens, watching when the old ones went forth to forage for Prey; and oftentimes we have been in great danger, and have fled apace for our Lives, when ſurpriz'd by the Dams. But once, above all other times, we went on this Deſign, and *Cæſar* was with us; who had no ſooner ſtoln a young *Tyger* from her Neſt, but going off, we encounter'd the Dam, bearing a Buttock of a Cow, which he had torn off with his mighty Paw, and going with it towards his Den: We had only four Women, *Cæſar*, and an *Engliſh* Gentleman, Brother to *Harry Martin* the great *Oliverian*; we found there was no eſcaping this enraged and ravenous Beaſt. However, we Women fled as faſt as we could from it; but our Heels had not ſaved our Lives, if *Cæſar* had not laid down his *Cub*, when he found the *Tyger* quit her Prey to make the more ſpeed towards him; and taking Mr. *Martin*'s Sword, deſired him to ſtand aſide, or follow the Ladies. He obey'd him; and *Cæſar* met this monſtrous Beaſt of mighty Size, and vaſt Limbs, who came with open

open Jaws, upon him; and fixing his awful ſtern Eyes full upon thoſe of the Beaſt, and putting himſelf into a very ſteddy and good aiming poſture of Defence, ran his Sword quite through his Breaſt down to his very Heart, home to the Hilt of the Sword: The dying Beaſt ſtretch'd forth her Paw, and going to graſp his Thigh, ſurpriz'd with death in that very moment, did him no other harm than fixing her long Nails in his Fleſh very deep, feebly wounded him, but could not graſp the Fleſh to tear off any. When he had done this, he hallow'd to us to return; which, after ſome aſſurance of his Victory, we did, and found him lugging out the Sword from the Boſom of the *Tyger*, who was laid in her Blood on the Ground. He took up the *Cub*, and with an unconcern that had nothing of the Joy or Gladneſs of Victory, he came and laid the Whelp at my feet. We all extremely wonder'd at his daring, and at the bigneſs of the Beaſt, which was about the height of an Heifer, but of mighty great and ſtrong Limbs.

Another time, being in the Woods, he kill'd a *Tyger*, that had long infeſted that Part, and borne away abundance of Sheep and Oxen, and other Things, that were for the Support of thoſe to whom they belong'd. Abundance of People aſſail'd this Beaſt, ſome affirming they had ſhot her

her with ſeveral Bullets quite through the Body, at ſeveral times; and ſome ſwearing they ſhot her through the very Heart; and they believ'd ſhe was a Devil, rather than a mortal Thing. *Cæſar* had often ſaid, he had a mind to encounter this Monſter, and ſpoke with ſeveral Gentlemen who had attempted her; one crying, I ſhot her with ſo many poiſon'd Arrows, another with his Gun in this part of her, and another in that; ſo that he remarking all the Places where ſhe was ſhot, fancy'd ſtill he ſhould overcome her, by giving her another ſort of a Wound than any had yet done; and one Day ſaid (at the Table) 'What Trophies and Gar-'lands, Ladies, will you make me, if I 'bring you home the Heart of this ra-'venous Beaſt, that eats up all your 'Lambs and Pigs?' We all promis'd he ſhould be rewarded at our Hands. So taking a Bow, which he choſe out of a great many, he went up into the Wood, with two Gentlemen, where he imagin'd this Devourer to be. They had not paſs'd very far into it, but they heard her Voice, growling and grumbling, as if ſhe were pleas'd with ſomething ſhe was doing. When they came in view, they found her muzzling in the Belly of a new raviſh'd Sheep, which ſhe had torn open; and ſeeing her ſelf approach'd, ſhe took faſt hold

of

of her Prey with her fore Paws, and ſet a very fierce raging look on *Cæſar*, without offering to approach him, for fear at the ſame time of loſing what ſhe had in poſſeſſion: So that *Cæſar* remain'd a good while, only taking aim, and getting an Opportunity to ſhoot her where he deſign'd. 'Twas ſome time before he could accompliſh it; and to wound her, and not kill her, would but have enrag'd her the more, and endanger'd him. He had a Quiver of Arrows at his ſide, ſo that if one fail'd, he could be ſupply'd: At laſt, retiring a little, he gave her opportunity to eat, for he found ſhe was ravenous, and fell to as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him retire, being more eager of her Prey than of doing new Miſchiefs; when he going ſoftly to one ſide of her, and hiding his Perſon behind certain Herbage, that grew high and thick, he took ſo good aim, that, as he intended, he ſhot her juſt into the Eye, and the Arrow was ſent with ſo good a will, and ſo ſure a hand, that it ſtuck in her Brain, and made her caper, and become mad for a moment or two; but being ſeconded by another Arrow, ſhe fell dead upon the Prey. *Cæſar* cut her open with a Knife, to ſee where thoſe Wounds were that had been reported to him, and why ſhe did not die of 'em. But I ſhall now relate a thing that, poſſibly,

will

will find no credit among Men; becauſe 'tis a Notion commonly receiv'd with us, That nothing can receive a Wound in the Heart and live: But when the Heart of this courageous Animal was taken out, there were ſeven Bullets of Lead in it, the Wound ſeam'd up with great Scars, and ſhe liv'd with the Bullets a great while, for it was long ſince they were ſhot: This Heart the Conqueror brought up to us, and 'twas a very great Curioſity, which all the Country came to ſee; and which gave *Cæſar* occaſion of many fine Diſcourſes of Accidents in War, and ſtrange Eſcapes.

At other times he would go a Fiſhing; and diſcourſing on that Diverſion, he found we had in that Country a very ſtrange Fiſh, call'd a *Numb-Eel*, (an *Eel* of which I have eaten) that while it is alive, it has a Quality ſo cold, that thoſe who are Angling, though with a Line of ever ſo great a length, with a Rod at the end of it, it ſhall, in the ſame minute the Bait is touch'd by this *Eel*, ſeize him or her that holds the Rod with a numbneſs, that ſhall deprive 'em of Senſe for a while; and ſome have fallen into the Water, and others drop'd, as dead, on the Banks of the Rivers where they ſtood, as ſoon as this Fiſh touches the Bait. *Cæſar* us'd to laugh at this, and believ'd it im-

impoſſible a Man could loſe his Force at the touch of a Fiſh; and could not underſtand that Philoſophy, that a cold Quality ſhould be of that nature: however, he had a great Curioſity to try whether it would have the ſame effect on him it had on others, and often try'd, but in vain. At laſt, the ſought-for Fiſh came to the Bait, as he ſtood angling on the Bank; and inſtead of throwing away the Rod, or giving it a ſudden twitch out of the Water, whereby he might have caught both the *Eel*, and have diſmiſs'd the Rod, before it could have too much Power over him; for Experiment-ſake, he graſp'd it but the harder, and fainting fell into the River; and being ſtill poſſeſs'd of the Rod, the Tide carry'd him, ſenſeleſs as he was, a great way, till an *Indian* Boat took him up; and perceiv'd, when they touch'd him, a Numbneſs ſeize them, and by that knew the Rod was in his hand; which with a Paddle, (that is, a ſhort Oar) they ſtruck away, and ſnatcht it into the Boat, *Eel* and all. If *Caſar* was almoſt dead, with the effect of this Fiſh, he was more ſo with that of the Water, where he had remain'd the ſpace of going a League, and they found they had much ado to bring him back to Life; but at laſt they did, and brought him home, where he was in a few hours well recover'd and refreſh'd, and not

a little aſham'd to find he ſhould be overcome by an *Eel*, and that all the People, who heard his Defiance, would laugh at him. But we chear'd him up; and he being convinc'd, we had the *Eel* at Supper, which was a quarter of an Ell about, and moſt delicate Meat; and was of the more value, ſince it coſt ſo dear as almoſt the Life of ſo gallant a Man.

About this time we were in many mortal Fears, about ſome Diſputes the *Engliſh* had with the *Indians*; ſo that we could ſcarce truſt our ſelves, without great Numbers, to go to any *Indian* Towns or Place where they abode, for fear they ſhould fall upon us, as they did immediately after my coming away; and the Place being in the Poſſeſſion of the *Dutch*, they us'd them not ſo civilly as the *Engliſh*: ſo that they cut in pieces all they could take, getting into Houſes, and hanging up the Mother, and all her Children about her; and cut a Footman, I left behind me, all in Joints, and nail'd him to Trees.

This Feud began while I was there; ſo that I loſt half the Satisfaction I propos'd, in not ſeeing and viſiting the *Indian* Towns. But one day, bemoaning of our Misfortunes upon this account, *Cæſar* told us, we need not fear, for if we had a mind to go, he would undertake to be our Guard. Some would, but moſt would not venture:

About

About Eighteen of us reſolv'd, and took Barge; and after eight days, arriv'd near an *Indian* Town: But approaching it, the Hearts of ſome of our Company fail'd, and they would not venture on Shore; ſo we poll'd, who would, and who would not. For my part, I ſaid, if *Cæſar* would, I would go. He reſolv'd; ſo did my Brother, and my Woman, a Maid of good Courage. Now, none of us ſpeaking the Language of the People, and imagining we ſhould have a half Diverſion in gazing only; and not knowing what they ſaid, we took a Fiſherman that liv'd at the Mouth of the River, who had been a long Inhabitant there, and oblig'd him to go with us: But becauſe he was known to the *Indians*, as trading among 'em, and being, by long living there, become a perfect *Indian* in colour, we, who had a mind to ſurprize 'em, by making them ſee ſomething they never had ſeen, (that is, *White* People) reſolv'd only my ſelf, my Brother and Woman ſhould go: ſo *Cæſar*, the Fiſherman, and the reſt, hiding behind ſome thick Reeds and Flowers that grew in the Banks, let us paſs on towards the Town, which was on the Bank of the River all along. A little diſtant from the Houſes, or Huts, we ſaw ſome dancing, others buſy'd in fetching and carrying of Water from the River. They had no ſooner ſpy'd us, but they

they ſet up a loud Cry, that frighted us at firſt; we thought it had been for thoſe that ſhould kill us, but it ſeems it was of Wonder and Amazement. They were all naked; and we were dreſs'd, ſo as is moſt commode for the hot Countries, very glittering and rich; ſo that we appear'd extremely fine: my own Hair was cut ſhort, and I had a taffety Cap, with black Feathers on my Head; my Brother was in a Stuff-Suit, with ſilver Loops and Buttons, and abundance of green Ribbon. This was all infinitely ſurprizing to them; and becauſe we ſaw them ſtand ſtill till we approach'd 'em, we took heart and advanc'd, came up to 'em, and offer'd 'em our Hands; which they took, and look'd on us round about, calling ſtill for more Company; who came ſwarming out, all wondering, and crying out *Tepeeme:* taking their Hair up in their Hands, and ſpreading it wide to thoſe they call'd out to; as if they would ſay (as indeed it ſignify'd) *Numberleſs Wonders*, or not to be recounted, no more than to number the Hair of their Heads. By degrees they grew more bold, and from gazing upon us round, they touch'd us, laying their Hands upon all the Features of our Faces, feeling our Breaſts and Arms, taking up one Petticoat, then wondering to ſee another; admiring our Shoes and Stockings, but more our Garters,

ters, which we gave 'em, and they ty'd about their Legs, being lac'd with ſilver Lace at the ends; for they much eſteem any ſhining things. In fine, we ſuffer'd 'em to ſurvey us as they pleas'd, and we thought they would never have done admiring us. When *Cæſar*, and the reſt, ſaw we were receiv'd with ſuch wonder, they came up to us; and finding the *Indian* Trader whom they knew, (for 'tis by theſe Fiſhermen, call'd *Indian* Traders, we hold a Commerce with 'em; for they love not to go far from home, and we never go to them) when they ſaw him therefore, they ſet up a new Joy, and cry'd in their Language, *Oh! here's our* Tiguamy, *and we ſhall know whether thoſe things can ſpeak.* So advancing to him, ſome of 'em gave him their Hands, and cry'd, *Amora Tiguamy*; which is as much as, *How do you do?* or, *welcome Friend:* and all, with one din, began to gabble to him, and ask'd, if we had Senſe and Wit? If we could talk of Affairs of Life and War, as they could do? If we could hunt, ſwim, and do a thouſand things they uſe? He anſwer'd 'em, We could. Then they invited us into their Houſes, and dreſs'd Veniſon and Buffalo for us; and, going out, gather'd a Leaf of a Tree, called a *Sarumbo* Leaf, of ſix Yards long, and ſpread it on the Ground for a Table-cloth; and cutting another in pieces,

pieces, inſtead of Plates, ſet us on little low *Indian*-Stools, which they cut out of one entire piece of Wood, and paint in a ſort of Japan-work. They ſerve every one their Meſs on theſe pieces of Leaves; and it was very good, but too high-ſeaſon'd with Pepper. When we had eat, my Brother and I took out our Flutes, and play'd to 'em, which gave 'em new wonder; and I ſoon perceiv'd, by an admiration that is natural to theſe People, and by the extreme Ignorance and Simplicity of 'em, it were not difficult to eſtabliſh any unknown or extravagant Religion among them, and to impoſe any Notions or Fictions upon 'em. For ſeeing a Kinſman of mine ſet ſome Paper on fire with a Burning-glaſs, a Trick they had never before ſeen, they were like to have ador'd him for a God, and begg'd he would give 'em the Characters or Figures of his Name, that they might oppoſe it againſt Winds and Storms: which he did, and they held it up in thoſe Seaſons, and fancy'd it had a Charm to conquer them, and kept it like a holy Relique. They are very ſuperſtitious, and call'd him the great *Peeie*, that is, *Prophet*. They ſhewed us their *Indian Peeie*, a Youth of about ſixteen Years old, as handſom as Nature could make a Man. They conſecrate a beautiful Youth from his Infancy, and all Arts are uſed to compleat him in the

the fineſt manner, both in Beauty and Shape: He is bred to all the little arts and cunning they are capable of; to all the legerdemain Tricks, and ſleight of Hand, whereby he impoſes upon the Rabble; and is both a Doctor in Phyſick and Divinity: And by theſe Tricks makes the ſick believe he ſometimes eaſes their Pains, by drawing from the afflicted Part little Serpents, or odd Flies, or Worms, or any ſtrange thing; and though they have beſides undoubted good Remedies for almoſt all their Diſeaſes, they cure the Patient more by Fancy than by Medicines, and make themſelves feared, loved, and reverenced. This young *Peeie* had a very young Wife, who ſeeing my Brother kiſs her, came running and kiſs'd me. After this they kiſs'd one another, and made it a very great Jeſt, it being ſo novel; and new Admiration and Laughing went round the Multitude, that they never will forget that Ceremony, never before us'd or known. *Cæſar* had a mind to ſee and talk with their War-Captains, and we were conducted to one of their Houſes; where we beheld ſeveral of the great Captains, who had been at Council: But ſo frightful a Viſion it was to ſee 'em, no Fancy can create; no ſad Dreams can repreſent ſo dreadful a Spectacle. For my part, I took 'em for Hobgoblins, or Fiends, rather than Men: but how-

however their Shapes appear'd, their Souls were very humane and noble; but ſome wanted their Noſes, ſome their Lips, ſome both Noſes and Lips, ſome their Ears, and others cut through each Cheek, with long Slaſhes, through which their Teeth appear'd: they had ſeveral other formidable Wounds and Scars, or rather Diſmembrings. They had *Comitia's*, or little Aprons before 'em; and Girdles of Cotton, with their Knives naked ſtuck in it; a Bow at their Back, and a Quiver of Arrows on their Thighs; and moſt had Feathers on their Heads of divers Colours. They cry'd *Amora Tiguame* to us, at our entrance, and were pleas'd we ſaid as much to them: They ſeated us, and gave us Drink of the beſt ſort, and wonder'd as much as the others had done before, to ſee us. *Cæſar* was marvelling as much at their Faces, wondring how they ſhould be all ſo wounded in War; he was impatient to know how they all came by thoſe frightful Marks of Rage or Malice, rather than Wounds got in noble Battel: They told us by our Interpreter, That when any War was waging, two Men, choſen out by ſome old Captain whoſe fighting was paſt, and who could only teach the Theory of War, were to ſtand in competition for the Generalſhip, or great War-Captain; and being brought before the old

Judges,

Judges, now paſt Labour, they are ask'd, What they dare do, to ſhew they are worthy to lead an Army? When he who is firſt ask'd, making no reply, cuts off his Noſe, and throws it contemptibly on the ground; and the other does ſomething to himſelf that he thinks ſurpaſſes him, and perhaps deprives himſelf of Lips and an Eye: ſo they ſlaſh on till one gives out, and many have dy'd in this Debate. And it's by a paſſive Valour they ſhew and prove their Activity; a ſort of Courage too brutal to be applauded by our *Black* Hero; nevertheleſs, he expreſs'd his Eſteem of 'em.

In this Voyage *Cæſar* begat ſo good an underſtanding between the *Indians* and the *Engliſh*, that there were no more Fears or Heart-burnings during our ſtay, but we had a perfect, open, and free Trade with 'em. Many things remarkable, and worthy reciting, we met with in this ſhort Voyage; becauſe *Cæſar* made it his buſineſs to ſearch out and provide for our Entertainment, eſpecially to pleaſe his dearly ador'd *Imoinda*, who was a ſharer in all our Adventures; we being reſolv'd to make her Chains as eaſy as we could, and to compliment the Prince in that manner that moſt oblig'd him.

As we were coming up again, we met with ſome *Indians* of ſtrange Aſpects; that

is, of a larger ſize, and other ſort of Features, than thoſe of our Country. Our *Indian Slaves*, that row'd us, ask'd 'em ſome Queſtions; but they could not underſtand us, but ſhew'd us a long cotton String, with ſeveral Knots on it, and told us, they had been coming from the Mountains ſo many Moons as there were Knots: they were habited in Skins of a ſtrange Beaſt, and brought along with 'em Bags of Gold-Duſt; which, as well as they could give us to underſtand, came ſtreaming in little ſmall Channels down the high Mountains, when the Rains fell; and offer'd to be the Convoy to any body, or perſons, that would go to the Mountains. We carry'd theſe Men up to *Parham*, where they were kept till the Lord-Governor came: And becauſe all the Country was mad to be going on this Golden Adventure, the Governour, by his Letters, commanded (for they ſent ſome of the Gold to him) that a Guard ſhould be ſet at the Mouth of the River of *Amazons* (a River ſo call'd, almoſt as broad as the River of *Thames*) and prohibited all People from going up that River, it conducting to thoſe Mountains of Gold. But we going off for *England* before the Project was further proſecuted, and the Governour being drown'd in a Hurricane, either the Deſign dy'd, or the *Dutch* have the advantage

tage of it: And 'tis to be bemoan'd what his Majeſty loſt by loſing that part of *America*.

Though this Digreſſion is a little from my Story, however, ſince it contains ſome Proofs of the Curioſity and Daring of this great Man, I was content to omit nothing of his Character.

It was thus for ſome time we diverted him; but now *Imoinda* began to ſhew ſhe was with Child, and did nothing but ſigh and weep for the Captivity of her Lord, her ſelf, and the Infant yet unborn; and believ'd, if it were ſo hard to gain the liberty of two, 'twould be more difficult to get that for three. Her Griefs were ſo many Darts in the great Heart of *Caſar*, and taking his opportunity, one *Sunday*, when all the *Whites* were overtaken in Drink, as there were abundance of ſeveral Trades, and *Slaves* for four Years, that inhabited among the *Negro* Houſes; and *Sunday* being their Day of debauch, (otherwiſe they were a ſort of Spies upon *Caſar*) he went, pretending out of goodneſs to 'em, to feaſt among 'em, and ſent all his Muſick, and order'd a great Treat for the whole Gang, about three hundred *Negroes*, and about an hundred and fifty were able to bear Arms, ſuch as they had, which were ſufficient to do execution with Spirits accordingly: For the *Engliſh* had none but ruſty

Swords, that no Strength could draw from a Scabbard; except the People of particular Quality, who took care to oil 'em, and keep 'em in good order: The Guns alſo, unleſs here and there one, or thoſe newly carry'd from *England*, would do no good or harm; for 'tis the nature of that Country to ruſt and eat up Iron, or any Metals but Gold and Silver. And they are very expert at the Bow, which the *Negroes* and *Indians* are perfect Maſters of.

Cæſar, having ſingled out theſe Men from the Women and Children, made an Harangue to 'em, of the Miſeries and Ignominies of Slavery; counting up all their Toils and Sufferings, under ſuch Loads, Burdens and Drudgeries, as were fitter for Beaſts than Men; ſenſeleſs Brutes, than human Souls. He told 'em, it was not for Days, Months or Years, but for Eternity; there was no end to be of their Misfortunes: They ſuffer'd not like Men, who might find a Glory and Fortitude in Oppreſſion; but like Dogs, that lov'd the Whip and Bell, and fawn'd the more they were beaten: That they had loſt the divine Quality of Men, and were become inſenſible Aſſes, fit only to bear: nay, worſe; an Aſs, or Dog, or Horſe, having done his Duty, could lie down in retreat, and riſe to work again, and while he did his Duty, indur'd no Stripes; but Men, vil-

villanous, ſenſeleſs Men, ſuch as they, toil'd on all the tedious Work till *Black Friday*: and then, whether they work'd or not, whether they were faulty or meriting, they, promiſcuouſly, the innocent with the guilty, ſuffer'd the infamous Whip, the ſordid Stripes, from their Fellow-Slaves, till their Blood trickled from all Parts of their Body; Blood, whoſe every Drop ought to be revenged with a Life of ſome of thoſe Tyrants that impoſe it. 'And why *(ſaid he)* my dear Friends 'and Fellow ſufferers, ſhould we be Slaves 'to an unknown People? Have they van-'quiſhed us nobly in Fight? Have they 'won us in Honourable Battle? And 'are we by the Chance of War become 'their Slaves? This wou'd not anger a 'noble Heart; this would not animate a 'Soldier's Soul: no, but we are bought 'and ſold like Apes or Monkeys, to be 'the ſport of Women, Fools and Cowards; 'and the Support of Rogues and Runa-'gades, that have abandoned their own 'Countries for Rapine, Murders, Theft 'and Villanies. Do you not hear every 'Day how they upbraid each other with 'Infamy of Life, below the wildeſt Sal-'vages? And ſhall we render Obedience 'to ſuch a degenerate Race, who have no 'one human Vertue left, to diſtinguiſh

'them from the vileſt Creatures? Will 'you, I ſay, ſuffer the Laſh from ſuch 'Hands? *They all reply'd with one accord*, 'No, No, No; *Cæſar* has ſpoke like a 'great Captain, like a great King.'

After this he would have proceeded, but was interrupted by a tall *Negroe* of ſome more Quality than the reſt, his Name was *Tuſcan*; who bowing at the Feet of *Cæſar*, cry'd, 'My Lord, we have 'liſten'd with Joy and Attention to what 'you have ſaid; and, were we only Men, 'would follow ſo great Leader through 'the World: But Oh! conſider we are 'Husbands and Parents too, and have 'things more dear to us than Life; our 'Wives and Children, unfit for Travel in 'thoſe unpaſſable Woods, Mountains and 'Bogs. We have not only difficult Lands 'to overcome, but Rivers to wade, and 'Mountains to encounter; ravenous Beaſts 'of Prey. —— *To this* Cæſar *reply'd*, 'That Honour was the firſt Principle in 'Nature, that was to be obey'd; but 'as no Man would pretend to that, with-'out all the Acts of Vertue, Compaſſion, 'Charity, Love, Juſtice, and Reaſon, he 'found it not inconſiſtent with that, to 'take equal care of their Wives and Chil-'dren as they wou'd of themſelves; and 'that he did not deſign, when he led 'them to Freedom, and glorious Liberty,

'that

'that they ſhou'd leave that better part of 'themſelves to periſh by the hand of the 'Tyrant's Whip: But if there were a 'Woman among them ſo degenerate from 'Love and Vertue, to chuſe Slavery be-'fore the purſuit of her Husband, and 'with the hazard of her Life, to ſhare 'with him in his Fortunes; that ſuch a 'one ought to be abandoned, and left as 'a Prey to the common Enemy.'

To which they all agreed——and bow-ed. After this, he ſpoke of the impaſſa-ble Woods and Rivers; and convinced them, the more Danger the more Glory. He told them, that he had heard of one *Hannibal*, a great Captain, had cut his way through Mountains of ſolid Rocks; and ſhould a few Shrubs oppoſe them, which they could fire before 'em? No, 'twas a trifling Excuſe to Men reſolved to die, or overcome. As for Bogs, they are with a little Labour filled and harden'd; and the Rivers could be no Obſtacle, ſince they ſwam by Nature, at leaſt by Cuſtom, from the firſt hour of their Birth: That when the Children were weary, they muſt carry them by [illegible] Woods and their own Induſtry wou'd afford them Food. To this they all aſſented with Joy.

Tuſcan then demanded, what he would do: He ſaid he would travel towards the Sea, plant a new Colony, and defend it

by their Valour; and when they could find a Ship, either driven by ſtreſs of Weather, or guided by Providence that way, they wou'd ſeize it, and make it a Prize, till it had tranſported them to their own Countries: at leaſt they ſhould be made free in his Kingdom, and be eſteem'd as his Fellow-Sufferers, and Men that had the Courage and the Bravery to attempt, at leaſt, for Liberty; and if they dy'd in the Attempt, it would be more brave, than to live in perpetual Slavery.

They bow'd and kiſs'd his Feet at this Reſolution, and with one accord vow'd to follow him to death; and that Night was appointed to begin their march. They made it known to their Wives, and directed them to tie their Hamocks about their Shoulders, and under their Arms, like a Scarf, and to lead their Children that could go, and carry thoſe that could not. The Wives, who pay an entire Obedience to their Husbands, obey'd, and ſtay'd for 'em where they were appointed: The Men ſtay'd but to furniſh themſelves with what defenſive Arms they could get; and all met at the Rendezvous. Caſar made a new encouraging Speech to 'em, and led 'em out.

But as they cou'd not march far that night, on Monday early, when the Overſeers went to call 'em all together, to go

to

to work, they were extremely ſurprized, to find not one upon the Place, but all fled with what Baggage they had. You may imagine this News was not only ſuddenly ſpread all over the Plantation, but ſoon reached the neighbouring ones; and we had by Noon about 600 Men, they call the Militia of the Country, that came to aſſiſt us in the purſuit of the Fugitives: but never did one ſee ſo comical an Army march forth to War. The Men of any Faſhion would not concern themſelves, tho it were almoſt the Common Cauſe; for ſuch Revoltings are very ill Examples, and have very fatal Conſequences oftentimes, in many Colonies: But they had a Reſpect for *Cæſar*, and all hands were againſt the *Parhamites* (as they called thoſe of *Parham-Plantation*) becauſe they did not in the firſt place love the Lord-Governour; and ſecondly, they would have it, that *Cæſar* was ill uſed, and baffled with: and 'tis not impoſſible but ſome of the beſt in the Country was of his Council in this Flight, and depriving us of all the Slaves; ſo that they of the better ſort wou'd not meddle in the matter. The Deputy-Governour, of whom I have had no great occaſion to ſpeak, and who was the moſt fawning fair-tongu'd Fellow in the World, and one that pretended the moſt Friendſhip to *Cæſar*, was now the only violent Man a-

gainſt him; and though he had nothing, and ſo need fear nothing, yet talked and looked bigger than any Man. He was a Fellow, whoſe Character is not fit to be mentioned with the worſt of the Slaves: This Fellow would lead his Army forth to meet *Cæſar*, or rather to purſue him. Moſt of their Arms were of thoſe ſort of cruel Whips they call *Cat with nine Tails*; ſome had ruſty uſeleſs Guns for ſhew; others old Basket Hilts, whoſe Blades had never ſeen the Light in this Age; and others had long Staffs and Clubs. Mr. *Trefry* went along, rather to be a Mediator than a Conqueror in ſuch a Battle; for he foreſaw and knew, if by fighting they put the Negroes into deſpair, they were a ſort of ſullen Fellows, that would drown or kill themſelves before they would yield; and he adviſ'd that fair means was beſt: But *Byam* was one that abounded in his own Wit, and would take his own Meaſures.

It was not hard to find theſe Fugitives; for as they fled, they were forced to fire and cut the Woods before 'em: ſo that night or day they purſu'd 'em by the Light they made, and by the Path they had cleared. But as ſoon as *Cæſar* found he was purſu'd, he put himſelf in a poſture of Defence, placing all the Women and Children in the Rear; and himſelf, with *Tuſcan* by his ſide, or next to him, all promiſing

miſing to die or conquer. Encouraged thus, they never ſtood to parley, but fell on pell-mell upon the *Engliſh*, and killed ſome, and wounded a great many; they having recourſe to their Whips, as the beſt of their Weapons. And as they obſerved no order, they perplexed the Enemy ſo ſorely, with laſhing 'em in the Eyes; and the Women and Children ſeeing their Husbands ſo treated, being of fearful and cowardly Diſpoſitions, and hearing the *Engliſh* cry out, *Yield, and Live! Yield, and be Pardoned!* they all run in amongſt their Husbands and Fathers, and hung about them, crying out, *Yield! Yield! and leave* Cæſar *to their Revenge*: that by degrees the Slaves abandon'd *Cæſar*, and left him only *Tuſcan* and his Heroick *Imoinda*, who grown as big as ſhe was, did nevertheleſs preſs near her Lord, having a Bow and a Quiver full of poiſoned Arrows, which ſhe managed with ſuch dexterity, that ſhe wounded ſeveral, and ſhot the Governour into the Shoulder; of which Wound he had like to have died, but that an *Indian* Woman, his Miſtreſs, ſucked the Wound, and cleans'd it from the Venom: But however, he ſtir'd not from the Place till he had parly'd with *Cæſar*, who he found was reſolved to die fighting, and would not be taken; no more would *Tuſcan* or *Imoinda*. But he,

more

more thirſting after Revenge of another ſort, than that of depriving him of Life, now made uſe of all his Art of talking and diſſembling, and beſought *Cæſar* to yield himſelf upon Terms which he himſelf ſhould propoſe, and ſhould be ſacredly aſſented to, and kept by him. He told him, It was not that he any longer fear'd him, or could believe the Force of two Men, and a young Heroine, could overthrow all them, and with all the Slaves now on their ſide alſo; but it was the vaſt Eſteem he had for his Perſon, the Deſire he had to ſerve ſo gallant a Man, and to hinder himſelf from the Reproach hereafter, of having been the occaſion of the Death of a Prince, whoſe Valour and Magnanimity deſerved the Empire of the World. He proteſted to him, he looked upon his Action as gallant and brave, however tending to the Prejudice of his Lord and Maſter, who would by it have loſt ſo conſiderable a number of Slaves; that this Flight of his ſhou'd be look'd on as a Heat of Youth, and a Raſhneſs of a too forward Courage, and an unconſider'd Impatience of Liberty, and no more; and that he labour'd in vain to accompliſh that which they would effectually perform as ſoon as any Ship arrived that would touch on his Coaſt: 'So that if you will be pleaſed '(*continued he*) to ſurrender your ſelf, all

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'imaginable Reſpect ſhall be paid you;
'and your Self, your Wife and Child, if
'it be born here, ſhall depart free out of
'our Land.' But *Cæſar* would hear of no Compoſition; though *Byam* urged, if he purſued and went on in his Deſign, he would inevitably periſh, either by great Snakes, wild Beaſts, or Hunger; and he ought to have regard to his Wife, whoſe Condition requir'd Eaſe, and not the Fatigues of tedious Travel, where ſhe could not be ſecured from being devoured. But *Cæſar* told him, there was no Faith in the White Men, or the Gods they ador'd; who inſtructed them in Principles ſo falſe, that honeſt Men could not live amongſt them; though no People profeſs'd ſo much, none performed ſo little: That he knew what he had to do when he dealt with Men of Honour; but with them a Man ought to be eternally on his guard, and never to eat and drink with Chriſtians, without his Weapon of Defence in his hand; and, for his own Security, never to credit one Word they ſpoke. As for the Raſhneſs and Inconſiderateneſs of his Action, he would confeſs the Governour is in the right; and that he was aſhamed of what he had done, in endeavouring to make thoſe free, who were by Nature Slaves, poor wretched Rogues, fit to be uſed as Chriſtians Tools; Dogs, treacherous

rous and cowardly, fit for ſuch Maſters; and they wanted only but to be whipped into the knowledg of the Chriſtian Gods, to be the vileſt of all creeping things; to learn to worſhip ſuch Deities as had not power to make them juſt, brave, or honeſt: In fine, after a thouſand things of this nature, not fit here to be recited, he told *Byam*, He had rather die, than live upon the ſame Earth with ſuch Dogs. But *Trefry* and *Byam* pleaded and proteſted together ſo much, that *Trefry* believing the Governour to mean what he ſaid, and ſpeaking very cordially himſelf, generouſly put himſelf into *Cæſar*'s hands, and took him aſide, and perſuaded him, even with Tears, to live, by ſurrendring himſelf, and to name his Conditions. *Cæſar* was overcome by his Wit and Reaſons, and in conſideration of *Imoinda*: and demanding what he deſired, and that it ſhould be ratify'd by their Hands in Writing, becauſe he had perceived that was the common way of contract between Man and Man amongſt the Whites; all this was performed, and *Tuſcan*'s Pardon was put in, and they ſurrender'd to the Governour, who walked peaceably down into the Plantation with them, after giving order to bury their Dead. *Cæſar* was very much toil'd with the Buſtle of the Day, for he had fought like a Fury; and what

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Miſchief was done, he and *Tuſcan* performed alone; and gave their Enemies a fatal Proof, that they durſt do any thing, and fear'd no mortal Force.

But they were no ſooner arrived at the Place where all the Slaves receive their Puniſhments of Whipping, but they laid hands on *Ceſar* and *Tuſcan*, faint with Heat and Toil; and ſurprizing them, bound them to two ſeveral Stakes, and whipped them in a moſt deplorable and inhuman manner, rending the very Fleſh from their Bones, eſpecially *Ceſar*, who was not perceived to make any Moan, or to alter his Face, only to roll his Eyes on the faithleſs Governour, and thoſe he believed guilty, with Fierceneſs and Indignation; and to compleat his Rage, he ſaw every one of thoſe Slaves, who but a few days before ador'd him as ſomething more than mortal, now had a Whip to give him ſome Laſhes, while he ſtrove not to break his Fetters; tho if he had, it were impoſſible: but he pronounced a Woe and Revenge from his Eyes, that darted Fire, which was at once both awful and terrible to behold.

When they thought they were ſufficiently revenged on him, they unty'd him, almoſt fainting with loſs of Blood, from a thouſand Wounds all over his Body; from which they had rent his Clothes, and led him

him bleeding and naked as he was, and loaded him all over with Irons; and then rubb'd his Wounds, to compleat their Cruelty, with *Indian* Pepper, which had like to have made him raving mad: and, in this Condition made him ſo faſt to the Ground, that he could not ſtir, if his Pains and Wounds would have given him leave. They ſpared *Imoinda*, and did not let her ſee this Barbarity committed towards her Lord, but carry'd her down to *Parham*, and ſhut her up; which was not in kindneſs to her, but for fear ſhe ſhould die with the ſight, or miſcarry, and then they ſhould loſe a young Slave, and perhaps the Mother.

You muſt know, that when the News was brought on *Monday* Morning, that *Cæſar* had betaken himſelf to the Woods, and carry'd with him all the Negroes, we were poſſeſs'd with extreme Fear, which no Perſuaſions could diſſipate, that he would ſecure himſelf till night, and then would come down and cut all our Throats. This Apprehenſion made all the Females of us fly down the River, to be ſecured; and while we were away, they acted this Cruelty; for I ſuppoſe I had Authority and Intereſt enough there, had I ſuſpected any ſuch thing, to have prevented it: but we had not gone many Leagues, but the News overtook us, that *Cæſar* was taken and whipped like a common Slave. We

met

met on the River with Colonel *Martin*, a Man of great Gallantry, Wit, and Goodneſs, and whom I have celebrated in a Character of my new Comedy, by his own Name, in memory of ſo brave a Man: He was wiſe and eloquent, and, from the Fineneſs of his Parts, bore a great ſway over the Hearts of all the Colony: He was a Friend to *Caſar*, and reſented this falſe dealing with him very much. We carry'd him back to *Parham*, thinking to have made an Accommodation; when he came, the firſt News we heard, was, That the Governor was dead of a Wound *Imoinda* had given him; but it was not ſo well. But it ſeems, he would have the Pleaſure of beholding the Revenge he took on *Caſar*; and before the cruel Ceremony was finiſhed, he dropt down; and then they perceived the Wound he had on his Shoulder was by a venom'd Arrow, which, as I ſaid, his *Indian* Miſtreſs healed, by ſucking the Wound.

We were no ſooner arrived, but we went up to the Plantation to ſee *Caſar*; whom we found in a very miſerable and unexpreſſible Condition; and I have a thouſand times admired how he lived in ſo much tormenting Pain. We ſaid all things to him, that Trouble, Pity and Good-Nature could ſuggeſt, proteſting our Innocency of the Fact, and our Abhorrence

rence of ſuch Cruelties; making a thouſand Profeſſions and Services to him, and begging as many Pardons for the Offenders, till we ſaid ſo much, that he believed we had no hand in his ill Treatment: but told us, He could never pardon *Byam*; as for *Trefry*, he confeſs'd he ſaw his Grief and Sorrow for his Suffering, which he could not hinder, but was like to have been beaten down by the very Slaves, for ſpeaking in his defence; But for *Byam*, who was their Leader, their Head —— and ſhou'd, by his Juſtice and Honour, have been an Example to 'em —— for him he wiſhed to live to take a dire revenge of him; and ſaid, *It had been well for him, if he had ſacrificed me inſtead of giving me the contemptible Whip.* He refuſed to talk much; but begging us to give him our Hands, he took them, and proteſted never to lift up his, to do us any harm. He had a great Reſpect for Colonel *Martin*, and always took his Counſel like that of a Parent; and aſſured him, he would obey him in any thing, but his Revenge on *Byam*: 'Therefore (*ſaid he*) for his own Safety, let 'him ſpeedily diſpatch me; for if I could 'diſpatch my ſelf, I would not, till that 'Juſtice were done to my injured Perſon, 'and the Contempt of a Soldier: No, I 'would not kill my ſelf, even after a

'Whip-

'Whipping, but will be content to live 'with that Infamy, and be pointed at by 'every grinning Slave, till I have com-'pleated my Revenge; and then you ſhall 'ſee, that *Oroonoko* ſcorns to live with the 'Indignity that was put on *Cæſar*.' All we could do, could get no more Words from him; and we took care to have him put immediately into a healing Bath, to rid him of his Pepper, and order'd a Chirurgeon to anoint him with healing Balm, which he ſuffer'd, and in ſome time he began to be able to walk and eat. We failed not to viſit him every day, and to that end had him brought to an Apartment at *Parham*.

The Governour had no ſooner recover'd, and had heard of the Menaces of *Cæſar*, but he called his Council, who (not to diſgrace them, or burleſque the Government there) conſiſted of ſuch notorious Villains as *Newgate* never tranſported; and, poſſibly, originally were ſuch who underſtood neither the Laws of God or Man, and had no ſort of Principles to make them worthy the Name of Men; but at the very Council-Table wou'd contradict and fight with one another, and ſwear ſo bloodily, that 'twas terrible to hear and ſee 'em. (Some of 'em were afterwards hanged when the *Dutch* took poſſeſſion of the Place, others ſent off in Chains.) But calling

calling theſe ſpecial Rulers of the Nation together, and requiring their Counſel in this weighty Affair, they all concluded, that (damn 'em) it might be their own Caſes; and that *Cæſar* ought to be made an Example to all the Negroes, to fright 'em from daring to threaten their Betters, their Lords and Maſters: and at this rate no Man was ſafe from his own Slaves; and concluded, *nemine contradicente*, That *Cæſar* ſhould be hanged.

Trefry then thought it time to uſe his Authority, and told *Byam*, his Command did not extend to his Lord's Plantation; and that *Parham* was as much exempt from the Law as *White-Hall*; and that they ought no more to touch the Servants of the Lord ——— (who there repreſented the King's Perſon) than they could thoſe about the King himſelf; and that *Parham* was a Sanctuary; and tho his Lord were abſent in Perſon, his Power was ſtill in being there, which he had entruſted with him, as far as the Dominions of his particular Plantations reached, and all that belonged to it: the reſt of the Country, as *Byam* was Lieutenant to his Lord, he might exerciſe his Tyranny upon. *Trefry* had others as powerful, or more, that intereſted themſelves in *Cæſar*'s Life, and abſolutely ſaid, he ſhould be defended. So turning the Governour, and his wife Coun-

Council, out of doors, (for they ſat at *Parham-Houſe*) we ſet a Guard upon our Lodging-Place, and would admit none but thoſe we called Friends to us and *Cæſar*.

The Governour having remain'd wounded at *Parham*, till his Recovery was compleated, *Cæſar* did not know but he was ſtill there, and indeed, for the moſt part, his time was ſpent there: for he was one that loved to live at other Peoples Expence, and if he were a day abſent, he was ten preſent there; and us'd to play, and walk, and hunt and fiſh with *Cæſar*: So that *Cæſar* did not all doubt, if he once recover'd Strength, but he ſhould find an opportunity of being revenged on him; though, after ſuch a Revenge, he could not hope to live: for if he eſcaped the Fury of the *Engliſh* Mobile, who perhaps would have been glad of the occaſion to have killed him, he was reſolved not to ſurvive his whipping; yet he had ſome tender Hours, a repenting Softneſs, which he called his Fits of Cowardice, wherein he ſtruggled with Love for the Victory of his Heart, which took part with his charming *Imoinda* there: but, for the moſt part, his time was paſt in melancholy Thoughts, and black Deſigns. He conſider'd, if he ſhould do this Deed, and die either in the Attempt, or after it, he left his lovely *Imoinda* a Prey, or at beſt a Slave to the en-

enraged Multitude; his great Heart could not endure that Thought: *Perhaps* (ſaid he) *ſhe may be firſt raviſh'd by every Brute; expos'd firſt to their naſty Luſts, and then a ſhameful Death:* No, he could not live a moment under that Apprehenſion, too inſupportable to be borne. Theſe were his Thoughts, and his ſilent Arguments with his Heart, as he told us afterwards: ſo that now reſolving not only to kill *Byam*, but all thoſe he thought had enraged him; pleaſing his great Heart with the fancy'd Slaughter he ſhould make over the whole face of the Plantation; he firſt reſolved on a Deed, that (however horrid it firſt appear'd to us all) when we had heard his Reaſons, we thought it brave and juſt. Being able to walk, and, as he believed, fit for the execution of his great Deſign, he begg'd *Trefry* to truſt him into the Air, believing a Walk would do him good; which was granted him: and taking *Imoinda* with him, as he uſed to do in his more happy and calmer days, he led her up into a Wood, where (after with a thouſand Sighs, and long gazing ſilently on her Face, while Tears guſh'd, in ſpight of him, from his Eyes) he told her his Deſign, firſt of killing her, and then his Enemies, and next himſelf, and the Impoſſibility of eſcaping, and therefore he told her the Neceſſity of dying. He found the heroick

roick Wife faſter pleading for Death, than he was to propoſe it, when ſhe found his fix'd Reſolution; and, on her Knees, beſought him not to leave her a Prey to his Enemies. He (grieved to death) yet pleaſed at her noble Reſolution, took her up, and embracing of her with all the Paſſion and Languiſhment of a dying Lover, drew his Knife to kill this Treaſure of his Soul, this Pleaſure of his Eyes; while Tears trickled down his Cheeks, hers were ſmiling with Joy ſhe ſhould die by ſo noble a Hand, and be ſent into her own Country (for that's their Notion of the next World) by him ſhe ſo tenderly loved, and ſo truly ador'd in this: For Wives have a reſpect for their Husbands equal to what any other People pay a Deity; and when a Man finds any occaſion to quit his Wife, if he love her, ſhe dies by his hand; if not, he ſells her, or ſuffers ſome other to kill her. It being thus, you may believe the Deed was ſoon reſolved on; and 'tis not to be doubted, but the parting, the eternal leave-taking of two ſuch Lovers, ſo greatly born, ſo ſenſible, ſo beautiful, ſo young, and ſo fond, muſt be very moving, as the Relation of it was to me afterwards.

All that Love could ſay in ſuch caſes, being ended, and all the intermitting Irreſolutions being adjuſted, the lovely, young and ador'd Victim lays her ſelf down before

fore the Sacrificer; while he, with a hand reſolved, and a heart-breaking within, gave the fatal Stroke, firſt cutting her Throat, and then ſevering her yet ſmiling Face from that delicate Body, pregnant as it was with the Fruits of tendereſt Love. As ſoon as he had done, he laid the Body decently on Leaves and Flowers, of which he made a Bed, and conceal'd it under the ſame Cover-lid of Nature; only her Face he left yet bare to look on: But when he found ſhe was dead, and paſt all retrieve, never more to bleſs him with her Eyes, and ſoft Language, his Grief ſwell'd up to rage; he tore, he raved, he roar'd like ſome Monſter of the Wood, calling on the lov'd Name of *Imoinda*. A thouſand times he turned the fatal Knife that did the Deed toward his own Heart, with a Reſolution to go immediately after her; but dire Revenge, which was now a thouſand times more fierce in his Soul than before, prevents him: and he would cry out, 'No, ſince I have ſacrific'd *Imoinda* to my 'Revenge, ſhall I loſe that Glory which I 'have purchaſed ſo dear, as at the Price 'of the faireſt, deareſt, ſofteſt Creature 'that ever Nature made? No, no!' Then at her Name Grief would get the aſcendant of Rage, and he would lie down by her ſide, and water her Face with Showers of Tears, which never were wont to fall

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from thoſe Eyes; and however bent he was on his intended Slaughter, he had not Power to ſtir from the Sight of this dear Object, now more beloved, and more ador'd than ever.

He remained in this deplorable Condition for two days, and never roſe from the Ground where he had made her ſad Sacrifice; at laſt rouzing from her Side, and accuſing himſelf with living too long, now *Imoinda* was dead, and that the Deaths of thoſe barbarous Enemies were deferred too long, he reſolv'd now to finiſh the great Work: but offering to riſe, he found his Strength ſo decay'd, that he reeled to and fro, like Boughs aſſailed by contrary Winds; ſo that he was forced to lie down again, and try to ſummon all his Courage to his Aid. He found his Brains turned round, and his Eyes were dizzy, and Objects appear'd not the ſame to him they were wont to do; his Breath was ſhort, and all his Limbs ſurpriz'd with a Faintneſs he had never felt before. He had not eat in two days, which was one occaſion of his Feebleneſs, but exceſs of Grief was the greateſt; yet ſtill he hoped he ſhou'd recover Vigour to act his Deſign, and lay expecting it yet ſix days longer; ſtill mourning over the dead Idol of his Heart, and ſtriving every day to riſe, but could not.

In all this time you may believe we were in no little Affliction for *Cæſar* and his Wife: ſome were of Opinion he was eſcaped, never to return; others thought ſome Accident had hapned to him: but however, we fail'd not to ſend out a hundred People ſeveral ways, to ſearch for him. A Party of about forty went that way he took, among whom was *Tuſcan*, who was perfectly reconciled to *Byam*: They had not gone very far into the Wood, but they ſmelt an unuſual Smell, as of a dead Body; for Stinks muſt be very noiſom, that can be diſtinguiſhed among ſuch a quantity of natural Sweets, as every Inch of that Land produces: ſo that they concluded they ſhould find him dead, or ſome body that was ſo; they paſs'd on towards it, as loathſome as it was, and made ſuch ruſtling among the Leaves that lie thick on the ground, by continual falling, that *Cæſar* heard he was approach'd: and though he had, during the ſpace of theſe eight days, endeavoured to riſe, but found he wanted Strength, yet looking up, and ſeeing his Purſuers, he roſe, and reel'd to a neighbouring Tree, againſt which he fix'd his Back; and being within a dozen Yards of thoſe that advanc'd and ſaw him, he call'd out to them, and bid them approach no nearer, if they would be ſafe. So that they ſtood ſtill, and hardly believ-

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ing their Eyes, that would perſuade them that it was *Cæſar* that ſpoke to 'em, ſo much he was alter'd; they ask'd him, what he had done with his Wife, for they ſmelt a Stink that almoſt ſtruck them dead? He pointing to the dead Body, ſighing, cry'd, *Behold her there.* They put off the Flowers that cover'd her, with their Sticks, and found ſhe was kill'd, and cry'd out, *Oh, Monſter! that haſt murder'd thy Wife.* Then asking him, why he did ſo cruel a Deed? He replied, He had no leiſure to anſwer impertinent Queſtions: 'You may go back *(continued he)* and tell 'the faithleſs Governour, he may thank 'Fortune that I am breathing my laſt; 'and that my Arm is too feeble to obey 'my Heart, in what it had deſign'd him:' But his Tongue faultering, and trembling, he could ſcarce end what he was ſaying. The *Engliſh* taking advantage by his Weakneſs, cry'd, *Let us take him alive by all means.* He heard 'em; and, as if he had reviv'd from a fainting, or a dream, he cried out, 'No, Gentlemen, you are de-'ceiv'd; you will find no more *Cæſars* to 'be whipt; no more find a Faith in me: 'Feeble as you think me, I have Strength 'yet left to ſecure me from a ſecond In-'dignity.' They ſwore all anew; and he only ſhook his Head, and beheld them with Scorn. Then they cry'd out, *Who*

will venture on this ſingle Man? Will no body? They ſtood all ſilent, while *Cæſar* replied, *Fatal will be the Attempt of the firſt Adventurer, let him aſſure himſelf,* (and, at that word, held up his Knife in a menacing poſture:) *Look ye, ye faithleſs Crew,* ſaid he, *'tis not Life I ſeek, nor am I afraid of dying,* (and at that word, cut a piece of Fleſh from his own Throat, and threw it at 'em) *yet ſtill I would live if I could, till I had perfected my Revenge: But, oh! it cannot be; I feel Life gliding from my Eyes and Heart; and if I make not haſte, I ſhall fall a Victim to the ſhameful Whip.* At that, he rip'd up his own Belly, and took his Bowels and pull'd 'em out, with what ſtrength he could; while ſome, on their Knees imploring, beſought him to hold his Hand. But when they ſaw him tottering, they cry'd out, *Will none venture on him?* A bold *Engliſhman* cry'd, *Yes, if he were the Devil,* (taking Courage when he ſaw him almoſt dead) and ſwearing a horrid Oath for his farewel to the World, he ruſh'd on him. *Cæſar* with his arm'd Hand, met him ſo fairly, as ſtuck him to the heart, and he fell dead at his feet. *Tuſcan* ſeeing that, cry'd out, *I love thee, O* Cæſar! *and therefore will not let thee die, if poſſible*; and running to him, took him in his Arms: but, at the ſame time, warding a Blow that *Cæſar* made at his Boſom,

ſom, he receiv'd it quite through his Arm; and *Cæſar* having not ſtrength to pluck the Knife forth, tho he attempted it, *Tuſcan* neither pull'd it out himſelf, nor ſuffer'd it to be pull'd out, but came down with it ſticking in his Arm; and the reaſon he gave for it, was, becauſe the Air ſhould not get into the Wound. They put their Hands a-croſs, and carry'd *Cæſar* between ſix of 'em, fainting as he was, and they thought dead, or juſt dying; and they brought him to *Parham*, and laid him on a Couch, and had the Chirurgeon immediately to him, who dreſt his Wounds, and ſow'd up his Belly, and us'd means to bring him to Life, which they effected. We ran all to ſee him; and, if before we thought him ſo beautiful a Sight, he was now ſo alter'd, that his Face was like a Death's-Head black'd over, nothing but Teeth and Eye-holes: For ſome days we ſuffer'd no body to ſpeak to him, but cauſed Cordials to be poured down his Throat; which ſuſtained his Life, and in ſix or ſeven days he recovered his Senſes: For, you muſt know, that Wounds are almoſt to a miracle cur'd in the *Indies*; unleſs Wounds in the Legs, which they rarely ever cure.

When he was well enough to ſpeak, we talk'd to him, and ask'd him ſome Queſtions about his Wife, and the Reaſons

why he kill'd her; and he then told us what I have related of that Reſolution, and of his parting, and he beſought us we would let him die, and was extremely afflicted to think it was poſſible he might live: He aſſur'd us, if we did not diſpatch him, he would prove very fatal to a great many. We ſaid all we could to make him live, and gave him new Aſſurances; but he begg'd we would not think ſo poorly of him, or of his Love to *Imoinda*, to imagine we could flatter him to Life again: But the Chirurgeon aſſur'd him he could not live, and therefore he need not fear. We were all (but *Caſar*) afflicted at this News, and the Sight was ghaſtly: His Diſcourſe was ſad; and the earthy Smell about him ſo ſtrong, that I was perſuaded to leave the place for ſome time, (being my ſelf but ſickly, and very apt to fall into Fits of dangerous Illneſs upon any extraordinary Melancholy.) The Servants, and *Trefry*, and the Chirurgeons, promis'd all to take what poſſible care they could of the Life of *Caſar*; and I, taking Boat, went with other Company to Colonel *Martin*'s, about three days Journey down the River. But I was no ſooner gone, than the Governour taking *Trefry*, about ſome pretended earneſt Buſineſs, a Day's Journey up the River, having communicated his Deſign to one *Baniſter*, a

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wild *Iriſh* Man, one of the Council, a Fellow of abſolute Barbarity, and fit to execute any Villany, but rich; he came up to *Parham*, and forcibly took *Cæſar*, and had him carried to the ſame Poſt where he was whipp'd; and cauſing him to be ty'd to it, and a great Fire made before him, he told him, he ſhould die like a Dog, as he was. *Cæſar* replied, This was the firſt piece of Bravery that ever *Baniſter* did, and he never ſpoke Senſe till he pronounc'd that Word; and, if he would keep it, he would declare, in the other World, that he was the only Man, of all the *Whites*, that ever he heard ſpeak Truth. And turning to the Men that had bound him, he ſaid, *My Friends, am I to die, or to be whipt?* And they cry'd, *Whipt! no, you ſhall not eſcape ſo well.* And then he reply'd, ſmiling, *A Bleſſing on thee*; and aſſur'd them, they need not tie him, for he would ſtand fix'd like a Rock, and endure Death ſo as ſhould encourage them to die: *But if you whip me* (ſaid he) *be ſure you tie me faſt.*

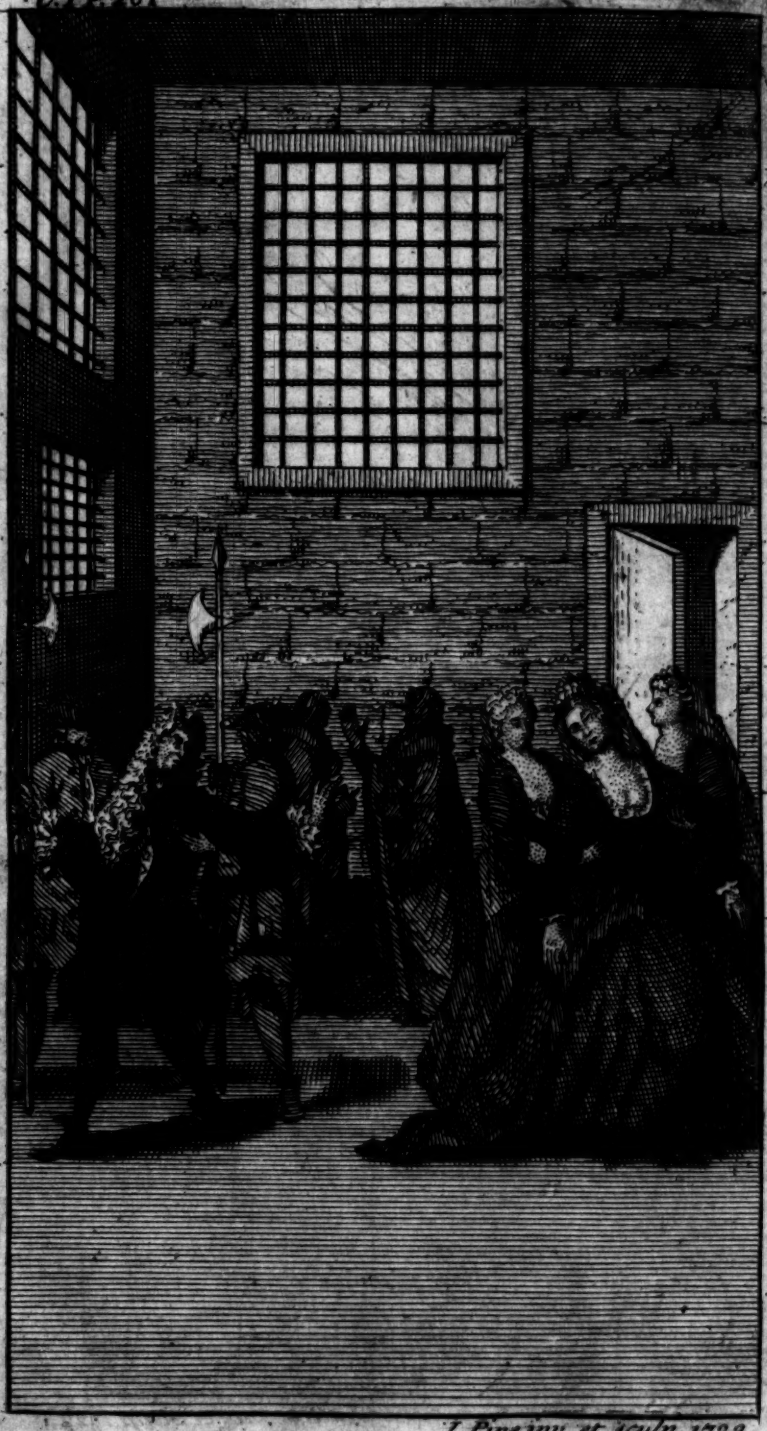
He had learn'd to take Tobacco; and when he was aſſur'd he ſhould die, he deſir'd they would give him a Pipe in his Mouth, ready lighted; which they did: And the Executioner came, and firſt cut off his Members, and threw them into the Fire; after that, with an ill-favour'd Knife, they cut off his Ears and his Noſe,

and burn'd them; he ſtill ſmoak'd on, as if nothing had touch'd him; then they hack'd off one of his Arms, and ſtill he bore up, and held his Pipe; but at the cutting off the other Arm, his Head ſunk, and his Pipe dropt, and he gave up the Ghoſt, without a Groan, or a Reproach. My Mother and Siſter were by him all the while, but not ſuffer'd to ſave him; ſo rude and wild were the Rabble, and ſo inhuman were the Juſtices who ſtood by to ſee the Execution, who after paid dear enough for their Inſolence. They cut *Cæſar* into Quarters, and ſent them to ſeveral of the chief Plantations: One Quarter was ſent to Colonel *Martin*; who refus'd it, and ſwore, he had rather ſee the Quarters of *Baniſter*, and the Governour himſelf, than thoſe of *Cæſar*, on his Plantations; and that he could govern his *Negroes*, without terrifying and grieving them with frightful Spectacles of a mangled King.

Thus died this great Man, worthy of a better Fate, and a more ſublime Wit than mine to write his Praiſe: Yet, I hope, the Reputation of my Pen is conſiderable enough to make his glorious Name to ſurvive to all Ages, with that of the brave, the beautiful, and the conſtant *Imoinda*.

THE


BRITISH MUSEUM
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JUL



J. Pine inv. et sculp. 1732.

THE *FAIR FILT*; OR, THE AMOURS OF Prince *Tarquin* and *Miranda*.

AS Love is the moſt noble and divine Paſſion of the Soul, ſo it is that to which we may juſtly attribute all the real Satisfactions of Life; and without it, Man is unfiniſh'd and unhappy.

There are a thouſand things to be ſaid of the Advantages this generous Paſſion brings to thoſe, whoſe Hearts are capable

of receiving its ſoft Impreſſions; for 'tis not every one that can be ſenſible of its tender Touches. How many Examples, from Hiſtory and Obſervation, could I give of its wondrous Power; nay, even to a degree of Tranſmigration! How many Idiots has it made wiſe! How many Fools eloquent! How many home-bred Squires accompliſh'd! How many Cowards brave! And there is no ſort of Species of Mankind on whom it cannot work ſome Change and Miracle, if it be a noble well-grounded Paſſion, except on the Fop in faſhion, the harden'd incorrigible Fop; ſo often wounded, but never reclaim'd: For ſtill, by a dire Miſtake, conducted by vaſt Opiniatrety, and a greater Portion of Self-love, than the reſt of the Race of Man, he believes that Affectation in his Mein and Dreſs, that Mathematical Movement, that Formality in every Action, that a Face manag'd with Care, and ſoften'd into Ridicule, the languiſhing Turn, the Toſs, and the Back-ſhake of the Periwig, is the direct way to the Heart of the fine Perſon he adores; and inſtead of curing Love in his Soul, ſerves only to advance his Folly; and the more he is enamour'd, the more induſtriouſly he aſſumes (every hour) the Coxcomb. Theſe are Love's Play-things, a ſort of Animals with whom he ſports; and whom he never

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wounds, but when he is in good humour, and always ſhoots laughing. 'Tis the Diverſion of the little God, to ſee what a fluttering and buſtle one of theſe Sparks, new-wounded, makes; to what fantaſtick Fooleries he has recourſe: The Glaſs is every moment call'd to counſel, the Valet conſulted and plagu'd for new Invention of Dreſs, the Footman and Scrutore perpetually employ'd; *Billet-doux* and *Madrigals* take up all his Mornings, till Play-time in dreſſing, till Night in gazing; ſtill, like a Sun-flower, turn'd towards the Beams of the fair Eyes of his *Celia*, adjuſting himſelf in the moſt amorous Poſture he can aſſume, his Hat under his Arm, while the other Hand is put careleſly into his Boſom, as if laid upon his panting Heart; his Head a little bent to one ſide, ſupported with a world of Crevat-ſtring, which he takes mighty care not to put into diſorder; as one may gueſs by a never-failing and horrid Stiffneſs in his Neck; and if he has any occaſion to look aſide, his whole Body turns at the ſame time, for fear the Motion of the Head alone ſhould incommode the Crevat or Periwig: And ſometimes the Glove is well manag'd, and the white Hand diſplay'd. Thus, with a thouſand other little Motions and Formalities, all in the common Place or Road of Foppery,

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he takes infinite pains to ſhew himſelf to the Pit and Boxes, a moſt accompliſh'd Aſs. This is he, of all human Kind, on whom Love can do no Miracles, and who can no where, and upon no occaſion, quit one Grain of his refin'd Foppery, unleſs in a Duel, or a Battel, if ever his Stars ſhould be ſo ſevere and ill-manner'd, to reduce him to the Neceſſity of either: Fear then would ruffle that fine Form he had ſo long preſerv'd in niceſt Order, with grief conſidering, that an unlucky Chance-wound in his Face, if ſuch a dire Misfortune ſhould befal him, would ſpoil the Sale of it for ever.

Perhaps it will be urg'd, that ſince no Metamorphoſis can be made in a Fop by Love, you muſt conſider him one of thoſe that only talks of Love, and thinks himſelf that happy thing, a Lover; and wanting fine Senſe enough for the real Paſſion, believes what he feels to be it. There are in the Quiver of the God a great many different Darts; ſome that wound for a Day, and others for a Year; they are all fine, painted, glittering Darts, and ſhew as well as thoſe made of the nobleſt Metal; but the Wounds they make, reach the Deſire only, and are cur'd by poſſeſſing, while the ſhort-liv'd Paſſion betrays the Cheat. But 'tis that refin'd and illuſtrious Paſſion of the Soul, whoſe

whoſe aim is Vertue, and whoſe end is Honour, that has the power of changing Nature, and is capable of performing all thoſe heroick things, of which Hiſtory is full.

How far diſtant Paſſions may be from one another, I ſhall be able to make appear in theſe following Rules. I'll prove to you the ſtrong Effects of Love in ſome unguarded and ungovern'd Hearts; where it rages beyond the Inſpirations of *a God all ſoft and gentle*, and reigns more like *a Fury from Hell*.

I do not pretend here to entertain you with a feign'd Story, or any thing piec'd together with romantick Accidents; but every Circumſtance, to a tittle, is Truth. To a great part of the main I my ſelf was an Eye-witneſs; and what I did not ſee, I was confirm'd of by Actors in the Intrigue, holy Men, of the Order of St. *Francis*: But for the ſake of ſome of her Relations, I ſhall give my *Fair Jilt* a feign'd Name, that of *Miranda*; but my Hero muſt retain his own, it being too illuſtrious to be conceal'd.

You are to underſtand, that in all the Catholick Countries, where Holy Orders are eſtabliſh'd, there are abundance of differing kinds of Religious, both of Men and Women. Amongſt the Women, there are thoſe we call *Nuns*, that make ſolemn

ſolemn Vows of perpetual Chaſtity: There are others who make but a ſimple Vow, as for five or ten Years, or more or leſs; and that time expir'd, they may contract a-new for longer time, or marry, or diſpoſe of themſelves as they ſhall ſee good; and theſe are ordinarily call'd *Galloping Nuns*: Of theſe there are ſeveral Orders; as *Canoneſſes*, *Begines*, *Queſts*, *Swart-Siſters*, and *Jeſuiteſſes*, with ſeveral others I have forgot. Of thoſe of the *Begines* was our *Fair Votreſs*.

Theſe Orders are taken up by the beſt Perſons of the Town, young Maids of Fortune, who live together, not inclos'd, but in Palaces that will hold about fifteen hundred or two thouſand of theſe *Filles Devotes*; where they have a regulated Government, under a ſort of *Abbeſs*, or *Prioreſs*, or rather a *Governante*. They are oblig'd to a Method of Devotion, and are under a ſort of Obedience. They wear a Habit much like our Widows of Quality in *England*, only without a *Bando*; and their Veil is of a thicker Crape than what we have here, thro which one cannot ſee the Face: for when they go abroad, they cover themſelves all over with it; but they put 'em up in the Churches, and lay 'em by in the Houſes. Every one of theſe have a Confeſſor, who is to 'em a ſort of Steward: For, you muſt know,

they

they that go into theſe Places, have the Management of their own Fortunes, and what their Parents deſign 'em. Without the advice of this Confeſſor, they act nothing, nor admit of a Lover that he ſhall not approve; at leaſt, this Method ought to be taken, and is by almoſt all of 'em: tho *Miranda* thought her Wit above it, as her Spirit was.

But as theſe Women are, as I ſaid, of the beſt Quality, and live with the Reputation of being retir'd from the World a little more than ordinary, and becauſe there is a ſort of difficulty to approach 'em, they are the People the moſt courted, and liable to the greateſt Temptations; for as difficult as it ſeems to be, they receive Viſits from all the Men of the beſt Quality, eſpecially Strangers. All the Men of Wit and Converſation meet at the Apartments of theſe fair *Filles Devotes*, where all manner of Gallantries are perform'd, while all the Study of theſe Maids is to accompliſh themſelves for theſe noble Converſations. They receive Preſents, Balls, Serenades, and Billets: All the News, Wit, Verſes, Songs, Novels, Muſick, Gaming, and all fine Diverſion, is in their Apartments, they themſelves being of the beſt Quality and Fortune. So that to manage theſe Gallantries, there is no ſort of Female Arts they are not practis'd

practis'd in, no Intrigue they are ignorant of, and no Management of which they are not capable.

Of this happy number was the fair *Miranda*, whoſe Parents being dead, and a vaſt Eſtate divided between her ſelf and a young Siſter, (who liv'd with an unmarry'd old Uncle, whoſe Eſtate afterwards was all divided between 'em) ſhe put her ſelf into this uninclos'd Religious Houſe: but her Beauty, which had all the Charms that ever Nature gave, became the Envy of the whole *Siſterhood*. She was tall, and admirably ſhaped; ſhe had a bright Hair, and Hazle-Eyes, all full of Love and Sweetneſs: No Art could make a Face ſo fair as her's by Nature, which every Feature adorn'd with a Grace that Imagination cannot reach: Every Look, every Motion charm'd, and her black Dreſs ſhew'd the Luſtre of her Face and Neck. She had an Air, tho gay as ſo much Youth could inſpire, yet ſo modeſt, ſo nobly reſerv'd, without Formality, or Stiffneſs, that one who look'd on her would have imagin'd her Soul the Twin-Angel of her Body; and both together made her appear ſomething Divine. To this ſhe had a great deal of Wit, read much, and retain'd all that ſerv'd her purpoſe. She ſung delicately, and danc'd well, and play'd on the Lute to a miracle.

cle. She ſpoke ſeveral Languages naturally; for being Co-heireſs to ſo great a Fortune, ſhe was bred with the niceſt Care, in all the fineſt Manners of Education; and was now arriv'd to her Eighteenth Year.

'Twere needleſs to tell you how great a noiſe the Fame of this young Beauty, with ſo conſiderable a Fortune, made in the World: I may ſay, the World, rather than confine her Fame to the ſcanty Limits of a Town; it reach'd to many others: And there was not a Man of any Quality that came to *Antwerp*, or paſs'd thro the City, but made it his buſineſs to ſee the lovely *Miranda*, who was univerſally ador'd: Her Youth and Beauty, her Shape, and Majeſty of Mein, and Air of Greatneſs, charm'd all her Beholders; and thouſands of People were dying by her Eyes, while ſhe was vain enough to glory in her Conqueſts, and make it her Buſineſs to wound. She lov'd nothing ſo much as to behold ſighing Slaves at her Feet, of the greateſt Quality; and treated 'em all with an Affability that gave 'em Hope. Continual Muſick, as ſoon as it was dark, and Songs of dying Lovers, were ſung under her Windows; and ſhe might well have made her ſelf a great Fortune (if ſhe had not been ſo already) by the rich Preſents that were hourly

hourly made her; and every body daily expected when ſhe would make ſome one happy, by ſuffering her ſelf to be conquer'd by Love and Honour, by the Aſſiduities and Vows of ſome one of her Adorers. But *Miranda* accepted their Preſents, heard their Vows with Pleaſure, and willingly admitted all their ſoft Addreſſes; but would not yield her Heart, or give away that lovely Perſon to the poſſeſſion of one, who could pleaſe it ſelf with ſo many. She was naturally Amorous, but extremely Inconſtant: She lov'd one for his Wit, another for his Face, and a third for his Mein; but above all, ſhe admir'd Quality: Quality alone had the Power to attack her entirely; yet not to one Man, but that Vertue was ſtill admir'd by her in all: where-ever ſhe found that, ſhe lov'd, or at leaſt acted the Lover with ſuch Art, that (deceiving well) ſhe fail'd not to compleat her Conqueſt; and yet ſhe never durſt truſt her fickle Humour with Marriage. She knew the Strength of her own Heart, and that it could not ſuffer it ſelf to be confin'd to one Man, and wiſely avoided thoſe Inquietudes, and that Uneaſineſs of Life ſhe was ſure to find in that married State, which would, againſt her Nature, oblige her to the Embraces of one, whoſe Humour was, to love all the Young and

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the Gay. But Love, who had hitherto only play'd with her Heart, and given it nought but pleaſing wanton Wounds, ſuch as afforded only ſoft Joys, and not Pains, reſolv'd, either out of Revenge to thoſe Numbers ſhe had abandon'd, and who had ſigh'd ſo long in vain, or to try what power he had upon ſo fickle a Heart, to ſend an Arrow dipp'd in the moſt tormenting Flames that rage in Hearts moſt ſenſible. He ſtruck it home and deep, with all the Malice of an angry God.

There was a Church belonging to the *Cordeliers*, whither *Miranda* often repair'd to her Devotion; and being there one day, accompany'd with a young Siſter of the Order, after the Maſs was ended, as 'tis the cuſtom, ſome one of the Fathers goes about the Church with a Box for Contribution, or Charity-money: it happen'd that day, that a young Father, newly initiated, carried the Box about, which, in his turn, he brought to *Miranda*. She had no ſooner caſt her Eyes on this young Friar, but her Face was overſpread with Bluſhes of Surprize. She beheld him ſtedfaſtly, and ſaw in his Face all the Charms of Youth, Wit, and Beauty; he wanted no one Grace that could form him for Love, he appear'd all that is adorable to the Fair Sex, nor could the miſhapen Habit hide from her the lovely

lovely Shape it endeavour'd to cover, nor thoſe delicate Hands that approach'd her too near with the Box. Beſides the Beauty of his Face and Shape, he had an Air altogether great, in ſpite of his profeſs'd Poverty, it betray'd the Man of Quality; and that Thought weigh'd greatly with *Miranda*. But Love, who did not deſign ſhe ſhould now feel any ſort of thoſe eaſy Flames, with which ſhe had heretofore burnt, made her ſoon lay all thoſe Conſiderations aſide, which us'd to invite her to love, and now lov'd ſhe knew not why.

She gaz'd upon him, while he bow'd before her, and waited for her Charity, till ſhe perceiv'd the lovely Friar to bluſh, and caſt his Eyes to the Ground. This awaken'd her Shame, and ſhe put her Hand into her Pocket, and was a good while in ſearching for her Purſe, as if ſhe thought of nothing leſs than what ſhe was about; at laſt ſhe drew it out, and gave him a Piſtole; but with ſo much Deliberation and Leiſure, as eaſily betray'd the Satisfaction ſhe took in looking on him: While the good Man, having receiv'd her Bounty, after a very low Obeiſance, proceeded to the reſt; and *Miranda* caſting after him a Look all languiſhing, as long as he remain'd in the Church, departed with a Sigh as ſoon as ſhe

ſhe ſaw him go out, and returned to her Apartment without ſpeaking one Word all the way to the young *Fille Devote*, who attended her; ſo abſolutely was her Soul employ'd with this young Holy Man. *Cornelia* (ſo was this Maid call'd who was with her) perceiving ſhe was ſo ſilent, who us'd to be all Wit and Good-Humour, and obſerving her little Diſorder at the ſight of the young Father, tho ſhe was far from imagining it to be Love, took an occaſion, when ſhe was come home, to ſpeak of him. 'Madam, *ſaid ſhe*, did you 'not obſerve that fine young *Cordelier*, 'who brought the Box?' At a Queſtion that nam'd that Object of her Thoughts, *Miranda* bluſh'd; and ſhe finding ſhe did ſo, redoubled her Confuſion, and ſhe had ſcarce Courage enough to ſay,——*Yes, I did obſerve him*: And then, forcing her ſelf to ſmile a little, continu'd; 'And I 'wonder'd to ſee ſo jolly a young Friar of 'an Order ſo ſevere and mortify'd. Ma-'dam (*reply'd* Cornelia) when you know 'his Story, you will not wonder.' *Miranda*, who was impatient to know all that concern'd her new Conqueror, oblig'd her to tell his Story; and *Cornelia* obey'd, and proceeded.

The

The Story of Prince Henrick.

'YOU muſt know, Madam, that this young Holy Man is a Prince of *Germany*, of the Houſe of——, whoſe Fate it was, to fall moſt paſſionately in love with a fair young Lady, who lov'd him with an Ardour equal to what he vow'd her. Sure of her Heart, and wanting only the approbation of her Parents, and his own, which her Quality did not ſuffer him to deſpair of, he boaſted of his Happineſs to a young Prince, his elder Brother, a Youth amorous and fierce, impatient of Joys, and ſenſible of Beauty, taking fire with all fair Eyes: He was his Father's Darling, and Delight of his fond Mother; and by an aſcendant over both their Hearts, rul'd their Wills.

'This young Prince no ſooner ſaw, but lov'd the fair Miſtreſs of his Brother; and with an Authority of a Sovereign, rather than the Advice of a Friend, warn'd his Brother *Henrick* (this now young Friar) to approach no more this Lady, whom he had ſeen; and ſeeing, lov'd.

'In vain the poor ſurpriz'd Prince pleads his right of Love, his exchange

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'of Vows, and aſſurance of a Heart that 'could never be but for himſelf. In vain 'he urges his Nearneſs of Blood, his 'Friendſhip, his Paſſion, or his Life, which 'ſo entirely depended on the poſſeſſion 'of the charming Maid. All his plead-'ing ſerv'd but to blow his Brother's 'Flame; and the more he implores, the 'more the other burns: and while *Hen-'rick* follows him, on his Knees, with 'humble Submiſſions, the other flies from 'him in Rages of tranſported Love; nor 'could his Tears, that purſu'd his Bro-'ther's Steps, move him to Pity: Hot-'headed, vain-conceated of his Beauty, 'and greater Quality, as elder Brother, 'he doubts not of Succeſs, and reſolv'd 'to ſacrifice all to the Violence of his new-'born Paſſion.

'In ſhort, he ſpeaks of his Deſign to his 'Mother, who promis'd him her Aſſiſ-'tance; and accordingly propoſing it firſt 'to the Prince her Husband, urging the Lan-'guiſhment of her Son, ſhe ſoon wrought 'ſo on him, that a Match being concluded 'between the Parents of this young Beau-'ty, and *Henrick*'s Brother, the Hour was 'appointed before ſhe knew of the Sacri-'fice ſhe was to be made. And while this 'was in agitation, *Henrick* was ſent on 'ſome great Affairs, up into *Germany*, far 'out of the way; not but his boding

Heart,

'Heart, with perpetual Sighs and Throbs, 'eternally foretold him his Fate.

'All the Letters he writ were inter-'cepted, as well as thoſe ſhe writ to him. 'She finds herſelf every day perplex'd 'with the Addreſſes of the Prince ſhe ha-'ted; he was ever ſighing at her feet. In 'vain were all her Reproaches, and all her 'Coldneſs, he was on the ſurer ſide; for 'what he found Love would not do, Force 'of Parents would.

'She complains, in her Heart, of young '*Henrick*, from whom ſhe could never re-'ceive one Letter; and at laſt could not 'forbear burſting into Tears, in ſpite of 'all her Force, and feign'd Courage; 'when, on a Day, the Prince told her, 'that *Henrick* was withdrawn to give him 'time to court her; to whom, he ſaid, 'he confeſs'd he had made ſome Vows, 'but did repent of 'em, knowing himſelf 'too young to make 'em good: That it 'was for that reaſon he brought him firſt 'to ſee her; and for that reaſon, that af-'ter that, he never ſaw her more, nor ſo 'much as took leave of her; when, in-'deed, his Death lay upon the next Viſit; 'his Brother having ſworn to murder 'him; and to that end, put a Guard up-'on him, till he was ſent into *Germany*.

'All this he utter'd with ſo many paſ-'ſionate Aſſeverations, Vows, and ſeem-

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'ing Pity for her being ſo inhumanly a-
'bandon'd, that ſhe almoſt gave credit to
'all he had ſaid, and had much ado to
'keep her ſelf within the bounds of Mo-
'deration, and ſilent Grief. Her Heart
'was breaking, her Eyes languiſh'd, and
'her Cheeks grew pale, and ſhe had like
'to have fallen dead into the treacherous
'Arms of him that had reduc'd her to this
'Diſcovery; but ſhe did what ſhe could
'to aſſume her Courage, and to ſhew as
'little Reſentment as poſſible for a Heart,
'like hers, oppreſs'd with Love, and now
'abandon'd by the dear Subject of its Joys
'and Pains.

'But, Madam, not to tire you with this
'Adventure, the Day arriv'd wherein our
'ſtill weeping Fair Unfortunate was to be
'ſacrific'd to the Capriciouſneſs of Love;
'and ſhe was carry'd to Court by her Pa-
'rents, without knowing to what end,
'where ſhe was even compell'd to marry
'the Prince.

'*Henrick*, who all this while knew no
'more of his Unhappineſs, than what his
'Fears ſuggeſted, returns, and paſſes even
'to the Preſence of his Father, before he
'knew any thing of his Fortune; where
'he beheld his Miſtreſs and his Brother,
'with his Father, in ſuch a Familiarity,
'as he no longer doubted his Deſtiny.
'Tis hard to judge, whether the Lady,

'or himſelf, was moſt ſurpriz'd; ſhe was 'all pale and unmoveable in her Chair, 'and *Henrick* fix'd like a Statue: at laſt 'Grief and Rage took place of Amaze-'ment, and he could not forbear crying 'out, *Ah, Traytor! Is it thus you have 'treated a Friend and Brother? And you, O 'perjur'd Charmer! Is it thus you have re-'warded all my Vows?* He could ſay no 'more; but reeling againſt the Door, had 'fall'n in a Swoon upon the Floor, had 'not his Page caught him in his Arms, 'who was entring with him. The good 'old Prince, the Father, who knew not 'what all this meant, was ſoon inform'd 'by the young weeping Princeſs; who, in 'relating the Story of her Amour with '*Henrick*, told her Tale in ſo moving a 'manner, as brought Tears to the Old 'Man's Eyes, and Rage to thoſe of her 'Husband; he immediately grew jealous 'to the laſt degree: He finds himſelf in 'poſſeſſion ('tis true) of the Beauty he a-'dor'd, but the Beauty adoring another; 'a Prince young and charming as the 'Light, ſoft, witty, and raging with an 'equal Paſſion. He finds this dreaded Ri-'val in the ſame Houſe with him, with an 'Authority equal to his own; and fan-'cies, where two Hearts are ſo entirely a-'greed, and have ſo good an Underſtand-'ing, it would not be impoſſible to find

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'opportunities to ſatisfy and eaſe that 'mutual Flame, that burnt ſo equally in 'both; he therefore reſolved to ſend him 'out of the World, and to eſtabliſh his 'own Repoſe by a Deed, wicked, cruel, 'and unnatural, to have him aſſaſſinated 'the firſt opportunity he could find. This 'Reſolution ſet him a little at eaſe, and 'he ſtrove to diſſemble Kindneſs to *Hen-* 'rick, with all the Art he was capable of, 'ſuffering him to come often to the Apart- 'ment of the Princeſs, and to entertain 'her oftentimes with Diſcourſe, when he 'was not near enough to hear what he 'ſpoke; but ſtill watching their Eyes, he 'found thoſe of *Henrick* full of Tears, 'ready to flow, but reſtrain'd, looking all 'dying, and yet reproaching, while thoſe 'of the Princeſs were ever bent to the 'Earth, and ſhe, as much as poſſible, 'ſhunning his Converſation. Yet this 'did not ſatisfy the jealous Husband; 'twas not her Complaiſance that could 'appeaſe him; he found her Heart was 'panting within, whenever *Henrick* ap- 'proach'd her, and every Viſit more and 'more confirmed his Death.

'The Father often found the Diſorders 'of the Sons; the Softneſs and Addreſs 'of the one gave him as much fear, as the 'angry Bluſhings, the fierce Looks, and 'broken Replies of the other, whenever

'he behold *Henrick* approach his Wife: 'ſo that the Father, fearing ſome ill con- 'ſequence of this, beſought *Henrick* to 'withdraw to ſome other Country, or 'travel into *Italy*, he being now of an 'Age that required a View of the World. 'He told his Father, That he would obey 'his Commands, tho he was certain, that 'moment he was to be ſeparated from 'the ſight of the fair Princeſs, his Siſter, 'would be the laſt of his Life; and, in 'fine, made ſo pitiful a Story of his ſuf- 'fering Love, as almoſt mov'd the old 'Prince to compaſſionate him ſo far, as to 'permit him to ſtay: but he ſaw inevita- 'ble Danger in that, and therefore bid 'him prepare for his Journey.

'That which paſs'd between the Fa- 'ther and *Henrick*, being a Secret, none 'talked of his departing from Court; ſo 'that the Deſign the Brother had went 'on: and making a Hunting-match one 'day where moſt young People of Quality 'were, he order'd ſome whom he had hi- 'red to follow his Brother, ſo as if he 'chanc'd to go out of the way, to diſ- 'patch him: and accordingly, Fortune 'gave 'em an opportunity; for he lagg'd 'behind the Company, and turn'd aſide 'into a pleaſant Thicket of Hazles, where 'alighting, he walked on foot in the moſt 'pleaſant Part of it, full of Thought,

'how

'how to divide his Soul between Love
'and Obedience. He was ſenſible that he
'ought not to ſtay; that he was but an
'Affliction to the young Princeſs, whoſe
'Honour cou'd never permit her to eaſe
'any part of his Flame; nor was he ſo vi-
'cious to entertain a Thought that ſhould
'ſtain her Vertue. He beheld her now as
'his Brother's Wife, and that ſecured his
'Flame from all looſe Deſires, if her na-
'tive Modeſty had not been ſufficient of
'it ſelf to have done it, as well as that
'profound Reſpect he paid her: and he
'conſider'd in obeying his Father, he left
'her at eaſe, and his Brother freed of a
'thouſand Fears; he went to ſeek a Cure,
'which if he could not find, at laſt he
'could but die; and ſo he muſt, even at
'her feet: However, that 'twas more
'noble to ſeek a Remedy for his Diſeaſe,
'than expect a certain Death by ſtaying.
'After a thouſand Reflections on his hard
'Fate, and bemoaning himſelf, and bla-
'ming his cruel Stars, that had doom'd
'him to die ſo young, after an infinity of
'Sighs and Tears, Reſolvings and Unre-
'ſolvings, he, on the ſudden, was inter-
'rupted by the trampling of ſome Horſes
'he heard, and their ruſhing through the
'Boughs, and ſaw four Men make to-
'wards him: He had not time to mount,
'being walked ſome Paces from his Horſe.

'One of the Men advanced, and cry'd, '*Prince, you muſt die*——*I do believe thee* '(reply'd *Henrick*) *but not by a Hand ſo* '*baſe as thine*: And at the ſame time 'drawing his Sword, run him into the 'Groin. When the Fellow found himſelf 'ſo wounded, he wheel'd off, and cry'd, '*Thou art a Prophet, and haſt rewarded my* '*Treachery with Death.* The reſt came up, 'and one ſhot at the Prince, and ſhot him 'in the Shoulder; the other two haſtily 'laying hold (but too late) on the Hand 'of the Murderer, cry'd, *Hold, Traytor*; '*we relent, and he ſhall not die.* He re-'ply'd, *'Tis too late, he is ſhot; and ſee,* '*he lies dead. Let us provide for our ſelves,* '*and tell the Prince, we have done the* '*Work; for you are as guilty as I am.* 'At that they all fled, and left the Prince 'lying under a Tree weltering in his 'Blood.

'About the Evening, the Foreſter go-'ing his Walks, ſaw the Horſe richly ca-'pariſon'd, without a Rider, at the En-'trance of the Wood; and going farther, 'to ſee if he could find its Owner, found 'there the Prince almoſt dead: he imme-'diately mounts him on the Horſe, and 'himſelf behind, bore him up, and car-'ry'd him to the Lodg; where he had 'only one old Man, his Father, well skil-'led in Surgery, and a Boy. They put

'him

'him to bed; and the old Foreſter, with 'what Art he had, dreſs'd his Wound, 'and in the Morning ſent for an ableſt 'Surgeon, to whom the Prince enjoin'd 'Secrecy, becauſe he knew him. The 'Man was faithful, and the Prince in 'time was recover'd of his Wound; and 'as ſoon as he was well he came for *Flan-* 'ders, in the Habit of a Pilgrim, and af- 'ter ſome time took the Order of St. '*Francis*, none knowing what became of 'him, till he was profeſs'd; and then he 'writ his own Story to the Prince his 'Father, to his Miſtreſs, and his ungrate- 'ful Brother. The young Princeſs did 'not long ſurvive his Loſs, ſhe languiſhed 'from the moment of his Departure; and 'he had this to confirm his devout Life, 'to know ſhe dy'd for him.

'My Brother, Madam, was an Officer 'under the Prince his Father, and knew 'his Story perfectly well; from whoſe 'Mouth I had it.'

What! (reply'd *Miranda* then) *is Father* Henrick *a Man of Quality? Yes, Madam* (ſaid *Cornelia*) *and has changed his Name to* Franciſco. But *Miranda*, fearing to betray the Sentiments of her Heart, by asking any more Queſtions about him, turned the Diſcourſe; and ſome Perſons of Quality came in to viſit her (for her Apartment was about ſix a-clock, like the Pre-

ſence-Chamber of a Queen, always filled with the greateſt People:) There meet all the *Beaux Eſprits*, and all the Beauties. But it was viſible *Miranda* was not ſo gay as ſhe uſed to be; but penſive, and anſwering *mal a propos*, to all that was ſaid to her. She was a thouſand times going to ſpeak, againſt her Will, ſomething of the charming Friar, who was never from her Thoughts; and ſhe imagined, if he could inſpire Love in a coarſe, grey, ill-made Habit, a ſhorn Crown, a Hair-cord about his Waſte, bare-legg'd, in Sandals inſtead of Shoes; what muſt he do, when looking back on time, ſhe beholds him in a Proſpect of Glory, with all that Youth, and illuſtrious Beauty, ſet off by the advantage of Dreſs and Equipage? She frames an Idea of him all gay and ſplendid, and looks on his preſent Habit as ſome Diſguiſe proper for the Stealths of Love; ſome feigned put-on Shape, with the more Security to approach a Miſtreſs, and make himſelf happy; and that the Robe laid by, ſhe has the Lover in his proper Beauty, the ſame he would have been, if any other Habit (tho ever ſo rich) were put off: In the Bed, the ſilent gloomy Night, and the ſoft Embraces of her Arms, he loſes all the Friar, and aſſumes all the Prince; and that awful Reverence, due alone to his holy Habit, he exchanges for a thouſand

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Dalliances, for which his Youth was made; for Love, for tender Embraces, and all the Happineſs of Life. Some Moments ſhe fancies him a Lover, and that the fair Object that takes up all his Heart, has left no room for her there; but that was a Thought that did not long perplex her, and which, almoſt as ſoon as born, ſhe turned to her advantage. She beholds him a Lover, and therefore finds he has a Heart ſenſible and tender; he had Youth to be fir'd, as well as to inſpire; he was far from the loved Object, and totally without Hope: and ſhe reaſonably conſider'd, that Flame wou'd of it ſelf ſoon die, that had only Deſpair to feed on. She beheld her own Charms; and Experience, as well as her Glaſs, told her, they never fail'd of Conqueſt, eſpecially where they deſign'd it: And ſhe believed *Henrick* would be glad, at leaſt, to quench that Flame in himſelf, by an Amour with her, which was kindled by the young Princeſs of—— his Siſter.

Theſe, and a thouſand other Self-flatteries, all vain and indiſcreet, took up her waking Nights, and now more retired Days; while Love, to make her truly wretched, ſuffer'd her to ſooth her ſelf with fond Imaginations; not ſo much as permitting her Reaſon to plead one moment to ſave her from undoing: She

would not ſuffer it to tell her, he had taken holy Orders, made ſacred and ſolemn Vows of everlaſting Chaſtity, that 'twas impoſſible he could marry her, or lay before her any Argument that might prevent her Ruin; but Love, mad malicious Love, was always called to Counſel, and, like eaſy Monarchs, ſhe had no Ears, but for Flatterers.

Well then, ſhe is reſolved to love, without conſidering to what end, and what muſt be the conſequence of ſuch an Amour. She now miſs'd no Day of being at that little Church, where ſhe had the Happineſs, or rather the Misfortune (ſo Love ordained) to ſee this Raviſher of her Heart and Soul; and every day ſhe took new fire from his lovely Eyes. Unawares, unknown and unwillingly he gave her Wounds, and the Difficulty of her Cure made her rage the more: She burnt, ſhe languiſh'd and dy'd for the young Innocent, who knew not he was the Author of ſo much Miſchief.

Now ſhe reſolves a thouſand ways in her tortured Mind, to let him know her Anguiſh, and at laſt pitch'd upon that of writing to him ſoft Billets, which ſhe had learnt the Art of doing; or if ſhe had not, ſhe had now Fire enough to inſpire her with all that could charm and move. Theſe ſhe deliver'd to a young Wench,

who

who waited on her, and whom ſhe had entirely ſubdu'd to her Intereſt, to give to a certain Lay-Brother of the Order, who was a very ſimple harmleſs Wretch, and who ſerved in the Kitchen, in the nature of a Cook, in the Monaſtery of *Cordeliers*. She gave him Gold to ſecure his Faith and Service: and not knowing from whence they came (with ſo good Credentials) he undertook to deliver the Letters to Father *Franciſco*; which Letters were all afterwards, as you ſhall hear, produced in open Court. Theſe Letters failed not to come every day; and the Senſe of the firſt was, to tell him, that a very beautiful young Lady, of a great Fortune, was in love with him, without naming her: but it came as from a third Perſon, to let him know the Secret, that ſhe deſir'd he would let her know whether ſhe might hope any Return from him; aſſuring him, he needed but only ſee the fair Languiſher, to confeſs himſelf her Slave.

This Letter being deliver'd him, he read by himſelf, and was ſurpriz'd to receive Words of this nature, being ſo great a Stranger in that Place; and could not imagine, or would not give himſelf the trouble of gueſſing who this ſhould be, becauſe he never deſigned to make Returns.

The

The next day, *Miranda*, finding no advantage from her Meſſenger of Love, in the Evening ſends another (impatient of delay) confeſſing that ſhe who ſuffer'd the Shame of writing and imploring, was the Perſon her ſelf who ador'd him. 'Twas there her raging Love made her ſay all things that diſcover'd the Nature of its Flame, and propoſe to flee with him to any part of the World, if he would quit the Convent; that ſhe had a Fortune conſiderable enough to make him happy; and that his Youth and Quality were not given him to ſo unprofitable an end as to loſe themſelves in a Convent, where Poverty and Eaſe was all their Buſineſs. In fine, ſhe leaves nothing unurg'd that might debauch and invite him; not forgetting to ſend him her own Character of Beauty, and left him to judge of her Wit and Spirit by her Writing, and her Love by the Extremity of Paſſion ſhe profeſs'd. To all which the lovely Friar made no return, as believing a gentle Capitulation or Exhortation to her would but inflame her the more, and give new Occaſions for her continuing to write. All her Reaſonings, falſe and vicious, he deſpis'd, pity'd the Error of her Love, and was Proof againſt all ſhe could plead. Yet notwithſtanding his Silence, which left her in doubt, and more tormented her, ſhe ceas'd not to purſue

purſue him with her Letters, varying her Style; ſometimes all wanton, looſe and raving; ſometimes feigning a Virgin-Modeſty all over, accuſing her ſelf, blaming her Conduct, and ſighing her Deſtiny, as one compell'd to the ſhameful Diſcovery by the Auſterity of his Vow and Habit, asking his Pity and Forgiveneſs; urging him in Charity to uſe his fatherly Care to perſuade and reaſon with her wild Deſires, and by his Counſel drive the God from her Heart, whoſe Tyranny was worſe than that of a Fiend; and he did not know what his pious Advice might do. But ſtill ſhe writes in vain, in vain ſhe varies her Style, by a Cunning, peculiar to a Maid poſſeſs'd with ſuch a ſort of Paſſion.

This cold Neglect was ſtill Oil to the burning Lamp, and ſhe tries yet more Arts, which for want of right Thinking were as fruitleſs. She has recourſe to Preſents; her Letters came loaded with Rings of great Price, and Jewels, which Fops of Quality had given her. Many of this ſort he receiv'd, before he knew where to return 'em, or how; and on this occaſion alone he ſent her a Letter, and reſtor'd her Trifles, as he call'd them: But his Habit having not made him forget his Quality and Education, he writ to her with all the profound Reſpect imaginable; believing

by

by her Preſents, and the Liberality with which ſhe parted with 'em, that ſhe was of Quality. But the whole Letter, as he told me afterwards, was to perſuade her from the Honour ſhe did him, by loving him; urging a thouſand Reaſons, ſolid and pious, and aſſuring her, he had wholly devoted the reſt of his Days to Heaven, and had no need of thoſe gay Trifles ſhe had ſent him, which were only fit to adorn Ladies ſo fair as her ſelf, and who had buſineſs with this glittering World, which he diſdain'd, and had for ever abandon'd. He ſent her a thouſand Bleſſings, and told her, ſhe ſhould be ever in his Prayers, tho not in his Heart, as ſhe deſir'd: And abundance of Goodneſs more he expreſs'd, and Counſel he gave her, which had the ſame effect with his Silence; it made her love but the more, and the more impatient ſhe grew. She now had a new Occaſion to write, ſhe now is charm'd with his Wit; this was the new Subject. She rallies his Reſolution, and endeavours to recall him to the World, by all the Arguments that human Invention is capable of.

But when ſhe had above four Months languiſh'd thus in vain, not miſſing one day, wherein ſhe went not to ſee him, without diſcovering her ſelf to him; ſhe reſolv'd, as her laſt Effort, to ſhew her Perſon, and ſee what that, aſſiſted by her Tears,

Tears, and ſoft Words from her Mouth, could do, to prevail upon him.

It happen'd to be on the Eve of that Day when ſhe was to receive the Sacrament, that ſhe, covering her ſelf with her Veil, came to *Veſpers*, purpoſing to make choice of the conquering Friar for her Confeſſor.

She approach'd him; and as ſhe did ſo, ſhe trembled with Love. At laſt ſhe cry'd, *Father, my Confeſſor is gone for ſome time from the Town, and I am oblig'd to morrow to receive, and beg you will be pleas'd to take my Confeſſion.*

He could not refuſe her; and let her into the *Sacriſty*, where there is a Confeſſion-Chair, in which he ſeated himſelf; and on one ſide of him ſhe kneel'd down, over-againſt a little Altar, where the Prieſts Robes lie, on which were plac'd ſome lighted Wax-Candles, that made the little Place very light and ſplendid, which ſhone full upon *Miranda*.

After the little Preparation uſual in Confeſſion, ſhe turn'd up her Veil, and diſcover'd to his View the moſt wondrous Object of Beauty he had ever ſeen, dreſs'd in all the Glory of a young Bride; her Hair and Stomacher full of Diamonds, that gave a Luſtre all dazling to her brighter Face and Eyes. He was ſurpriz'd at her amazing Beauty, and queſtion'd whe-

whether he ſaw a Woman, or an Angel at his Feet. Her Hands, which were elevated, as if in Prayer, ſeem'd to be form'd of poliſh'd Alabaſter; and he confeſs'd, he had never ſeen any thing in Nature ſo perfect, and ſo admirable.

He had ſome pain to compoſe himſelf to hear her Confeſſion, and was oblig'd to turn away his Eyes, that his Mind might not be perplex'd with an Object ſo diverting; when *Miranda*, opening the fineſt Mouth in the World, and diſcovering new Charms, began her Confeſſion.

'Holy Father (*ſaid ſhe*) amongſt the 'number of my vile Offences, that which 'afflicts me to the greateſt degree, is, that 'I am in love: Not (*continued ſhe*) that I 'believe ſimple and vertuous Love a Sin, 'when 'tis plac'd on an Object proper and 'ſuitable; but, my dear Father, (*ſaid ſhe, and wept*) I love with a Violence which 'cannot be contain'd within the Bounds 'of Reaſon, Moderation, or Vertue. I 'love a Man whom I cannot poſſeſs without a Crime, and a Man who cannot 'make me happy without being perjur'd. 'Is he marry'd? (*reply'd the Father.*) No; '(*anſwer'd* Miranda.) Are you ſo? (*continued he.*) Neither, (*ſaid ſhe.*) Is he 'too near ally'd to you? (*ſaid* Franciſco:) 'a Brother, or Relation? Neither of 'theſe, (*ſaid ſhe.*) He is unenjoy'd, unpromis'd;

'promis'd; and ſo am I: Nothing oppo-
'ſes our Happineſs, or makes my Love a
'Vice, but you——'Tis you deny me
'Life: 'Tis you that forbid my Flame:
''Tis you will have me die, and ſeek my
'Remedy in my Grave, when I complain
'of Tortures, Wounds, and Flames. O
'cruel Charmer! 'tis for you I languiſh;
'and here, at your Feet, implore that
'Pity, which all my Addreſſes have fail'd
'of procuring me.——

With that, perceiving he was about to riſe from his Seat, ſhe held him by his Habit, and vow'd ſhe would in that poſture follow him, wherever he flew from her. She elevated her Voice ſo loud, he was afraid ſhe might be heard, and therefore ſuffer'd her to force him into his Chair again; where being ſeated, he began, in the moſt paſſionate Terms imaginable, to diſſuade her: but finding ſhe the more perſiſted in Eagerneſs of Paſſion, he us'd all the tender Aſſurance that he could force from himſelf, that he would have for her all the Reſpect, Eſteem and Friendſhip that he was capable of paying; that he had a real Compaſſion for her: and at laſt ſhe prevail'd ſo far with him, by her Sighs and Tears, as to own he had a Tenderneſs for her, and that he could not behold ſo many Charms, without being ſenſibly touch'd by 'em, and finding all thoſe Effects,

Effects, that a Maid ſo fair and young cauſes in the Souls of Men of Youth and Senſe: But that, as he was aſſured, he could never be ſo happy to marry her, and as certain he could not grant any thing but honourable Paſſion, he humbly beſought her not to expect more from him than ſuch. And then began to tell her how ſhort Life was, and tranſitory its Joys; how ſoon ſhe would grow weary of Vice, and how often change to find real Repoſe in it, but never arrive to it. He made an end by new Aſſurance of his eternal Friendſhip, but utterly forbad her to hope.

Behold her now deny'd, refus'd and defeated, with all her pleading Youth, Beauty, Tears, and Knees, imploring, as ſhe lay, holding faſt his *Scapular*, and embracing his Feet. What ſhall ſhe do? She ſwells with Pride, Love, Indignation and Deſire; her burning Heart is burſting with Deſpair, her Eyes grow fierce, and from Grief ſhe riſes to a Storm: and in her agony of Paſſion, with Looks all diſdainful, haughty, and full of rage, ſhe began to revile him, as the pooreſt of Animals; tells him his Soul was dwindled to the Meanneſs of his Habit, and his Vows of Poverty were ſuited to his degenerate Mind. 'And '(*ſaid ſhe*) ſince all my nobler Ways have 'fail'd me; and that, for a little Hypo-

'critical

'critical Devotion, you reſolve to loſe the 'greateſt Bleſſings of Life, and to ſacri-'fice me to your Religious Pride and Va-'nity, I will either force you to abandon 'that dull Diſſimulation, or you ſhall die, 'to prove your Sanctity real. Therefore 'anſwer me immediately, anſwer my 'Flame, my raging Fire, which your Eyes 'have kindled; or here, in this very mo-'ment, I will ruin thee; and make no 'ſcruple of revenging the Pains I ſuffer, 'by that which ſhall take away your Life 'and Honour.

The trembling young Man, who, all this while, with extreme anguiſh of Mind, and fear of the dire reſult, had liſten'd to her Ravings, full of dread, demanded what ſhe would have him do? When ſhe reply'd——'Do that which thy Youth 'and Beauty were ordain'd to do:—— 'This Place is private, a ſacred Silence 'reigns here, and no one dares to pry in-'to the Secrets of this holy Place: We 'are as ſecure from Fears of Interruption, 'as in Deſarts uninhabited, or Caves for-'ſaken by wild Beaſts. The Tapers too 'ſhall veil their Lights, and only that 'glimmering Lamp ſhall be witneſs of our 'dear Stealths of Love——Come to my 'Arms, my trembling, longing Arms; 'and curſe the Folly of thy Bigotry, that

'has

'has made thee ſo long loſe a Bleſſing,
'for which ſo many Princes ſigh in vain.'

At theſe Words ſhe roſe from his Feet, and ſnatching him in her Arms, he could not defend himſelf from receiving a thouſand Kiſſes from the lovely Mouth of the charming Wanton; after which, ſhe ran her ſelf, and in an inſtant put out the Candles. But he cry'd to her, 'In vain, O too 'indiſcreet Fair One, in vain you put out 'the Light; for Heaven ſtill has Eyes, 'and will look down upon my broken 'Vows. I own your Power, I own I 'have all the Senſe in the World of your 'charming Touches; I am frail Fleſh and 'Blood, but —— yet —— yet I can re-'ſiſt; and I prefer my Vows to all your 'powerful Temptations. —— I will be 'deaf and blind, and guard my Heart 'with Walls of Ice, and make you know, 'that when the Flames of true Devotion 'are kindled in a Heart, it puts out all 'other Fires; which are as ineffectual, 'as Candles lighted in the Face of the 'Sun. —— Go, vain Wanton, and re-'pent, and mortify that Blood which has 'ſo ſhamefully betray'd thee, and which 'will one day ruin both thy Soul and 'Body. ——

At theſe words *Miranda*, more enrag'd, the nearer ſhe imagin'd her ſelf to Happineſs, made no reply; but throwing her ſelf,

ſelf, in that inſtant, into the Confeſſing-Chair, and violently pulling the young Friar into her Lap, ſhe elevated her Voice to ſuch a degree, in crying out, *Help, help! A Rape! Help, help!* that ſhe was heard all over the Church, which was full of People at the Evening's Devotion; who flock'd about the Door of the *Sacriſty*, which was ſhut with a Spring-lock on the inſide, but they durſt not open the Door.

'Tis eaſily to be imagin'd, in what condition our young Friar was, at this laſt deviliſh Stratagem of his wicked Miſtreſs. He ſtrove to break from thoſe Arms that held him ſo faſt; and his buſtling to get away, and her's to retain him, diſorder'd her Hair and Habit to ſuch a degree, as gave the more Credit to her falſe Accuſation.

The Fathers had a Door on the other ſide, by which they uſually enter'd, to dreſs in this little Room; and at the Report that was in an inſtant made 'em, they haſted thither, and found *Miranda* and the good Father very indecently ſtruggling; which they miſ-interpreted, as *Miranda* deſir'd: who, all in Tears, immediately threw her ſelf at the Feet of the Provincial, who was one of thoſe that enter'd; and cry'd, 'O holy Fa-

'ther,

'ther! revenge an innocent Maid, un-
'done and loſt to Fame and Honour,
'by that vile Monſter, born of Goats,
'nurs'd by Tygers, and bred up on ſa-
'vage Mountains, where Humanity and
'Religion are Strangers. For, O holy
'Father, could it have enter'd into the
'Heart of Man, to have done ſo barba-
'rous and horrid a Deed, as to attempt
'the Virgin-Honour of an unſpotted
'Maid, and one of my Degree, even in
'the moment of my Confeſſion, in that
'holy time, when I was proſtrate be-
'fore him and Heaven, confeſſing thoſe
'Sins that preſs'd my tender Conſcience;
'even then to load my Soul with the
'blackeſt of Infamies, to add to my
'Number a Weight that muſt ſink me
'to Hell? Alas! under the Security of
'his innocent Looks, his holy Habit,
'and his awful Function, I was led in-
'to this Room to make my Confeſſion;
'where, he locking the Door, I had no
'ſooner began, but he gazing on me,
'took fire at my fatal Beauty; and
'ſtarting up, put out the Candles, and
'caught me in his Arms; and raiſing
'me from the Pavement, ſet me in the
'Confeſſion-Chair; and then —— Oh,
'ſpare me the reſt.'

With

With that a Shower of Tears burſt from her fair diſſembling Eyes, and Sobs ſo naturally acted, and ſo well manag'd, as left no Doubt upon the good Men, but all ſhe had ſpoken was Truth.

'——— At firſt, *(proceeded ſhe)* I was 'unwilling to bring ſo great a Scandal 'on his Order, as to cry out; but ſtrug-'gled as long as I had Breath; pleaded 'the Heinouſneſs of the Crime, urging 'my Quality, and the Danger of the At-'tempt. But he, deaf as the Winds, 'and ruffling as a Storm, purſu'd his 'wild Deſign with ſo much Force and 'Inſolence, as I at laſt, unable to reſiſt, 'was wholly vanquiſh'd, robb'd of my 'native Purity. With what Life and 'Breath I had, I call'd for Aſſiſtance, 'both from Men and Heaven; but oh, 'alas! your Succours come too late: '———You find me here a wretched, un-'done, and raviſh'd Maid. Revenge me, 'Fathers; revenge me on the perfidious 'Hypocrite, or elſe give me a Death that 'may ſecure your Cruelty and Injuſtice 'from ever being proclaim'd over the 'World; or my Tongue will be eternal-'ly reproaching you, and curſing the 'wicked Author of my Infamy.'

She ended as ſhe began, with a thouſand Sighs and Tears; and receiv'd from

from the Provincial all Aſſurances of Revenge.

The innocent betray'd Victim, all the while ſhe was ſpeaking, heard her with an Aſtoniſhment that may eaſily be imagin'd; yet ſhew'd no extravagant Signs of it, as thoſe would do, who feign it to be thought innocent: but being really ſo, he bore with an humble, modeſt, and bluſhing Countenance, all her Accuſations; which ſilent Shame they miſtook for evident Signs of his Guilt.

When the Provincial demanded, with an unwonted Severity in his Eyes and Voice, what he could anſwer for himſelf? calling him Profaner of his ſacred Vows, and Infamy to the holy Order; the injur'd, but the innocently accus'd, only reply'd: 'May Heaven forgive that bad 'Woman, and bring her to Repentance! 'For his part, he was not ſo much in 'love with Life, as to uſe many Argu-'ments to juſtify his Innocence; unleſs 'it were to free that Order from a Scan-'dal, of which he had the Honour to be 'profeſs'd. But as for himſelf, Life or 'Death were things indifferent to him, 'who heartily deſpis'd the World.'

He ſaid no more, and ſuffer'd himſelf to be led before the Magiſtrate; who committed him to Priſon, upon the Accuſation

cuſation of this implacable Beauty; who, with ſo much feign'd Sorrow, proſecuted the matter, even to his Tryal and Condemnation; where he refus'd to make any great Defence for himſelf. But being daily viſited by all the Religious, both of his own and other Orders, they oblig'd him (ſome of 'em knowing the Auſterity of his Life, others his Cauſe of Griefs that firſt brought him into Orders, and others pretending a nearer Knowledge, even of his Soul it ſelf) to ſtand upon his Juſtification, and diſcover what he knew of that wicked Woman; whoſe Life had not been ſo exemplary for Vertue, not to have given the World a thouſand Suſpicions of her Leudneſs and Proſtitutions.

The daily Importunities of theſe Fathers made him produce her Letters: But as he had all the Gown-Men on his Side, ſhe had all the Hats and Feathers on hers; all the Men of Quality taking her part, and all the Church-men his. They heard his daily Proteſtations and Vows, but not a word of what paſſed at Confeſſion was yet diſcover'd: He held that as a Secret ſacred on his part; and what was ſaid in nature of a Confeſſion, was not to be reveal'd, though his Life depended on the Diſcovery. But as to

the Letters, they were forc'd from him, and expos'd; however, Matters were carry'd with ſo high a Hand againſt him, that they ſerv'd for no Proof at all of his Innocence, and he was at laſt condemn'd to be burn'd at the Market-place.

After his Sentence was paſs'd, the whole Body of Prieſts made their Addreſſes to the Marquiſs *Caſtel Roderigo*, the then Governour of *Flanders*, for a Reprieve; which, after much-ado, was granted him for ſome Weeks, but with an abſolute denial of Pardon: So prevailing were the young Cavaliers of his Court, who were all Adorers of this Fair Jilt.

About this time, while the poor innocent young *Henrick* was thus languiſhing in Priſon, in a dark and diſmal Dungeon, and *Miranda*, cured of her Love, was triumphing in her Revenge, expecting and daily giving new Conqueſts; and who, by this time, had re-aſſum'd all her wonted Gaiety; there was a great noiſe about the Town, that a Prince of mighty Name, and fam'd for all the Excellencies of his Sex, was arriv'd; a Prince young, and glorioufly attended, call'd Prince *Tarquin*.

We

We had often heard of this great Man, and that he was making his Travels in *France* and *Germany*: And we had alſo heard, that ſome Years before, he being about Eighteen Years of Age, in the time when our King *Charles*, of Bleſſed Memory, was in *Bruſſels*, in the laſt Year of his Baniſhment, that all on a ſudden, this young Man roſe up upon 'em like the Sun, all glorious and dazling, demanding place of all the Princes in that Court. And when his Pretence was demanded, he own'd himſelf Prince *Tarquin*, of the Race of the laſt Kings of *Rome*, made good his Title, and took his Place accordingly. After that he travell'd for about ſix Years up and down the World, and then arriv'd at *Antwerp*, about the time of my being ſent thither by King *Charles*.

Perhaps there could be nothing ſeen ſo magnificent as this Prince: He was, as I ſaid, extremely handſome, from Head to Foot exactly form'd, and he wanted nothing that might adorn that native Beauty to the beſt advantage. His Parts were ſuitable to the reſt: He had an Accompliſhment fit for a Prince, an Air haughty, but a Carriage affable, eaſy in Converſation, and very entertaining, liberal and good-natur'd, brave and inoffen-

ſive. I have ſeen him paſs the Streets with twelve Foot-men, and four Pages; the Pages all in green Velvet Coats lac'd with Gold, and white Velvet Tunicks; the Men in Cloth, richly lac'd with Gold; his Coaches, and all other Officers, ſuitable to a great Man.

He was all the Diſcourſe of the Town; ſome laughing at his Title, others reverencing it: Some cry'd, that he was an Impoſtor; others that he had made his Title as plain, as if *Tarquin* had reign'd but a Year ago. Some made Friendſhips with him, others would have nothing to ſay to him: but all wonder'd where his Revenue was, that ſupported this Grandeur; and believ'd, tho he could make his Deſcent from the *Roman* Kings very well out, that he could not lay ſo good a Claim to the *Roman* Land. Thus every body meddled with what they had nothing to do; and, as in other places, thought themſelves on the ſurer Side, if, in theſe doubtful Caſes, they imagin'd the worſt.

But the Men might be of what Opinion they pleas'd concerning him; the Ladies were all agreed that he was a Prince, and a young handſome Prince, and a Prince not to be reſiſted: He had all their Wiſhes, all their Eyes, and all their

their Hearts. They now dreſs'd only for him; and what Church he grac'd, was ſure, that day, to have the Beauties, and all that thought themſelves ſo.

You may believe, our amorous *Miranda* was not the leaſt Conqueſt he made. She no ſooner heard of him, which was as ſoon as he arriv'd, but ſhe fell in Love with his very Name. *Jeſu!* —— A young King of *Rome!* Oh, 'twas ſo novel, that ſhe doated on the Title; and had not car'd whether the reſt had been Man or Monkey almoſt: She was reſolv'd to be the *Lucretia* that this young *Tarquin* ſhould raviſh.

To this end, ſhe was no ſooner up the next day, but ſhe ſent him a *Billet Deaux*, aſſuring him how much ſhe admired his Fame; and that being a Stranger in the Town, ſhe begged the Honour of introducing him to all the *Belle*-Converſations, *&c.* which he took for the Invitation of ſome Coquet, who had Intereſt in fair Ladies; and civilly return'd her an Anſwer, that he would wait on her. She had him that day watched to Church; and impatient to ſee what ſhe heard ſo many People flock to ſee, ſhe went alſo to the ſame Church: thoſe ſanctified Abodes being too often profaned by ſuch Devotees, whoſe Buſineſs is to ogle and enſnare.

But what a Noiſe and Humming was heard all over the Church, when *Tarquin* enter'd! His Grace, his Mien, his Faſhion, his Beauty, his Dreſs, and his Equipage, ſurprized all that were preſent: And by the good Management and Care of *Miranda*, ſhe got to kneel at the ſide of the Altar, juſt over againſt the Prince; ſo that, if he wou'd, he cou'd not avoid looking full upon her. She had turned up her Veil, and all her Face and Shape appear'd ſuch, and ſo inchanting, as I have deſcribed; and her Beauty heighten'd with Bluſhes, and her Eyes full of Spirit and Fire, with Joy, to find the young *Roman* Monarch ſo charming, ſhe appear'd like ſomething more than mortal, and compelled his Eyes to a fixed gazing on her Face: She never glanc'd that way, but ſhe met them; and then would feign ſo modeſt a Shame, and caſt her Eyes downward with ſuch inviting Art, that he was wholly raviſhed and charmed, and ſhe over-joy'd to find he was ſo.

The Ceremony being ended, he ſent a Page to follow that Lady home, himſelf purſuing her to the Door of the Church, where he took ſome holy Water, and threw upon her, and made her a profound Reverence. She forc'd an innocent

nocent Look, and a modeſt Gratitude in her Face, and bow'd, and paſs'd forward, half aſſured of her Conqueſt; leaving her to go home to his Lodging, and impatiently wait the Return of his Page. And all the Ladies who ſaw this firſt beginning between the Prince and *Miranda*, began to curſe and envy her Charms, who had deprived them of half their Hopes.

After this, I need not tell you, he made *Miranda* a Viſit; and from that day never left her Apartment, but when he went home at nights, or unleſs he had Buſineſs; ſo entirely was he conquer'd by this Fair One. But the Biſhop, and ſeveral Men of Quality, in Orders, that profeſs'd Friendſhip to him, adviſed him from her Company; and ſpoke ſeveral things to him, that might (if Love had not made him blind) have reclaim'd him from the Purſuit of his Ruin. But whatever they truſted him with, ſhe had the Art to wind her ſelf about his Heart, and make him unravel all his Secrets; and then knew as well, by feign'd Sighs and Tears, to make him disbelieve all: So that he had no Faith but for her; and was wholly inchanted and bewitch'd by her. At laſt, in ſpight of all that wou'd have oppoſed it, he marry'd this

famous Woman, poſſeſs'd by ſo many great Men and Strangers before, while all the World was pitying his Shame and Misfortunes.

Being marry'd, they took a great Houſe; and as ſhe was indeed a great Fortune, and now a great Princeſs, there was nothing wanting that was agreeable to their Quality; all was ſplendid and magnificent. But all this would not acquire them the World's Eſteem; they had an Abhorrence for her former Life, and deſpis'd her; and for his eſpouſing a Woman ſo infamous, they deſpiſed him. So that though they admir'd, and gazed upon their Equipage, and glorious Dreſs, they foreſaw the Ruin that attended it, and paid her Quality little Reſpect.

She was no ſooner married, but her Uncle dy'd; and dividing his Fortune between *Miranda* and her Siſter, leaves the young Heireſs, and all her Fortune, entirely in the Hands of the Princeſs.

We will call this Siſter *Alcidiana*; ſhe was about fourteen Years of Age, and now had choſen her Brother, the Prince, for her Guardian. If *Alcidiana* were not altogether ſo great a Beauty as her Siſter, ſhe had Charms ſufficient to procure her a great many Lovers, tho her Fortune had not been ſo conſiderable as it was; but

but with that Addition, you may believe, ſhe wanted no Courtſhips from thoſe of the beſt Quality: tho every body deplor'd her being under the Tutorage of a Lady ſo expert in all the Vices of her Sex, and ſo cunning a Manager of Sin, as was the Princeſs; who, on her part, failed not, by all the Careſſes, and obliging Endearments, to engage the Mind of this young Maid, and to ſubdue her wholly to her Government. All her Senſes were eternally regaled with the moſt bewitching Pleaſures they were capable of: She ſaw nothing but Glory and Magnificence, heard nothing but Muſick of the ſweeteſt Sounds; the richeſt Perfumes employ'd her Smelling, and all ſhe eat and touch'd was delicate and inviting: and being too young to conſider how this State and Grandeur was to be continu'd, little imagined her vaſt Fortune was every day diminiſhing, towards its needleſs Support.

When the Princeſs went to Church, ſhe had her Gentleman bare before her, carrying a great Velvet Cuſhion, with great golden Taſſels, for her to kneel on, and her Train borne up a moſt prodigious length, led by a Gentleman Uſher, bare; follow'd by innumerable Footmen, Pages, and Women. And in this State

ſhe would walk in the Streets, as in thoſe Countries 'tis the faſhion for the great Ladies to do, who are well; and in her Train two or three Coaches, and perhaps a rich Velvet Chair embroider'd, would follow in State.

'Twas thus for ſome time they liv'd, and the Princeſs was daily preſs'd by young ſighing Lovers, for her conſent to marry *Alcidiana*; but ſhe had ſtill one Art or other to put them off, and ſo continually broke all the great Matches that were propos'd to her, notwithſtanding their Kindred, and other Friends, had induſtriouſly endeavour'd to make ſeveral great Matches for her: but the Princeſs was ſtill poſitive in her denial, and one way or other broke all. At laſt it happen'd, there was one propoſed, yet more advantageous, a young Count, with whom the young Maid grew paſſionately in love, and beſought her Siſter to conſent that ſhe might have him, and got the Prince to ſpeak in her behalf; but he had no ſooner heard the ſecret Reaſons *Miranda* gave him, but (entirely her Slave) he changed his Mind, and ſuited it to hers, and ſhe, as before, broke off that Amour: Which ſo extremely incenſed *Alcidiana*, that ſhe, taking an opportunity, got from her Guard, and ran

ran away, putting her ſelf into the hands of a wealthy Merchant, her Kinſman, and one who bore the greateſt Authority in the City; him ſhe chuſes for her Guardian, reſolving to be no longer a Slave to the Tyranny of her Siſter. And ſo well ſhe order'd Matters, that ſhe writ to this young Cavalier, her laſt Lover, and retrieved him; who came back to *Antwerp* again, to renew his Courtſhip.

Both Parties being agreed, it was no hard matter to perſuade all but the Princeſs. But tho ſhe oppoſed it, it was reſolved on, and the Day appointed for Marriage, and the Portion demanded; demanded only, but never to be pay'd, the beſt part of it being ſpent. However, ſhe put them off from day to day, by a thouſand frivolous Delays: and when ſhe ſaw they would have recourſe to force, and that all her Magnificence would be at an end, if the Law ſhould prevail againſt her; and that without this Siſter's Fortune, ſhe could not long ſupport her Grandeur; ſhe bethought herſelf of a Means to make it all her own, by getting her Siſter made away: but ſhe being out of her Tuition, ſhe was not able to accompliſh ſo great a Deed of Darkneſs. But ſince it was reſolved it muſt be done, ſhe contrives a thouſand Stra-

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tagems; and at last pitches upon an effectual one.

She had a Page called *Van Brune*; a Youth of great Address and Wit, and one she had long managed for her purpose. This Youth was about seventeen Years of Age, and extremely beautiful; and in the time when *Alcidiana* lived with the Princess, she was a little in love with this handsome Boy; but 'twas checked in its Infancy, and never grew up to a Flame: Nevertheless, *Alcidiana* retained still a sort of Tenderness for him, while he burned in good earnest with Love for the Princess.

The Princess one day ordering this Page to wait on her in her Closet, she shut the Door; and after a thousand Questions of what he would undertake to serve her, the amorous Boy finding himself alone, and caress'd by the fair Person he ador'd, with joyful Blushes that beautify'd his Face, told her, 'There 'was nothing upon Earth, he would not 'do, to obey her least Commands.' She grew more familiar with him, to oblige him; and seeing Love dance in his Eyes, of which she was so good a Judge, she treated him more like a Lover, than a Servant; till at last the ravished Youth, wholly transported out of himself, fell

at

at her feet, and impatiently implor'd to receive her Commands quickly, that he might fly to execute them; for he was not able to bear her charming Words, Looks, and Touches, and retain his Duty. At this she smil'd, and told him, the Work was of such a Nature, as wou'd mortify all Flames about him; and he wou'd have more need of Rage, Envy, and Malice, than the Aids of a Passion so soft as what she now found him capable of. He assur'd her, he would stick at nothing, tho even against his Nature, to recompense for the Boldness he now, through his Indiscretion, had discover'd. She smiling, told him, he had committed no Fault; and that possibly, the Pay he should receive for the Service she required at his Hands, should be——what he most wish'd for in the World. At this he bow'd to the Earth; and kissing her Feet, bad her command: And then she boldly told him, *'Twas to kill her Sister* Alcidiana. The Youth, without so much as starting or pausing upon the matter, told her, *It should be done*; and bowing low, immediately went out of the Closet. She called him back, and would have given him some Instruction; but he refused it, and said, 'The Action and 'the Contrivance should be all his own.'

And

And offering to go again, ſhe —— again recalled him; putting into his hand a Purſe of a hundred Piſtoles, which he took, and with a low Bow departed.

He no ſooner left her Preſence, but he goes directly, and buys a Doſe of Poiſon, and went immediately to the Houſe where *Alcidiana* lived; where deſiring to be brought to her Preſence, he fell a weeping; and told her, his Lady had fallen out with him, and diſmiſſed him her Service: and ſince from a Child he had been brought up in the Family, he humbly beſought *Alcidiana* to receive him into her's, ſhe being in a few days to be marry'd. There needed not much intreaty to a thing that pleaſed her ſo well, and ſhe immediately received him to penſion: And he waited ſome days on her, before he could get an opportunity to adminiſter his deviliſh Potion. But one night, when ſhe drank Wine with roaſted Apples, which was uſual with her; inſtead of Sugar, or with the Sugar, the baneful Drug was mixed, and ſhe drank it down.

About this time, there was a great Talk of this Page's coming from one Siſter, to go to the other. And Prince *Tarquin*, who was ignorant of the De-

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ſign from the beginning to the end, hearing ſome Men of Quality at his Table ſpeaking of *Van Brune*'s Change of Place (the Princeſs then keeping her Chamber upon ſome trifling Indiſpoſition) he anſwer'd, 'That ſurely they 'were miſtaken, that he was not diſ-'miſſed from the Princeſs's Service:' And calling ſome of his Servants, he asked for *Van Brune*; and whether any thing had happen'd between her Highneſs and him, that had occaſion'd his being turned off. They all ſeem'd ignorant of this matter; and thoſe who had ſpoken of it, began to fancy there was ſome Juggle in the caſe, which time would bring to light.

The enſuing Day 'twas all about the Town, that *Alcidiana* was poiſon'd: and though not dead, yet very near it; and that the Doctors ſaid, ſhe had taken Mercury. So that there was never ſo formidable a Sight as this fair young Creature; her Head and Body ſwoln, her Eyes ſtarting out, her Face black, and all deformed: ſo that diligent ſearch was made, who it ſhould be that did this; who gave her Drink and Meat. The Cook and Butler were examined, the Footmen called to an account; but all concluded, ſhe received nothing but from the

the hand of her new Page, ſince he came into her Service. He was examined, and ſhew'd a thouſand guilty Looks: And the Apothecary, then attending among the Doctors, proved he had bought Mercury of him three or four days before; which he could not deny: and making many Excuſes for his buying it, betray'd him the more; ſo ill he chanced to diſſemble. He was immediately ſent to be examined by the Margrave or Juſtice, who made his *Mittimus*, and ſent him to Priſon.

'Tis eaſy to imagine, in what Fears and Confuſion the Princeſs was at this News: ſhe took her Chamber upon it, more to hide her guilty Face, than for any Indiſpoſition. And the Doctors apply'd ſuch Remedies to *Alcidiana*, ſuch Antidotes againſt the Poiſon, that in a ſhort time ſhe recover'd; but loſt the fineſt Hair in the World, and the Complexion of her Face ever after.

It was not long before the Trials for Criminals came on; and the Day being arrived, *Van Brune* was try'd the firſt of all; every body having already read his Deſtiny, according as they wiſhed it; and none would believe, but juſt indeed as it was: ſo that for the Revenge they hoped to ſee fall upon the Princeſs, every

every one wiſhed he might find no mercy, that ſhe might ſhare of his Shame and Miſery.

The Seſſions-Houſe was filled that day with all the Ladies, and chief of the Town, to hear the reſult of his Trial; and the ſad Youth was brought loaded with Chains, and pale as Death: where every Circumſtance being ſufficiently proved againſt him, and he making but a weak Defence for himſelf, he was convicted, and ſent back to Priſon, to receive his Sentence of Death on the morrow; where he owned all, and who ſet him on to do it. He owned 'twas not Reward of Gain he did it for, but hope he ſhould command at his pleaſure the Poſſeſſion of his Miſtreſs, the Princeſs, who ſhou'd deny him nothing, after having entruſted him with ſo great a Secret; and that beſides, ſhe had elevated him with the Promiſe of that glorious Reward, and had dazled his young Heart with ſo charming a Proſpect, that blind and mad with Joy, he ruſhed forward to gain the deſired Prize, and thought on nothing but his coming Happineſs: That he ſaw too late the Follies of his preſumptuous Flame, and curſed the deluding Flatteries of the fair Hypocrite, who had ſoothed him to his undoing:

That

That he was a miſerable Victim to her Wickedneſs; and hoped he ſhould warn all young Men, by his Fall, to avoid the Diſſimulation of the deceiving Fair: That he hoped they would have pity on his Youth, and attribute his Crime to the ſubtle Perſuaſions alone of his Miſtreſs the Princeſs: And that ſince *Alcidiana* was not dead, they would grant him Mercy, and permit him to live to repent of his grievous Crime, in ſome part of the World, whither they might baniſh him.

He ended with Tears, that fell in abundance from his Eyes; and immediately the Princeſs was apprehended, and brought to Priſon, to the ſame Priſon where yet the poor young Father *Franciſco* was languiſhing, he having been from Week to Week reprieved, by the Interceſſion of the Fathers; and poſſibly ſhe there had time to make ſome Reflections.

You may imagine *Tarquin* left no means uneſſay'd, to prevent the Impriſonment of the Princeſs, and the publick Shame and Infamy ſhe was likely to undergo in this Affair: But the whole City being over-joy'd that ſhe ſhould be puniſhed, as an Author of all this Miſchief, were generally bent againſt her, both

both Prieſts, Magiſtrates, and People; the whole Force of the Stream running that way, ſhe found no more Favour than the meaneſt Criminal. The Prince therefore, when he ſaw 'twas impoſſible to reſcue her from the Hands of Juſtice, ſuffer'd with Grief unſpeakable, what he could not prevent, and led her himſelf to the Priſon, follow'd by all his People, in as much State as if he had been going to his Marriage; where, when ſhe came, ſhe was as well attended and ſerved as before, he never ſtirring one moment from her.

The next day ſhe was tried in open and common Court; where ſhe appeared in glory, led by *Turquin*, and attended according to her Quality: And ſhe could not deny all the Page had alledged againſt her, who was brought thither alſo in Chains; and after a great many Circumſtances, ſhe was found guilty, and both received Sentence: the Page to be hanged till he was dead, on a Gibbet in the Market-place; and the Princeſs to ſtand under the Gibbet, with a Rope about her Neck, the other end of which was to be faſtned to the Gibbet where the Page was hanging; and to have an Inſcription, in large Characters, upon her Back and Breaſt, of the Cauſe why; where

ſhe

ſhe was to ſtand from ten in the Morning to twelve.

This Sentence, the People with one accord, believed too favourable for ſo ill a Woman, whoſe Crimes deſerved Death, equal to that of *Van Brune*. Nevertheleſs, there were ſome who ſaid, it was infinitely more ſevere than Death it ſelf.

The following *Friday* was the Day of Execution, and one need not tell of the Abundance of People, who were flocked together in the Market-place: And all the Windows were taken down, and filled with Spectators, and the Tops of Houſes; when at the Hour appointed, the fatal Beauty appear'd. She was dreſs'd in a black Velvet Gown, with a rich Row of Diamonds all down the fore Part of her Breaſt, and a great Knot of Diamonds at the Peak behind; and a Petticoat of flower'd Gold, very rich, and laced; with all things elſe ſuitable. A Gentleman carry'd her great Velvet Cuſhion before her, on which her Prayer-Book, embroider'd, was laid; her Train was borne up by a Page, and the Prince led her, bare; followed by his Footmen, Pages, and other Officers of his Houſe.

When they arrived at the Place of Execution, the Cuſhion was laid on the Ground,

Ground, upon a *Portugal*-Mat, ſpread there for that purpoſe; and the Princeſs ſtood on the Cuſhion, with her Prayer-Book in her Hand, and a Prieſt by her Side; and was accordingly tied up to the Gibbet.

She had not ſtood there ten Minutes, but ſhe had the mortification (at leaſt, one would think it ſo to her) to ſee her ſad Page, *Van Brune*, approach; fair as an Angel, but languiſhing and pale. That Sight moved all the Beholders with as much Pity, as that of the Princeſs did with Diſdain and Pleaſure.

He was dreſſed all in Mourning, and very fine Linen; bareheaded, with his own Hair, the faireſt that could be ſeen, hanging all in Curls on his Back and Shoulders, very long. He had a Prayer-Book of black Velvet in his Hand, and behaved himſelf with much Penitence and Devotion.

When he came under the Gibbet, he ſeeing his Miſtreſs in that Condition, ſhew'd an infinite Concern, and his fair Face was cover'd over with Bluſhes; and falling at her Feet, he humbly asked her Pardon for having been the occaſion of ſo great an Infamy to her, by a weak Confeſſion, which the Fears of Youth, and Hopes of Life, had obliged him to make,

make, ſo greatly to her diſhonour: for indeed he wanted that manly Strength, to bear the Efforts of dying, as he ought, in ſilence, rather than of committing ſo great a Crime againſt his Duty and Honour it ſelf; and that he could not die in peace, unleſs ſhe would forgive him. The Princeſs only nodded her Head, and cried, *I do* ——

And after having ſpoken a little to his Father-Confeſſor, who was with him, he chearfully mounted the Ladder, and in ſight of the Princeſs he was turned off, while a loud Cry was heard thro all the Market-place, eſpecially from the Fair Sex; he hanging there till the time the Princeſs was to depart: And then ſhe was put into a rich embroider'd Chair, and carry'd away, *Tarquin* going into his; for he had all that time ſtood ſupporting the Princeſs under the Gallows, and was very weary. She was ſent back, till her Releaſement came; which was that night about ſeven of the Clock: and then ſhe was conducted to her own Houſe in great State, with a dozen white Wax Flambeaux about her Chair.

If the Guardian of *Alcidiana*, and her Friends, before were impatient of having the Portion out of the Hands of theſe Extravagants, 'tis not to be imagined,

gined, but they were now much more ſo; and the next day they ſent an Officer, according to Law, to demand it, or to ſummon the Prince to give Reaſons why he would not pay it. The Officer received for Anſwer, That the Money ſhould be called in, and paid in ſuch a time, ſetting a certain time, which I have not been ſo curious as to retain, or put in my Journal-Obſervations: but I am ſure it was not long, as may be eaſily imagin'd; for they every moment ſuſpected the Prince would pack up, and be gone, ſome time or other, on the ſudden: and for that reaſon they would not truſt him without Bail, or two Officers to remain in his Houſe, to watch that nothing ſhould be removed, or touched. As for Bail, or Security, he could give none; every one ſlunk their Heads out of the Collar, when it came to that: So that he was obliged, at his own Expence, to maintain Officers in his Houſe.

The Princeſs finding her ſelf reduced to the laſt Extremity, and that ſhe muſt either produce the Value of a hundred thouſand Crowns, or ſee the Prince her Husband lodged for ever in a Priſon, and all their Glory vaniſh; and that it was impoſſible to fly, ſince guarded; ſhe had recourſe to an Extremity, worſe than the

the Affair of *Van Brune*. And in order to this, ſhe firſt puts on a world of Sorrow and Concern, for what ſhe feared might arrive to the Prince: And indeed, if ever ſhe ſhed Tears which ſhe did not diſſemble, it was upon this occaſion. But here ſhe almoſt over-acted: She ſtirred not from her Bed, and refuſed to eat, or ſleep, or ſee the Light; ſo that the Day being ſhut out of her Chamber, ſhe lived by Wax-lights, and refuſed all Comfort and Conſolation.

The Prince, all raving with Love, tender Compaſſion and Grief, never ſtirred from her Bed-ſide, nor ceaſed to implore, that ſhe would ſuffer herſelf to live. But ſhe, who was not now ſo paſſionately in love with *Tarquin*, as ſhe was with the Prince; nor ſo fond of the Man as his Titles, and of Glory; foreſaw the total Ruin of the laſt, if not prevented by avoiding the Payment of this great Sum; which could not otherwiſe be, than by the Death of *Alcidiana*: And therefore, without ceaſing, ſhe wept, and cry'd out, 'She could not live, unleſs '*Alcidiana* dy'd. This *Alcidiana (continued ſhe)* who has been the Author of 'my Shame; who has expos'd me un-'der a Gibbet, in the publick Market-'place——Oh!——I am deaf to

'all

'all Reaſon, blind to natural Affection. 'I renounce her, I hate her as my mor-'tal Foe, my Stop to Glory, and the 'Finiſher of my Days, e'er half my Race 'of Life be run.'

Then throwing her falſe, but ſnowy, charming Arms, about the Neck of her heart-breaking Lord, and Lover, who lay ſighing and liſtening by her ſide, he was charmed and bewitched into ſaying all things that appeaſed her: And laſtly, told her, '*Alcidiana* ſhould be no 'longer any Obſtacle to her Repoſe; but 'that, if ſhe would look up, and caſt 'her Eyes of Sweetneſs and Love up-'on him, as heretofore; forget her 'Sorrow, and redeem her loſt Health; 'he would take what Meaſures ſhe ſhould 'propoſe to diſpatch this fatal Stop to 'her Happineſs, out of the way.'

Theſe Words fail'd not to make her careſs him in the moſt endearing manner that Love and Flattery could invent; and ſhe kiſs'd him to an Oath, a ſolemn Oath, to perform what he had promiſed; and he vowed liberally. And ſhe aſſumed in an inſtant her Good-Humour, and ſuffer'd a Supper to be prepar'd, and did eat; which in many days before ſhe had not done: So obſtinate and powerful was ſhe in diſſembling well.

The next thing to be conſidered was, which way this Deed was to be done; for they doubted not, but when 'twas done, all the World would lay it upon the Princeſs, as done by her command: But ſhe urged, Suſpicion was no Proof; and that they never put to death any one, but when they had great and certain Evidence who were the Offenders. She was ſure of her own Conſtancy, that Racks and Tortures ſhould never get the Secret from her Breaſt; and if he were as confident on his part, there was no danger. Yet this Preparation ſhe made towards laying the Fact on others, that ſhe cauſed ſeveral Letters to be writ from *Germany*, as from the Relations of *Van Brune*, who threatned *Alcidiana* with Death, for depriving their Kinſman (who was a Gentleman) of his Life, tho he had not taken away hers. And it was the report of the Town, how this young Maid was threatned. And indeed, the Death of the Page had ſo afflicted a great many, that *Alcidiana* had procured her ſelf abundance of Enemies upon that account, becauſe ſhe might have ſaved him if ſhe had pleaſed; but, on the contrary, ſhe was a Spectator, and in full Health and Vigour, at his Execution: And People were not ſo much concern-

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ed for her at this Report, as they would have been.

The Prince, who now had, by reaſoning the matter ſoberly with *Miranda*, found it abſolutely neceſſary to diſpatch *Alcidiana*, reſolved himſelf, and with his own Hand, to execute it; not daring to truſt to any of his moſt favourite Servants, tho he had many, who poſſibly would have obeyed him: For they loved him as he deſerved; and ſo would all the World, had he not been ſo purely deluded by this fair Enchantreſs. He therefore, as I ſaid, reſolved to keep this great Secret to himſelf; and taking a Piſtol, charged well with two Bullets, he watched an opportunity to ſhoot her as ſhe ſhould go out or into her Houſe, or Coach, ſome Evening.

To this end he waited ſeveral Nights near her Lodgings, but ſtill, either ſhe went not out; or when ſhe returned, ſhe was ſo guarded with Friends, her Lover, and Flambeaux, that he could not aim at her without endangering the Life of ſome other. But one Night above the reſt, upon a Sunday, when he knew ſhe would be at the Theatre, for ſhe never miſſed that day ſeeing the Play; he waited at the Corner of the Stadt-Houſe, near the Theatre, with his Cloke caſt

over his Face, and a black Perriwig, all alone, with his Piſtol ready cock'd; and remain'd not very long, but he ſaw her Kinſman's Coach come along: 'twas almoſt dark, Day was juſt ſhutting up her Beauties, and left ſuch a Light to govern the World, as ſerved only juſt to diſtinguiſh one Object from another, and a convenient help to Miſchief. He ſaw alight out of the Coach only one young Lady, the Lover, and then the deſtin'd Victim; which he (drawing near) knew rather by her Tongue than Shape. The Lady ran into the Play-Houſe, and left *Alcidiana* to be conducted by her Lover into it: Who led her to the Door, and went to give ſome Order to the Coachman; ſo that the Lover was about twenty Yards from *Alcidiana*; when ſhe ſtood the faireſt Mark in the World, on the Threſhold of the Entrance of the Theatre, there being many Coaches about the Door, ſo that hers could not come ſo near. *Tarquin* was reſolved not to loſe ſo fair an Opportunity, and advanc'd, but went behind the Coaches; and when he came over againſt the Door, through a great booted Velvet Coach, that ſtood between him and her, he ſhot; and ſhe having the Train of her Gown and Petticoat on her Arm, in great quantity, he

miſſed

miſſed her Body, and ſhot through her Clothes, between her Arm and her Body. She, frightned to find ſomething hit her, and to ſee the Smoke, and hear the Report of the Piſtol; running in, cried, *I am ſhot, I am dead.*

This Noiſe quickly alarm'd her Lover; and all the Coachmen and Footmen immediately ran, ſome one way, and ſome another. One of 'em ſeeing a Man haſte away in a Cloak; he being a luſty, bold *German*, ſtopped him; and drawing upon him, bad him ſtand, and deliver his Piſtol, or he would run him through.

Tarquin being ſurprized at the Boldneſs of this Fellow to demand his Piſtol, as if he poſitively knew him to be the Murderer (for ſo he thought himſelf, ſince he believed *Alcidiana* dead) had ſo much preſence of Mind as to conſider, if he ſuffered himſelf to be taken he ſhould poorly die a publick Death; and therefore reſolved upon one Miſchief more, to ſecure himſelf from the firſt: And in the moment that the *German* bad him deliver his Piſtol, he cried, *Though I have no Piſtol to deliver, I have a Sword to chaſtiſe thy Inſolence.* And throwing off his Cloke, and flinging his Piſtol from him, he drew, and wounded, and diſarmed the Fellow.

This Noiſe of Swords brought every body to the place; and immediately the bruit ran, *The Murderer was taken, the Murderer was taken:* Tho none knew which was he, nor as yet ſo much as the Cauſe of the Quarrel between the two fighting Men; for it was now darker than before. But at the noiſe of the Murderer being taken, the Lover of *Alcidiana*, who by this time found his Lady unhurt, all but the Trains of her Gown and Petticoat, came running to the Place, juſt as *Tarquin* had diſarmed the *German*, and was ready to kill him; when laying hold of his Arm, they arreſted the Stroke, and redeemed the Footman.

They then demanded who this Stranger was, at whoſe mercy the Fellow lay; but the Prince, who now found himſelf venturing for his laſt Stake, made no reply; but with two Swords in his hands went to fight his way through the Rabble: And tho there were above a hundred Perſons, ſome with Swords, others with long Whips, (as Coach-men) ſo invincible was the Courage of this poor unfortunate Gentleman at that time, that all theſe were not able to ſeize him; but he made his way through the Ring that encompaſſed him, and ran away; but was, however, ſo cloſely purſued, the

the Company ſtill gathering as they ran, that toiled with fighting, oppreſſed with guilt, and fear of being taken, he grew fainter and fainter, and ſuffered himſelf, at laſt, to yield to his Purſuers, who ſoon found him to be Prince *Tarquin* in diſguiſe: And they carried him directly to Priſon, being Sunday, to wait the coming Day, to go before a Magiſtrate.

In an hour's time the whole fatal Adventure was carried all over the City, and every one knew that *Tarquin* was the intended Murderer of *Alcidiana*; and not one but had a real Sorrow and Compaſſion for him. They heard how bravely he had defended himſelf, how many he had wounded before he could be taken, and what Numbers he had fought through: And even thoſe that ſaw his Valour and Bravery, and who had aſſiſted at his being ſeiz'd, now repented from the bottom of their Hearts their having any hand in the Ruin of ſo gallant a Man; eſpecially ſince they knew the Lady was not hurt. A thouſand Addreſſes were made to her, not to proſecute him; but her Lover, a hot-headed Fellow, more fierce than brave, would by no means be pacified, but vowed to purſue him to the Scaffold.

The Monday came, and the Prince being examined confeſſed the matter of Fact, ſince there was no harm done; believing a generous Confeſſion the beſt of his Game: But he was ſent back to cloſer Impriſonment, loaded with Irons, to expect the next Seſſions. All his Houſhold-Goods were ſeiz'd, and all they could find, for the uſe of *Alcidiana*. And the Princeſs, all in Rage, tearing her Hair, was carried to the ſame Priſon, to behold the cruel Effects of her helliſh Deſigns.

One need not tell here how ſad and horrid this Meeting appear'd between her Lord and her: let it ſuffice, it was the moſt melancholy and mortifying Object that ever Eyes beheld. On *Miranda*'s part, 'twas ſometimes all Rage and Fire, and ſometimes all Tears and Groans; but ſtill 'twas ſad Love, and mournful Tenderneſs on his. Nor could all his Sufferings, and the proſpect of Death it ſelf, drive from his Soul one Spark of that Fire the obſtinate God had fatally kindled there: And in the midſt of all his Sighs, he would recal himſelf, and cry, ——*I have* Miranda *ſtill.*

He was eternally viſited by his Friends and Acquaintance; and this laſt Action of Bravery had got him more than all his former

former Conduct had loſt. The Fathers were perpetually with him; and all join'd with one common Voice in this, That he ought to abandon a Woman ſo wicked as the Princeſs; and that however Fate dealt with him, he could not ſhew himſelf a true Penitent, while he laid the Author of ſo much Evil in his Boſom: That Heaven would never bleſs him, till he had renounced her: And on ſuch Conditions he would find thoſe that would employ their utmoſt Intereſt to ſave his Life, who elſe would not ſtir in this Affair. But he was ſo deaf to all, that he could not ſo much as diſſemble a Repentance for having married her.

He lay a long time in Priſon, and all that time the poor Father *Franciſco* remained there alſo: and the good Fathers, who daily viſited theſe two amorous Priſoners, the Prince and Princeſs; and who found, by the Management of Matters, it would go very hard with *Tarquin*, entertained 'em often with holy Matters relating to the Life to come; from which, before his Tryal, he gathered what his Stars had appointed, and that he was deſtin'd to die.

This gave an unſpeakable Torment to the now repenting Beauty, who had re-

duced him to it; and ſhe began to appear with a more ſolid Grief: Which being perceived by the good Fathers, they reſolved to attack her on the yielding ſide; and after ſome diſcourſe upon the Judgment for Sin, they came to reflect on the Buſineſs of Father *Franciſco*; and told her, ſhe had never thrived ſince her accuſing of that Father, and laid it very home to her Conſcience; aſſuring her that they would do their utmoſt in her Service, if ſhe would confeſs that ſecret Sin to all the World, ſo that ſhe might atone for the Crime by the ſaving that good Man. At firſt ſhe ſeemed inclined to yield; but ſhame of being her own Detector in ſo vile a Matter, recalled her Goodneſs, and ſhe faintly perſiſted in it.

At the end of ſix Months, Prince *Tarquin* was called to his Tryal; where I will paſs over the Circumſtances, which are only what is uſual in ſuch Criminal Caſes, and tell you, that he being found guilty of the Intent of killing *Alcidiana*, was condemned to loſe his Head in the Market-place, and the Princeſs to be baniſhed her Country.

After Sentence pronounced, to the real grief of all the Spectators, he was carry'd back to Priſon. And now the Fathers attack

attack her a-new; and ſhe, whoſe Griefs daily encreaſed, with a Languiſhment that brought her very near her Grave, at laſt confeſs'd all her Life, all the Leudneſs of her Practices with ſeveral Princes and great Men, beſides her Luſts with People that ſerved her, and others in mean Capacity: And laſtly, the whole Truth of the young Friar; and how ſhe had drawn the Page, and the Prince her Husband, to this deſign'd Murder of her Siſter. This ſhe ſigned with her Hand, in the preſence of the Prince, her Husband, and ſeveral Holy Men who were preſent. Which being ſignify'd to the Magiſtrates, the Friar was immediately deliver'd from his Irons (where he had languiſhed more than two whole Years) in great Triumph, with much Honour, and lives a moſt exemplary pious Life, as he did before; for he is now living in *Antwerp*.

After the Condemnation of theſe two unfortunate Perſons, who begot ſuch different Sentiments in the Minds of the People (the Prince, all the Compaſſion and Pity imaginable; and the Princeſs, all the Contempt and Deſpight;) they languiſhed almoſt ſix Months longer in Priſon: ſo great an Intereſt there was made, in order to the ſaving his Life,

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by all the Men of the Robe. On the other ſide, the Princes, and great Men of all Nations, who were at the Court of *Bruſſels*, who bore a ſecret Revenge in their Hearts againſt a Man who had, as they pretended, ſet up a falſe Title, only to take place of them; who indeed was but a Merchant's Son of *Holland*, as they ſaid; ſo incens'd them againſt him, that they were too hard at Court for the Church-men. However, this Diſpute gave the Prince his Life ſome Months longer than was expected; which gave him alſo ſome Hope, that a Reprieve for Ninety Years would have been granted, as was deſired. Nay, Father *Franciſco* ſo intereſted himſelf in this Concern, that he writ to his Father, and ſeveral Princes of *Germany*, with whom the Marquiſs *Caſtel Roderigo* was well acquainted, to intercede with him for the ſaving of *Tarquin*; ſince 'twas more by his Perſuaſions, than thoſe of all who attacked her, that made *Miranda* confeſs the Truth of her Affair with him. But at the end of ſix Months, when all Applications were found fruitleſs and vain, the Prince receiv'd News, that in two days he was to die, as his Sentence had been before pronounc'd, and for which he prepared himſelf with all Chearfulneſs.

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On the following Friday, as ſoon as it was light, all People of any Condition came to take their leaves of him; and none departed with dry Eyes, or Hearts unconcern'd to the laſt degree: For *Tarquin*, when he found his Fate inevitable, bore it with a Fortitude that ſhewed no ſigns of Regret; but addreſs'd himſelf to all about him with the ſame chearful, modeſt, and great Air, he was wont to do in his moſt flouriſhing Fortune. His Valet was dreſſing him all the Morning, ſo many Interruptions they had by Viſitors; and he was all in Mourning, and ſo were all his Followers: for even to the laſt he kept up his Grandeur, to the Amazement of all People. And indeed, he was ſo paſſionately belov'd by them, that thoſe he had diſmiſs'd ſerv'd him voluntarily, and would not be perſuaded to abandon him while he liv'd.

The Princeſs was alſo dreſs'd in Mourning, and her two Women; and notwithſtanding the unheard-of Leudneſs and Villanies ſhe had confeſs'd of herſelf, the Prince ſtill ador'd her: for ſhe had ſtill thoſe Charms that made him firſt do ſo; nor, to his laſt moment, could he be brought to wiſh, that he had never ſeen her; but on the contrary, as a Man yet vainly proud of his Fetters, he ſaid, 'All

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'the Satisfaction this ſhort moment of 'Life could afford him, was, that he 'died in endeavouring to ſerve *Miranda*, 'his adorable Princeſs.'

After he had taken leave of all, who thought it neceſſary to leave him to himſelf for ſome time, he retir'd with his Confeſſor; where they were about an Hour in Prayer, all the Ceremonies of Devotion that were fit to be done, being already paſt. At laſt the Bell toll'd, and he was to take leave of the Princeſs, as his laſt Work of Life, and the moſt hard he had to accompliſh. He threw himſelf at her Feet, and gazing on her as ſhe ſat more dead than alive, overwhelm'd with ſilent Grief, they both remain'd ſome moments ſpeechleſs; and then, as if one riſing Tide of Tears had ſupply'd both their Eyes, it burſt out in Streams at the ſame inſtant: and when his Sighs gave way, he utter'd a thouſand Farewels, ſo ſoft, ſo paſſionate, and moving, that all who were by were extremely touch'd with it, and ſaid, *That nothing could be ſeen more deplorable and melancholy.* A thouſand times they bad Farewel, and ſtill ſome tender Look, or Word, would prevent his going; then embrace, and bid farewel again. A thouſand times ſhe ask'd his pardon for being the occaſion of that fatal Separation; a thou-

thouſand times aſſuring him, ſhe would follow him, for ſhe could not live without him. And Heaven knows when their ſoft and ſad Careſſes would have an end, had not the Officers aſſur'd him 'twas time to mount the Scaffold. At which words the Princeſs fell fainting in the Arms of her Women, and they led *Tarquin* out of Priſon.

When he came to the Market-place, whither he walked on foot, follow'd by his own Domeſticks, and ſome bearing a black Velvet Coffin with Silver Hinges; the Head's-man before him with his fatal Scimiter drawn, his Confeſſor by his ſide, and many Gentlemen, and Churchmen, with Father *Franciſco* attending him, the People ſhowring Millions of Bleſſings on him, and beholding him with weeping Eyes, he mounted the Scaffold; which was ſtrewed with ſome Saw-duſt, about the place where he was to kneel, to receive the Blood: For they behead People kneeling, and with the back-ſtroak of a Scimiter; and not lying on a Block, and with an Ax, as we in *England*. The Scaffold had a low Rail about it, that every Body might more conveniently ſee. This was hung with black, and all that State that ſuch a Death could have, was here in moſt decent Order.

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He did not ſay much upon the Scaffold: The ſum of what he ſaid to his Friends, was, To be kind, and take care of the poor Penitent his Wife: To others, recommending his honeſt and generous Servants, whoſe Fidelity was ſo well known and commended, that they were ſoon promiſed Preferment. He was ſome time in Prayer, and a very ſhort time in ſpeaking to his Confeſſor; then he turn'd to the Head's-man, and deſired him to do his Office well, and gave him twenty *Louis d'Ors*; and undreſſing himſelf with the help of his Valet and Page, he pull'd off his Coat, and had underneath a white Sattin Waſte-coat: He took off his Perriwig, and put on a white Sattin Cap, with a Holland one done with Point under it, which he pulled over his Eyes; then took a chearful Leave of all, and kneel'd down, and ſaid, 'When he 'lifted up his Hands the third time, 'the Head's-man ſhould do his Office.' Which accordingly was done, and the Head's-man gave him his laſt Stroke, and the Prince fell on the Scaffold. The People with one common Voice, as if it had been but one entire one, pray'd for his Soul; and Murmurs of Sighs were heard from the whole Multitude,

titude, who ſcrambled for ſome of the bloody Saw-duſt, to keep for his Memory.

The Head's-man going to take up the Head, as the manner is, to ſhew it to the People, he found he had not ſtruck it off, and that the Body ſtir'd; with that he ſtep'd to an Engine, which they always carry with 'em, to force thoſe who may be refractory; thinking, as he ſaid, to have twiſted the Head from the Shoulders, conceiving it to hang but by a ſmall matter of Fleſh. Tho 'twas an odd Shift of the Fellow's, yet 'twas done, and the beſt ſhift he could ſuddenly propoſe. The Margrave, and another Officer, old Men, were on the Scaffold, with ſome of the Prince's Friends, and Servants; who ſeeing the Head's-man put the Engine about the Neck of the Prince, began to call out, and the People made a great noiſe. The Prince, who found himſelf yet alive; or rather, who was paſt thinking, but had ſome ſenſe of Feeling left, when the Head's-man took him up, and ſet his Back againſt the Rail, and clap'd the Engine about his Neck, got his two Thumbs between the Rope and his Neck, feeling himſelf preſs'd there; and ſtruggling between Life and Death, and bending

bending himſelf over the Rail backward, while the Head's-man pulled forward, he threw himſelf quite over the Rail, by chance, and not deſign, and fell upon the Heads and Shoulders of the People, who were crying out with amazing Shouts of Joy. The Head's-man leap'd after him, but the Rabble had lik'd to have pulled him to pieces: All the City was in an uproar, but none knew what the matter was, but thoſe who bore the Body of the Prince, whom they found yet living; but how, or by what ſtrange Miracle preſerv'd, they knew not, nor did examine; but with one accord, as if the whole Crowd had been one Body, and had had but one Motion, they bore the Prince on their heads about a hundred Yards from the Scaffold, where there is a Monaſtery of Jeſuits; and there they ſecur'd him. All this was done, his beheading, his falling, and his being ſecur'd, almoſt in a moment's time; the People rejoicing, as at ſome extraordinary Victory won. One of the Officers being, as I ſaid, an old timorous Man, was ſo frighten'd at the Accident, the Buſtle, the Noiſe, and the Confuſion, of which he was wholly ignorant, that he dy'd with Amazement and Fear; and the other was fain to be let blood.

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The Officers of Juſtice went to demand the Priſoner, but they demanded in vain; the Jeſuits had now a Right to protect him, and would do ſo. All his over-joy'd Friends went to ſee in what condition he was, and all of Quality found admittance: They ſaw him in Bed, going to be dreſs'd by the moſt skilful Surgeons, who yet could not aſſure him of Life. They deſired no body ſhould ſpeak to him, or ask him any Queſtions. They found that the Head's-man had ſtruck him too low, and had cut him into the Shoulder-bone. A very great Wound, you may be ſure; for the Sword, in ſuch Executions, carries an extreme force: However, ſo great Care was taken on all ſides, and ſo greatly the Fathers were concern'd for him, that they found an amendment, and hopes of a good Effect of their incomparable Charity and Goodneſs.

At laſt, when he was permitted to ſpeak, the firſt News he ask'd was after the Princeſs. And his Friends were very much afflicted to find, that all his loſs of Blood had not quenched that Flame, nor let out that which made him ſtill love that bad Woman. He was ſollicited daily to think no more of her: And all her Crimes were laid ſo open

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to him, and ſo ſhamefully repreſented; and on the other ſide, his Vertues ſo admir'd; and which, they ſaid, would have been eternally celebrated, but for his Folly with this infamous Creature: that at laſt, by aſſuring him of all their Aſſiſtance if he abandon'd her; and to renounce him, and deliver him up, if he did not; they wrought ſo far upon him, as to promiſe, he would ſuffer her to go alone into Baniſhment, and would not follow her, or live with her any more. But alas! this was but his Gratitude that compell'd this Complaiſance, for in his heart he reſolv'd never to abandon her; nor was he able to live, and think of doing it: However, his Reaſon aſſur'd him, he could not do a Deed more juſtifiable, and one that would regain his Fame ſooner.

His Friends ask'd him ſome Queſtions concerning his Eſcape; and ſince he was not beheaded, but only wounded, why he did not immediately riſe up? But he replied, he was ſo abſolutely prepoſſeſſed, that at the third lifting up his Hands he ſhould receive the Stroke of Death, that at the ſame inſtant the Sword touch'd him, he had no ſenſe; nay, not even of Pain, ſo abſolutely dead he was with Imagination; and knew not

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that he ſtirr'd, as the Head's-man found he did: nor did he remember any thing, from the lifting up of his Hands, to his fall; and then awaken'd, as out of a Dream, or rather a moment's Sleep without Dream, he found he liv'd, and wonder'd what was arriv'd to him, or how he came to live; having not, as yet, any Senſe of his Wound, tho ſo terrible an one.

After this, *Alcidiana*, who was extremely afflicted for having been the Proſecutor of this great Man; who, bating this laſt Deſign againſt her, which ſhe knew was at the Inſtigation of her Siſter, had oblig'd her with all the Civility imaginable; now ſought all means poſſible of getting his Pardon, and that of her Siſter: tho of an hundred thouſand Crowns, which ſhe ſhould have paid her, ſhe could get but ten thouſand; which was from the Sale of her rich Beds, and ſome other Furniture. So that the young Count, who before ſhould have marry'd her, now went off for want of Fortune; and a young Merchant (perhaps the beſt of the two) was the Man to whom ſhe was deſtin'd.

At laſt, by great Interceſſion, both their Pardons were obtain'd; and the Prince, who would be no more ſeen in

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a Place that had prov'd every way ſo fatal to him, left *Flanders*, promiſing never to live with the Fair Hypocrite more: but e'er he departed, he writ her a Letter, wherein he order'd her, in a little time, to follow him into *Holland*; and left a Bill of Exchange with one of his truſty Servants, whom he had left to wait upon her, for Mony for her Accommodation: ſo that ſhe was now reduced to one Woman, one Page, and this Gentleman. The Prince, in this time of his Impriſonment, had ſeveral Bills of great Sums from his Father, who was exceeding rich, and this all the Children he had in the World, and whom he tenderly loved.

As ſoon as *Miranda* was come into *Holland*, ſhe was welcom'd with all imaginable Reſpect and Endearment by the old Father; who was impos'd upon ſo, as that he knew not ſhe was the fatal Occaſion of all theſe Diſaſters to his Son; but rather look'd on her as a Woman, who had brought him an hundred and fifty thouſand Crowns, which his Misfortunes had conſum'd. But, above all, ſhe was receiv'd by *Tarquin* with a Joy unſpeakable; who, after ſome time to redeem his Credit, and gain himſelf a new Fame, put himſelf into the *French* Army,

Army, where he did Wonders: and after three Campaigns, his Father dying, he return'd home, and retir'd to a Country-Houſe; where, with his Princeſs, he liv'd as a private Gentleman, in all the Tranquillity of a Man of good Fortune. They ſay *Miranda* has been very penitent for her Life paſt, and gives Heaven the Glory for having given her theſe Afflictions that have reclaim'd her, and brought her to as perfect a State of Happineſs, as this troubleſome World can afford.

Since I began this Relation, I heard that Prince *Tarquin* dy'd about three quarters of a Year ago.

THE

THE NUN: OR, THE Perjured Beauty.

A True NOVEL.

DON *Henrique* was a Perſon of great Birth, of a great Eſtate, of a Bravery equal to either, of a moſt generous Education; but of more Paſſion than Reaſon: He was beſides of an opener and freer Temper than generally his Countrymen

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trymen are (I mean, the *Spaniards*) and always engag'd in ſome Love-Intrigue or other.

One Night as he was retreating from one of thoſe Engagements, Don *Sebaſtian*, whoſe Siſter he had abus'd with a Promiſe of Marriage, ſet upon him at the Corner of a Street, in *Madrid*, and by the help of three of his Friends, deſign'd to have diſpatch'd him on a doubtful Embaſſy to the Almighty Monarch: But he receiv'd their firſt Inſtructions with better Addreſs than they expected, and diſmiſs'd his Envoy firſt, killing one of Don *Sebaſtian*'s Friends. Which ſo enrag'd the injur'd Brother, that his Strength and Reſolution ſeem'd to be redoubled, and ſo animated his two ſurviving Companions, that (doubtleſs) they had gain'd a diſhonourable Victory, had not Don *Antonio* accidentally come in to the Reſcue: who after a ſhort diſpute, kill'd one of the two who attack'd him only; whilſt Don *Henrique*, with the greateſt difficulty, defended his Life, for ſome moments, againſt *Sebaſtian*, whoſe Rage depriv'd him of Strength, and gave his Adverſary the unwiſh'd advantage of his ſeeming Death, tho not without bequeathing ſome bloody Legacies to Don *Henrique*. *Antonio* had receiv'd but one

ſlight Wound in the left Arm, and his ſurviving Antagoniſt none; who however thought it not adviſable to begin a freſh Diſpute againſt two, of whoſe Courage he had but too fatal a Proof, tho one of 'em was ſufficiently diſabled. The Conquerors, on the other ſide, politically retreated, and quitting the Field to the Conquer'd, left the living to bury the dead, if he could, or thought convenient.

As they were marching off, Don *Antonio*, who all this while knew not whoſe Life he had ſo happily preſerv'd, told his Companion in Arms, that he thought it indiſpenſibly neceſſary that he ſhould quarter with him that night, for his further Preſervation. To which he prudently conſented, and went, with no little uneaſineſs, to his Lodgings; where he ſurpriz'd *Antonio* with the ſight of his deareſt Friend. For they had certainly the neareſt Sympathy in all their Thoughts, that ever made two brave Men unhappy: And, undoubtedly, nothing but Death, or more fatal Love, could have divided them. However, at preſent, they were united and ſecure.

In the mean time, Don *Sebaſtian*'s Friend was juſt going to call help to carry off the Bodies, as the —— came by;

by; who ſeeing three Men lie dead, ſeiz'd the fourth; who as he was about to juſtify himſelf, by diſcovering one of the Authors of ſo much Blood-ſhed, was interrupted by a Groan from his ſuppoſed dead Friend Don *Sebaſtian*; whom, after a brief account of ſome part of the matter, and the knowledge of his Quality, they took up, and carried to his Houſe; where, within a few days he was recovered paſt the fear of Death. All this while *Henrique* and *Antonio* durſt not appear, ſo much as by night; nor could be found, tho diligent and daily ſearch was made after the firſt: but upon Don *Sebaſtian*'s Recovery, the Search ceaſing, they took the advantage of the night, and, in diſguiſe, retreated to *Sevil*. 'Twas there they thought themſelves moſt ſecure, where indeed they were in the greateſt danger; for tho (haply) they might there have eſcap'd the murderous Attempt of Don *Sebaſtian*, and his Friends, yet they could not there avoid the malicious Influence of their Stars.

This City gave Birth to *Antonio*, and to the cauſe of his greateſt Misfortunes, as well as of his Death. Donna *Ardelia* was born there, a Miracle of Beauty and Falſhood. 'Twas more than a year ſince

Don *Antonio* had firſt ſeen and loved her. For 'twas impoſſible any Man ſhould do one without the other. He had had the unkind opportunity of ſpeaking and conveying a Billet to her at Church; and to his greater misfortune, the next time he found her there, he met with too kind a return both from her Eyes and from her Hand, which privately ſlipt a Paper into his; in which he found abundantly more than he expected, directing him in that, how he ſhould proceed, in order to carry her off from her Father with the leaſt danger he could look for in ſuch an Attempt: ſince it would have been vain and fruitleſs to have asked her of her Father, becauſe their Families had been at enmity for ſeveral Years; tho *Antonio* was as well deſcended as ſhe, and had as ample a Fortune; nor was his Perſon, according to his Sex, any way inferior to her's; and certainly, the Beauties of his Mind were more excellent, eſpecially if it be an Excellence to be conſtant.

He had made ſeveral Attempts to take poſſeſſion of her, but all prov'd ineffectual; however, he had the good fortune not to be known, tho once or twice he narrowly eſcap'd with Life, bearing off his Wounds with difficulty.

—(Alas

—— (Alas, that the Wounds of Love ſhould cauſe thoſe of Hate!) Upon which ſhe was ſtrictly confin'd to one Room, whoſe only Window was towards the Garden, and that too was grated with Iron; and, once a Month, when ſhe went to Church, ſhe was conſtantly and carefully attended by her Father, and a Mother-in-Law, worſe than a *Duegna*. Under this miſerable Confinement *Antonio* underſtood ſhe ſtill continued, at his return to *Sevil* with Don *Henrique*, whom he acquainted with his invincible Paſſion for her; lamenting the Severity of her preſent Circumſtances, that admitted of no proſpect of relief: which caus'd a generous Concern in Don *Henrique*, both for the Sufferings of his Friend, and of the Lady. He propoſed ſeveral ways to Don *Antonio*, for the Releaſe of the fair Priſoner; but none of them was thought practicable, or at leaſt likely to ſucceed. But *Antonio*, who (you may believe) was then more nearly engag'd, bethought himſelf of an Expedient that would undoubtedly reward their Endeavours. 'Twas, that Don *Henrique*, who was very well acquainted with *Ardelia*'s Father, ſhould make him a Viſit, with pretence of begging his conſent and admiſſion to make his Addreſſes to his

Daughter; which, in all probability, he could not refuſe to Don *Henrique*'s Quality and Eſtate: and then this freedom of acceſs to her would give him the opportunity of delivering the Lady to his Friend. This was thought ſo reaſonable, that the very next day it was put in practice; and with ſo good ſucceſs, that Don *Henrique* was received by the Father of *Ardelia* with the greateſt and moſt reſpectful Ceremony imaginable: And when he made the Propoſal to him of marrying his Daughter, it was embraced with a viſible Satisfaction and Joy in the air of his Face. This their firſt Converſation ended with all imaginable Content on both ſides; Don *Henrique* being invited by the Father to Dinner the next day, when Donna *Ardelia* was to be preſent; who, at that time, was ſaid to be indiſpos'd, (as 'tis very probable ſhe was, with ſo cloſe an Impriſonment.) *Henrique* returned to *Antonio*, and made him happy with the account of his Reception; which could not but have terminated in the perfect Felicity of *Antonio*, had his Fate been juſt to the Merits of his Love. The Day and Hour came which brought *Henrique* with a private Commiſſion from his Friend to *Ardelia*. He ſaw her; —— (ah!

(ah! would he had only ſeen her veil'd!) and, with the firſt opportunity, gave her the Letter, which held ſo much Love, and ſo much Truth, as ought to have preſerved him in the Empire of her Heart. It contained, beſides, a diſcovery of his whole Deſign upon her Father, for the compleating of their Happineſs; which nothing then could obſtruct but her ſelf. But *Henrique* had ſeen her; he had gaz'd, and ſwallowed all her Beauties at his Eyes. How greedily his Soul drank the ſtrong Poiſon in! But yet his Honour and his Friendſhip were ſtrong as ever, and bravely fought againſt the Uſurper Love, and got a noble Victory; at leaſt he thought and wiſh'd ſo. With this, and a ſhort anſwer to his Letter, *Henrique* return'd to the longing *Antonio*; who, receiving the Paper with the greateſt Devotion, and kiſſing it with the greateſt Zeal, open'd and read theſe words to himſelf:

Don Antonio,

YOU have, at laſt, made uſe of the beſt and only Expedient for my Enlargement; for which I thank you, ſince I know it is purely the effect of your Love.

Your Agent has a mighty Influence on my Father: And you may aſſure your ſelf, that as you have adviſ'd and deſir'd me, he ſhall have no leſs on me, who am

Your's entirely,

And only your's,

ARDELIA.

Having reſpectfully and tenderly kiſs'd the Name, he could not chuſe but ſhew the *Billet* to his Friend; who reading that part of it which concern'd himſelf, ſtarted and bluſh'd: Which *Antonio* obſerving, was curious to know the cauſe of it. *Henrique* told him, That he was ſurpriz'd to find her expreſs ſo little Love, after ſo long an Abſence. To which his Friend reply'd for her, That, doubtleſs, ſhe had not time enough to attempt ſo great a Matter as a perfect account of her Love; and added, that it was Confirmation enough to him of its continuance, ſince ſhe ſubſcrib'd her ſelf his entirely, and only his.—— How blind is Love! Don *Henrique* knew how to make it bear another meaning; which, however, he had the diſcretion to conceal. *Antonio*, who was as real in his Friend-

Friendſhip, as conſtant in his Love, ask'd him what he thought of her Beauty? To which the other anſwer'd, that he thought it irreſiſtible to any, but to a Soul prepoſſeſs'd, and nobly fortify'd with a perfect Friendſhip: —— Such as is thine, my *Henrique*, (added *Antonio*;) yet as ſincere and perfect as that is, I know you muſt, nay, I know you do love her. As I ought to do, (reply'd *Henrique.*) Yes, yes, (return'd his Friend) it muſt be ſo; otherwiſe the Sympathy which unites our Souls would be wanting, and conſequently our Friendſhip were in a ſtate of Imperfection. How induſtriouſly you would argue me into a Crime, that would tear and deſtroy the Foundation of the ſtrongeſt Ties of Truth and Honour! (ſaid *Henrique.*) But (he continu'd) I hope, within a few days, to put it out of my power to be guilty of ſo great a Sacrilege. I can't determine (ſaid *Antonio*) if I knew that you lov'd one another, whether I could eaſier part with my Friend, or my Miſtreſs. Tho what you ſay, is highly generous, (reply'd *Henrique*) yet give me leave to urge, that it looks like a trial of Friendſhip, and argues you inclinable to Jealouſy: But, pardon me, I know it to be ſincerely meant by you; and muſt

therefore own, that 'tis the beſt, becauſe 'tis the nobleſt way of ſecuring both your Friend and Miſtreſs. I need not make uſe of any Arts to ſecure me of either, (reply'd *Antonio*) but expect to enjoy 'em both in a little time.

Henrique, who was a little uneaſy with a Diſcourſe of this nature, diverted it, by reflecting on what had paſs'd at *Madrid*, between them two and Don *Sebaſtian* and his Friends; which caus'd *Antonio* to bethink himſelf of the danger to which he expos'd his Friend, by appearing daily, tho in diſguiſe: For, doubtleſs, Don *Sebaſtian* would purſue his Revenge to the utmoſt extremity. Theſe Thoughts put him upon deſiring his Friend, for his own ſake, to haſten the performance of his Attempt; and accordingly, each day Don *Henrique* brought *Antonio* nearer the hopes of Happineſs, while he himſelf was hourly ſinking into the loweſt ſtate of Miſery. The laſt night before the day in which *Antonio* expected to be bleſs'd in her Love, Don *Henrique* had a long and fatal Conference with her about his Liberty. Being then with her alone in an Arbour of the Garden, which Privilege he had had for ſome days; after a long ſilence, and obſerving Don *Henrique* in much diſorder, by the motion

motion of his Eyes, which were ſometimes ſtedfaſtly fix'd on the Ground, then lifted up to her or Heaven, (for he could ſee nothing more beautiful on Earth) ſhe made uſe of the privilege of her Sex, and began the diſcourſe firſt, to this effect: ——Has any thing happened, Sir, ſince our retreat hither, to occaſion that Diſorder which is but too viſible in your Face, and too dreadful in your continued Silence? Speak, I beſeech you, Sir, and let me know if I have any way unhappily contributed to it! No, Madam, (replied he) my Friendſhip is now likely to be the only cauſe of my greateſt Miſery; for to-morrow I muſt be guilty of an unpardonable Crime, in betraying the generous Confidence which your noble Father has plac'd in me: To-morrow (added he, with a piteous Sigh) I muſt deliver you into the Hands of one whom your Father hates even to death, inſtead of doing my ſelf the honour of becoming his Son-in-law within a few days more. ——But——I will conſider and remind my ſelf, that I give you into the Hands of my Friend; of my Friend, that loves you better than his Life, which he has often expos'd for your ſake; and what is more than all, to my Friend, whom you love more than any Conſideration on Earth.

Earth.——And muſt this be done? (ſhe ask'd.) Is it inevitable as Fate?——— Fix'd as the Laws of Nature, Madam, (reply'd he) don't you find the Neceſſity of it, *Ardelia?* (continued he, by way of Queſtion:) Does not your Love require it? Think, you are going to your dear *Antonio*, who alone can merit you, and whom only you can love. Were your laſt Words true (returned ſhe) I ſhould yet be unhappy in the Diſpleaſure of a dear and tender Father, and infinitely more, in being the cauſe of your Infidelity to him: No, Don *Henrique* (continued ſhe) I could with greater Satisfaction return to my miſerable Confinement, than by any means diſturb the Peace of your Mind, or occaſion one moment's Interruption of your Quiet.——Would to Heaven you did not, (ſigh'd he to himſelf.) Then addreſſing his Words more diſtinctly to her, cry'd he, Ah, cruel! ah, unjuſt *Ardelia!* theſe Words belong to none but *Antonio*; why then would you endeavour to perſuade me, that I do, or ever can merit the Tenderneſs of ſuch an Expreſſion?——Have a care! (purſued he) have a care *Ardelia!* your outward Beauties are too powerful to be reſiſted; even your Frowns have ſuch a ſweetneſs that they attract the very Soul that is not

not ſtrongly prepoſſeſſed with the nobleſt Friendſhip, and the higheſt Principles of Honour: Why then, alas! did you add ſuch ſweet and charming Accents? Why ——ah, Don *Henrique!* (ſhe interrupted) why did you appear to me ſo charming in your Perſon, ſo great in your Friendſhip, and ſo illuſtrious in your Reputation? Why did my Father, ever ſince your firſt Viſit, continually fill my ears and thoughts with noble Characters and glorious Ideas, which yet but imperfectly and faintly repreſent the inimitable Original! —— But—— (what is moſt ſevere and cruel) why, Don *Henrique*, why will you defeat my Father in his Ambition of your Alliance, and me of thoſe glorious Hopes with which you had bleſs'd my Soul, by caſting me away from you to *Antonio!* —— Ha! (cry'd he, ſtarting) what ſaid you, Madam! What did *Ardelia* ſay? That I had bleſs'd your Soul with Hopes! That I would caſt you away to *Antonio!* —— Can they who ſafely arrive in their wiſh'd-for Port, be ſaid to be ſhipwreck'd? Or, can an abject indigent Wretch make a King?—— Theſe are more than Riddles, Madam; and I muſt not think to expound 'em. No, (ſaid ſhe) let it alone, Don *Henrique*; I'll eaſe you of that trouble, and

tell

tell you plainly that I love you. Ah! (cry'd he) now all my Fears are come upon me! ——— How! (ask'd ſhe) were you afraid I ſhould love you? Is my Love ſo dreadful then? Yes, when miſplac'd (reply'd he;) but 'twas your Falſhood that I fear'd: Your Love was what I would have fought with the utmoſt hazard of my Life; nay, even of my future Happineſs, I fear, had you not been engag'd; ſtrongly oblig'd to love elſewhere, both by your own Choice and Vows, as well as by his dangerous Services, and matchleſs Conſtancy. For which (ſaid ſhe) I do not hate him, tho his Father kill'd my Uncle: Nay, perhaps (continu'd ſhe) I have a Friendſhip for him, but no more. No more, ſaid you, Madam? (cry'd he;) ——— but tell me, did you never love him? Indeed, I did, (replied ſhe;) but the Sight of you has better inſtructed me, both in my Duty to my Father, and in cauſing my Paſſion for you, without whom I ſhall be eternally miſerable. Ah, then purſue your honourable Propoſal, and make my Father happy in my Marriage! It muſt not be (return'd Don *Henrique*;) my Honour, my Friendſhip forbids it. No (ſhe return'd) your Honour requires it; and if your Friendſhip oppoſes your Honour, it can

have

have no ſure and ſolid Foundation. Female Sophiſtry! (cry'd *Henrique*;) but you need no Art nor Artifice, *Ardelia*, to make me love you: Love you! (purſu'd he:) By that bright Sun, the Light and Heat of all the World, you are my only Light and Heat——Oh, Friendſhip! Sacred Friendſhip, now aſſiſt me!——— [Here for a time he paus'd, and then afreſh proceeded thus,] ——You told me, or my Ears deceiv'd me, that you lov'd me, *Ardelia*. I did, ſhe reply'd; and that I do love you, is as true as that I told you ſo. 'Tis well;—— But would it were not ſo! Did ever Man receive a Bleſſing thus?——Why, I could wiſh I did not love you, *Ardelia!* But that were impoſſible——At leaſt unjuſt, (interrupted ſhe.) Well then (he went on) to ſhew you that I do ſincerely conſult your particular Happineſs, without any regard to my own, to-morrow I will give you to *Don Antonio*; and as a Proof of your Love to me, I expect your ready Conſent to it. To let you ſee, *Don Henrique*, how perfectly and tenderly I love you, I will be ſacrificed to-morrow to *Don Antonio*, and to your Quiet. Oh, ſtrongeſt, deareſt Obligation!—— cry'd *Henrique*: To-morrow then, as I have told your Father, I am to bring you to

ſee

ſee the deareſt Friend I have on Earth, who dares not appear within this City for ſome unhappy Reaſons, and therefore cannot be preſent at our Nuptials; for which cauſe, I could not but think it my Duty to one ſo nearly related to my Soul, to make him happy in the ſight of my beautiful Choice, e'er yet ſhe be my Bride. I hope (ſaid ſhe) my loving Obedience may merit your Compaſſion; and that at laſt, e'er the Fire is lighted that muſt conſume the Offering, I mean the Marriage-Tapers (alluding to the old *Roman* Ceremony) that you, or ſome other pitying Angel, will ſnatch me from the Altar. Ah, no more, *Ardelia!* ſay no more, (cry'd he;) we muſt be cruel, to be juſt to our ſelves. [Here their Diſcourſe ended, and they walked into the Houſe, where they found the good old Gentleman and his Lady, with whom he ſtay'd till about an Hour after Supper, when he returned to his Friend with joyful News, but a ſorrowful Heart.]

Antonio was all Rapture with the Thoughts of the approaching Day; which tho it brought *Don Henrique* and his dear *Ardelia* to him, about five a-clock in the Evening, yet at the ſame time brought his laſt and greateſt Misfortune. He ſaw her then at a She-Relation's of his,

above

above three Miles from *Sevil*, which was the Place aſſigned for their fatal Interview. He ſaw her, I ſay; but ah! how ſtrange! how altered from the dear, kind *Ardelia* ſhe was when laſt he left her! 'Tis true, he flew to her with Arms expanded, and with ſo ſwift and eager a Motion, that ſhe could not avoid, nor get looſe from his Embrace, till he had kiſſed, and ſighed, and dropt ſome Tears, which all the Strength of his Mind could not reſtrain: whether they were the Effects of Joy, or whether (which rather may be feared) they were the Heat-drops which preceded and threaten'd the Thunder and Tempeſt that ſhould fall on his Head, I cannot poſitively ſay; yet all this ſhe was then forced to endure, e'er ſhe had liberty to ſpeak, or indeed to breathe. But as ſoon as ſhe had freed her ſelf from the loving Circle that ſhould have been the dear and lov'd Confinement or Centre of a faithful Heart, ſhe began to dart whole Showers of Tortures on him from her Eyes; which that Mouth that he had juſt before ſo tenderly and ſacredly kiſs'd, ſeconded with whole Volleys of Deaths crammed in every Sentence, pointed with the keeneſt Affliction that ever pierc'd a Soul. *Antonio*, (ſhe began) you have treated me

now

now as if you were never like to ſee me more: and wou'd to Heaven you were not!——Ha! (cry'd he, ſtarting and ſtaring wildly on her;) What ſaid you Madam? What ſaid you, my *Ardelia?* If you like the Repetition, take it! (reply'd ſhe unmoved) *Wou'd to Heaven you were ne'er like to ſee me more!* Good! very Good! (cry'd he with a Sigh that threw him trembling into a Chair behind him, and gave her the opportunity of proceeding thus:)—— Yet, *Antonio*, I muſt not have my Wiſh; I muſt continue with you, not out of Choice, but by Command, by the ſtricteſt and ſevereſt Obligation that ever bound Humanity; *Don Henrique*, your Friend, commands it; *Don Henrique*, the deareſt Object of my Soul, enjoins it; *Don Henrique*, whoſe only Averſion I am, will have it ſo. Oh, do not wrong me, Madam! (cry'd *Don Henrique.*) Lead me, lead me a little more by the light of your Diſcourſe, I beſeech you (ſaid *Don Antonio)* that I may ſee your Meaning! for hitherto 'tis Darkneſs all to me. Attend therefore with your beſt Faculties (purſu'd *Ardelia)* and know, That I do moſt ſincerely and moſt paſſionately love *Don Henrique*; and as a Proof of my Love to him, I have this day conſented

to

to be deliver'd up to you by him; not for your ſake in the leaſt, *Antonio*, but purely to ſacrifice all the Quiet of my Life to his Satisfaction. And now Sir, (continu'd ſhe, addreſſing her ſelf to *Don Henrique*) now Sir, if you can be ſo cruel, execute your own moſt dreadful Decree, and join our Hands, though our Hearts ne'er can meet. All this to try me! It's too much, *Ardelia*——— (ſaid *Antonio:*) And then turning to *Don Henrique*, he went on, Speak thou! if yet thou'rt not Apoſtate to our Friendſhip! Yet ſpeak, however! Speak though the Devil has been tampering with thee too! Thou art a Man, a Man of Honour once. And when I forfeit my juſt Title to that (interrupted *Don Henrique*) may I be made moſt miſerable!——— May I loſe the Bleſſings of thy Friendſhip!——— May I loſe thee!———Say on then, *Henrique!* (cry'd *Antonio:*) And I charge thee, by all the ſacred Ties of Friendſhip; ſay, Is this a Trial of me? Is't Eluſion, Sport, or ſhameful murderous Truth?———Oh, my Soul burns within me, and I can bear no longer!———Tell! Speak! Say on!——[Here, with folded Arms, and Eyes fixed ſtedfaſtly on *Henrique*, he ſtood like a Statue, without Motion; unleſs ſometimes, when his

ſwelling

ſwelling Heart raiſed his over-charged Breaſt.] After a little Pauſe, and a hearty Sigh or two, *Henrique* began;——Oh, *Antonio!* Oh my Friend! prepare thy ſelf to hear yet more dreadful Accents!——I am (purſu'd he) unhappily the greateſt and moſt innocent Criminal that e'er till now offended:——I love her, *Antonio*,——I love *Ardelia* with a Paſſion ſtrong and violent as thine!——Oh, ſummon all that us'd to be more than Man about thee, to ſuffer to the end of my Diſcourſe, which nothing but a Reſolution like thine can bear! I know it by my ſelf.——Tho there be Wounds, Horror, and Death in each Syllable (interrupted *Antonio*) yet prithee now go on, but with all haſte. I will, (returned Don *Henrique*) tho I feel my own Words have the ſame cruel effects on me. I ſay again, my Soul loves *Ardelia*: And how can it be otherwiſe? Have we not both the ſelf-ſame Appetites, the ſame Diſguſts? How then could I avoid my Deſtiny, that has decreed that I ſhould love and hate juſt as you do? Oh, hard Neceſſity! that obliged you to uſe me in the Recovery of this Lady! Alas, can you think that any Man of Senſe or Paſſion could have ſeen, and not have lov'd her! Then how ſhould I, whoſe Thoughts are Uniſons to yours,

yours, evade thoſe Charms that had prevail'd on you?—— And now, to let you know 'tis no Eluſion, no Sport, but ſerious and amazing woful Truth, *Ardelia* beſt can tell you whom ſhe loves. What I have already ſaid, is true, by Heaven (cry'd ſhe;) 'tis you, Don *Henrique*, whom I only love, and who alone can give me Happineſs: Ah, wou'd you wou'd!—— With you, *Antonio*, I muſt remain unhappy, wretched, curs'd: Thou art my Hell; Don *Henrique* is my Heaven. And thou art mine, (returned he) which here I part with to my deareſt Friend. Then taking her Hand, Pardon me, *Antonio* (purſu'd he) that I thus take my laſt Farewel of all the Taſtes of Bliſs from your *Ardelia*, at this moment. [At which words he kiſs'd her Hand, and gave it to Don *Antonio*; who received it, and gently preſſed it cloſe to his Heart, as if he would have her feel the Diſorders ſhe had caus'd there.] Be happy, *Antonio*, (cry'd *Henrique:*) Be very tender of her; to-morrow early I ſhall hope to ſee thee. ——— *Ardelia*, (purſu'd he) All Happineſs and Joy ſurround thee! May'ſt thou ne'er want thoſe Bleſſings thou can'ſt give *Antonio!*—— Farewel to both! (added he, going out.) Ah, (cry'd ſhe) farewel to all Joys, Bleſſings,

Hap-

Happineſs, if you forſake me.——Yet do not go!——Ah, cruel! (continu'd ſhe, ſeeing him quit the Room) but you ſhall take my Soul with you. Here ſhe ſwooned away in Don *Antonio*'s Arms; who, tho he was happy that he had her faſt there, yet was obliged to call in his Couſin, and *Ardelia*'s Attendants, e'er ſhe could be perfectly recovered. In the mean while Don *Henrique* had not the power to go out of ſight of the Houſe, but wandred to and fro about it, diſtracted in his Soul; and not being able longer to refrain her ſight, her laſt Words ſtill reſounding in his Ears, he came again into the Room where he left her with Don *Antonio*, juſt as ſhe revived, and called him, exclaiming on his Cruelty, in leaving her ſo ſoon. But when, turning her Eyes towards the Door, ſhe ſaw him; Oh! with what eager haſte ſhe flew to him! then claſped him round the Waſte, obliging him, with all the tender Expreſſions that the Soul of a Lover, and a Woman's too, is capable of uttering, not to leave her in the poſſeſſion of Don *Antonio*. This ſo amaz'd her ſlighted Lover, that he knew not, at firſt, how to proceed in this tormenting Scene; but at laſt, ſummoning all his wonted Reſolution, and Strength of Mind,

Mind, he told her, He would put her out of his power, if ſhe would conſent to retreat for ſome few hours to a Nunnery that was not above half a Mile diſtant from thence, till he had diſcourſed his Friend, Don *Henrique*, ſomething more particularly than hitherto, about this Matter: To which ſhe readily agreed, upon the promiſe that Don *Henrique* made her, of ſeeing her with the firſt opportunity. They waited on her then to the Convent, where ſhe was kindly and reſpectfully receiv'd by the Lady Abbeſs; but it was not long before her Grief renewing with greater Violence, and more afflicting Circumſtances, had obliged them to ſtay with her till it was almoſt dark, when they once more begged the liberty of an hour's Abſence; and the better to palliate their Deſign, *Henrique* told her, that he would make uſe of her Father Don *Richardo*'s Coach, in which they came to Don *Antonio*'s, for ſo ſmall a time: which they did, leaving only *Eleonora* her Attendant with her, without whom ſhe had been at a loſs, among ſo many fair Strangers; Strangers, I mean, to her unhappy Circumſtances: whilſt they were carry'd near a Mile farther, where, juſt as 'twas dark, they lighted from the Coach, Don *Henrique*

rique ordering the Servants not to ſtir thence till their return from their private Walk, which was about a Furlong, in a Field that belong'd to the Convent. Here Don *Antonio* told Don *Henrique*, That he had not acted honourably; That he had betray'd him, and robb'd him at once both of a Friend and Miſtreſs. To which t'other returned, That he underſtood his Meaning, when he propoſed a particular Diſcourſe about this Affair, which he now perceived muſt end in Blood: But you may remind your ſelf (continu'd he) that I have kept my Promiſe in delivering her to you. Yes, (cry'd *Antonio*) after you had practis'd foully and baſely on her. Not at all! (returned *Henrique*) It was her Fate that brought this Miſchief on her; for I urged the Shame and Scandal of Inconſtancy, but all in vain, to her. But don't you love her, *Henrique?* (the other ask'd.) Too well, and cannot live without her, tho I fear I may feel the curſed Effects of the ſame Inconſtancy: However, I had quitted her all to you, but you ſee how ſhe reſents it. And you ſhall ſee, Sir, (cry'd *Antonio*, drawing his Sword in a Rage) how I reſent it. Here, without more Words, they fell to Action; to bloody Action. (Ah! how wretched are

cur

our Sex, in being the unhappy Occaſion of ſo many fatal Miſchiefs, even between the deareſt Friends!) They fought on each ſide with the greateſt Animoſity of Rivals, forgetting all the ſacred Bonds of their former Friendſhip; till Don *Antonio* fell, and ſaid, dying, 'Forgive me, '*Henrique!* I was to blame; I could not 'live without her:——I fear ſhe will 'betray thy Life, which haſte and pre-'ſerve, for my ſake—— Let me not die 'all at once!——Heaven pardon both 'of us!——Farewel! Oh, haſte! Fare-'wel! (*returned Don* Henrique) Farewel, 'thou braveſt, trueſt Friend! Farewel, 'thou nobleſt Part of me! —— And fare-'wel all the Quiet of my Soul.' Then ſtooping, he kiſſed his Cheek; but, riſing, he found he muſt retire in time, or elſe muſt periſh through Loſs of Blood, for he had receiv'd two or three dangerous Wounds, beſides others of leſs conſe-quence: wherefore he made all the con-venient haſte he could to the Coach, into which by the help of the Footmen, he got, and order'd 'em to drive 'em directly to Don *Richardo*'s with all imaginable ſpeed; where he arrived in little more than half an hour's time, and was receiv-ed by *Ardelia*'s Father with the greateſt Confuſion and Amazement that is expreſ-

ſible, ſeeing him return'd without his Daughter, and ſo deſperately wounded. Before he thought it convenient to ask him any Queſtion more than to enquire of his Daughter's Safety, to which he receiv'd a ſhort but ſatisfactory Anſwer, Don *Richardo* ſent for an eminent and able Surgeon, who probed and dreſs'd Don *Henrique*'s Wounds, who was immediately put to bed; not without ſome Deſpondency of his Recovery: but (thanks to his kind Stars, and kinder Conſtitution!) he reſted pretty well for ſome hours that night, and early in the Morning, *Ardelia*'s Father, who had ſcarce taken any reſt all that night, came to viſit him, as ſoon as he underſtood from the Servants who watched with him, that he was in a condition to ſuffer a ſhort Diſcourſe; which, you may be ſure, was to learn the Circumſtances of the paſt Night's Adventure: of which Don *Henrique* gave him a perfect and pleaſant Account, ſince he heard that Don *Antonio*, his mortal Enemy, was killed; the Aſſurance of whoſe Death was the more delightful to him, ſince, by this Relation, he found that *Antonio* was the Man, whom his Care of his Daughter had ſo often fruſtrated. Don *Henrique* had hardly made an end of his Narration, e'er a Servant came haſtily to give *Richardo*

chardo notice, that the Officers were come to ſearch for his Son-in-law that ſhould have been; whom the Old Gentleman's wiſe Precaution had ſecured in a Room ſo unſuſpected, that they might as reaſonably have imagined the entire Walls of his Houſe had a Door made of Stones, as that there ſhould have been one to that cloſe Apartment: He went therefore boldly to the Officers, and gave them all the Keys of his Houſe, with free liberty to examine every Room and Chamber; which they did, but to no purpoſe: and Don *Henrique* lay there undiſcover'd, till his Cure was perfected.

In the mean time *Ardelia*, who that fatal night but too rightly gueſs'd that the Death of one or both her Lovers was the Cauſe that they did not return to their Promiſe, the next day fell into a high Fever, in which her Father found her ſoon after he had clear'd himſelf of thoſe who came to ſearch for a Lover. The Aſſurance which her Father gave her of *Henrique*'s Life, ſeemed a little to revive her; but the Severity of *Antonio*'s Fate was no way obliging to her, ſince ſhe could not but retain the Memory of his Love and Conſtancy: which added to her Afflictions, and heightned her Diſtemper, inſomuch

that *Richardo* was conſtrain'd to leave her under the Care of the good Lady Abbeſs, and to the diligent Attendance of *Eleonora*, not daring to hazard her Life in a removal to his own Houſe. All their Care and Diligence was however ineffectual; for ſhe languiſhed even to the leaſt hope of Recovery, till immediately after the firſt Viſit of Don *Henrique*, which was the firſt he made in a Month's time, and that by night *incognito*, with her Father, her Diſtemper viſibly retreated each day: Yet when at laſt ſhe enjoy'd a perfect Health of Body, her Mind grew ſick, and ſhe plunged into a deep Melancholy; which made her entertain a poſitive Reſolution of taking the Veil at the end of her Novitiate: which accordingly ſhe did, notwithſtanding all the Intreaties, Prayers, and Tears both of her Father and Lover. But ſhe ſoon repented her Vow, and often wiſh'd that ſhe might by any means ſee and ſpeak to Don *Henrique*, by whoſe help ſhe promis'd to her ſelf a Deliverance out of her voluntary Impriſonment: Nor were his Wiſhes wanting to the ſame effect, tho he was forced to fly into *Italy*, to avoid the Proſecution of *Antonio*'s Friends. Thither ſhe purſu'd him; nor could he any way ſhun her, unleſs he could

could have left his Heart at a diſtance from his Body: which made him take a fatal Reſolution of returning to *Sevil* in diſguiſe, where he wander'd about the Convent every night like a Ghoſt (for indeed his Soul was within, while his inanimate Trunk was without) till at laſt he found means to convey a Letter to her, which both ſurprized and delighted her. The Meſſenger that brought it her was one of her Mother-in-law's Maids, whom he had known before, and met accidentally one Night as he was going his Rounds, and ſhe coming out from *Ardelia*; with her he prevail'd, and with Gold obliged her to Secrecy and Aſſiſtance: which proved ſo ſucceſsful, that he underſtood from *Ardelia* her ſtrong Deſire of Liberty, and the Continuance of her Paſſion for him, together with the Means and Time moſt convenient and likely to ſucceed for her Enlargement. The time was the fourteenth Night following, at twelve a-clock, which juſt compleated a Month ſince his return thither; at which time they both promiſed themſelves the greateſt Happineſs on Earth. But you may obſerve the Juſtice of Heaven, in their Diſappointment.

Don *Sebaſtian*, who ſtill purſu'd him with a moſt implacable Hatred, had traced him even to *Italy*, and there narrowly miſſing him, poſted after him to *Toledo*; ſo ſure and ſecret was his Intelligence! As ſoon as he arriv'd, he went directly to the Convent where his Siſter *Elvira* had been one of the Profeſs'd, ever ſince Don *Henrique* had forſaken her, and where *Ardelia* had taken her repented Vow. *Elvira* had all along conceal'd the Occaſion of her coming thither from *Ardelia*; and tho ſhe was her only Confident, and knew the whole Story of her Misfortunes, and heard the Name of Don *Henrique* repeated a hundred times a day, whom ſtill ſhe lov'd moſt perfectly, yet never gave her beautiful Rival any cauſe of Suſpicion that ſhe lov'd him, either by Words or Looks: nay more, when ſhe underſtood that Don *Henrique* came to the Convent with *Ardelia* and *Antonio*, and at other times with her Father; yet ſhe had ſo great a Command of her ſelf, as to refrain ſeeing him, or to be ſeen by him; nor ever intended to have ſpoken or writ to him, had not her Brother Don *Sebaſtian* put her upon the cruel neceſſity of doing the laſt; who coming to viſit his Siſter (as I have ſaid before) found her with

with Donna *Ardelia*, whom he never remembred to have ſeen, nor who ever had ſeen him but twice, and that was about ſix Years before, when ſhe was but ten Years of Age, when ſhe fell paſſionately in love with him, and continu'd her Paſſion till about the fourteenth Year of her Empire, when unfortunate *Antonio* firſt began his court to her. Don *Sebaſtian* was really a very deſirable Perſon, being at that time very beautiful, his Age not exceeding ſix and twenty, of a ſweet Converſation, very brave, but revengeful and irreconcilable (like moſt of his Countrymen) and of an honourable Family. At the ſight of him *Ardelia* felt her former Paſſion renew; which proceeded and continued with ſuch violence, that it utterly defac'd the Ideas of *Antonio* and *Henrique*. (No wonder that ſhe who could reſolve to forſake her God for Man, ſhould quit one Lover for another.) In ſhort, ſhe then only wiſhed that he might love her equally, and then ſhe doubted not of contriving the means of their Happineſs betwixt 'em. She had her Wiſh, and more, if poſſible; for he lov'd her beyond the thought of any other preſent or future Bleſſing, and fail'd not to let her know it, at the ſecond Interview; when

when he receiv'd the greateſt Pleaſure he could have wiſh'd, next to the Joys of a Bridal Bed: For ſhe confeſſed her Love to him, and preſently put him upon thinking on the means of her Eſcape; but not finding his Deſigns ſo likely to ſucceed, as thoſe Meaſures ſhe had ſent to Don *Henrique*, ſhe communicates the very ſame to Don *Sebaſtian*, and agreed with him to make uſe of them on that very Night, wherein ſhe had obliged Don *Henrique* to attempt her Deliverance: the Hour indeed was different, being determined to be at eleven. *Elvira*, who was preſent at the Conference, took the hint; and not being willing to diſoblige a Brother who had ſo hazarded his Life in vindication of her, either durſt not, or would not ſeem to oppoſe his Inclinations at that time: However, when he retir'd with her to talk more particularly of his intended Revenge on Don *Henrique*, who he told her lay ſomewhere abſconded in *Toledo*, and whom he had reſolv'd, as he aſſur'd her, to ſacrifice to her injur'd Honour, and his Reſentments; ſhe oppos'd that his vindictive Reſolution with all the forcible Arguments in a virtuous and pious Lady's Capacity, but in vain: ſo that immediately, upon his Retreat

from

from the Convent, ſhe took the opportunity of writing to Don *Henrique* as follows, the fatal Hour not being then ſeven Nights diſtant.

Don *Henrique*,

MY Brother is now in Town, in purſuit of your Life; nay more, of your Miſtreſs, who has conſented to make her Eſcape from the Convent, at the ſame Place of it, and by the ſame Means on which ſhe had agreed to give her ſelf entirely to you, but the Hour is eleven. I know, Henrique, *your* Ardelia *is dearer to you than your Life: but your Life, your dear Life, is more deſired than any thing in this World, by*

Your injur'd and forſaken

ELVIRA.

This ſhe delivered to *Richardo*'s Servant, whom *Henrique* had gained that Night, as ſoon as ſhe came to viſit *Ardelia*, at her uſual hour, juſt as ſhe went out of the Cloiſter.

Don *Henrique* was not a little ſurpriſed with this *Billet*; however, he could hardly reſolve to forbear his accuſtom'd

Viſits

Viſits to *Ardelia*, at firſt: but upon more mature conſideration, he only choſe to converſe with her by Letters, which ſtill preſs'd her to be mindful of her Promiſe, and of the Hour, not taking notice of any Caution that he had receiv'd of her Treachery. To which ſhe ſtill return'd in Words that might aſſure him of her Conſtancy.

The dreadful Hour wanted not a Quarter of being perfect, when Don *Henrique* came: and having fixed his Rope-Ladder to that part of the Garden-Wall, where he was expected; *Ardelia*, who had not ſtir'd from that very Place for a quarter of an hour before, prepar'd to aſcend by it; which ſhe did, as ſoon as his Servant had turned and fix'd it on the inner-ſide of the Wall: on the top of which, at a little diſtance, ſhe found another faſten'd, for her to deſcend on the out-ſide, whilſt Don *Henrique* eagerly waited to receive her. She came at laſt, and flew into his Arms; which made *Henrique* cry out in a Rapture, *Am I at laſt once more happy in having my* Ardelia *in my poſſeſſion!* She, who knew his Voice, and now found ſhe was betray'd, but knew not by whom, ſhriek'd out, *I am ruin'd! help! help!* —— *Looſe me, I charge you,* Henrique!

rique! *Looſe me!* At that very moment, and at thoſe very words, came *Sebaſtian*, attended by only one Servant; and hearing *Henrique* reply, *Not all the Powers of Hell ſhall ſnatch you from me*, drawing his Sword, without one word, made a furious paſs at him: but his Rage and Haſte miſguided his Arm, for his Sword went quite thro *Ardelia*'s Body, who only ſaid, *Ah, wretched Maid!* and dropt from *Henrique*'s Arms, who then was obliged to quit her, to preſerve his own Life, if poſſible: however he had not had ſo much time as to draw, had not *Sebaſtian* been amazed at this dreadful Miſtake of his Sword; but preſently recollecting himſelf, he flew with redoubled Rage to attack *Henrique*; and his Servant had ſeconded him, had not *Henrique*'s, who was now deſcended, otherwiſe diverted him. They fought with the greateſt Animoſity on both ſides, and with equal Advantage; for they both fell together: *Ah, my* Ardelia, *I come to thee now!* (*Sebaſtian* groan'd out,) ——— *'Twas this unlucky Arm, which now embraces thee, that killed thee. Juſt Heaven!* (ſhe ſigh'd out,) —— *Oh, yet have mercy!* [Here they both dy'd.] *Amen*, (cry'd *Henrique*, dying) *I want it moſt* —— *Oh*, Antonio! *Oh*, Elvira! *Ah*,

Ah, there's the Weight that ſinks me down. —— *And yet I wiſh Forgiveneſs.* —— *Once more, ſweet Heaven, have mercy!* He could not out-live that laſt word; which was eccho'd by *Elvira*, who all this while ſtood weeping, and calling out for Help, as ſhe ſtood cloſe to the Wall in the Garden.

This alarmed the reſt of the Siſters, who riſing, caus'd the Bell to be rung out, as upon dangerous Occaſions it uſed to be; which rais'd the Neighbourhood, who came time enough to remove the dead Bodies of the two Rivals, and of the late fallen Angel *Ardelia*. The injur'd and neglected *Elvira*, whoſe Piety deſigned quite contrary Effects, was immediately ſeiz'd with a violent Fever; which, as it was violent, did not laſt long: for ſhe dy'd within four and twenty Hours, with all the happy Symptoms of a departing Saint.

The End of the Firſt Volume.

